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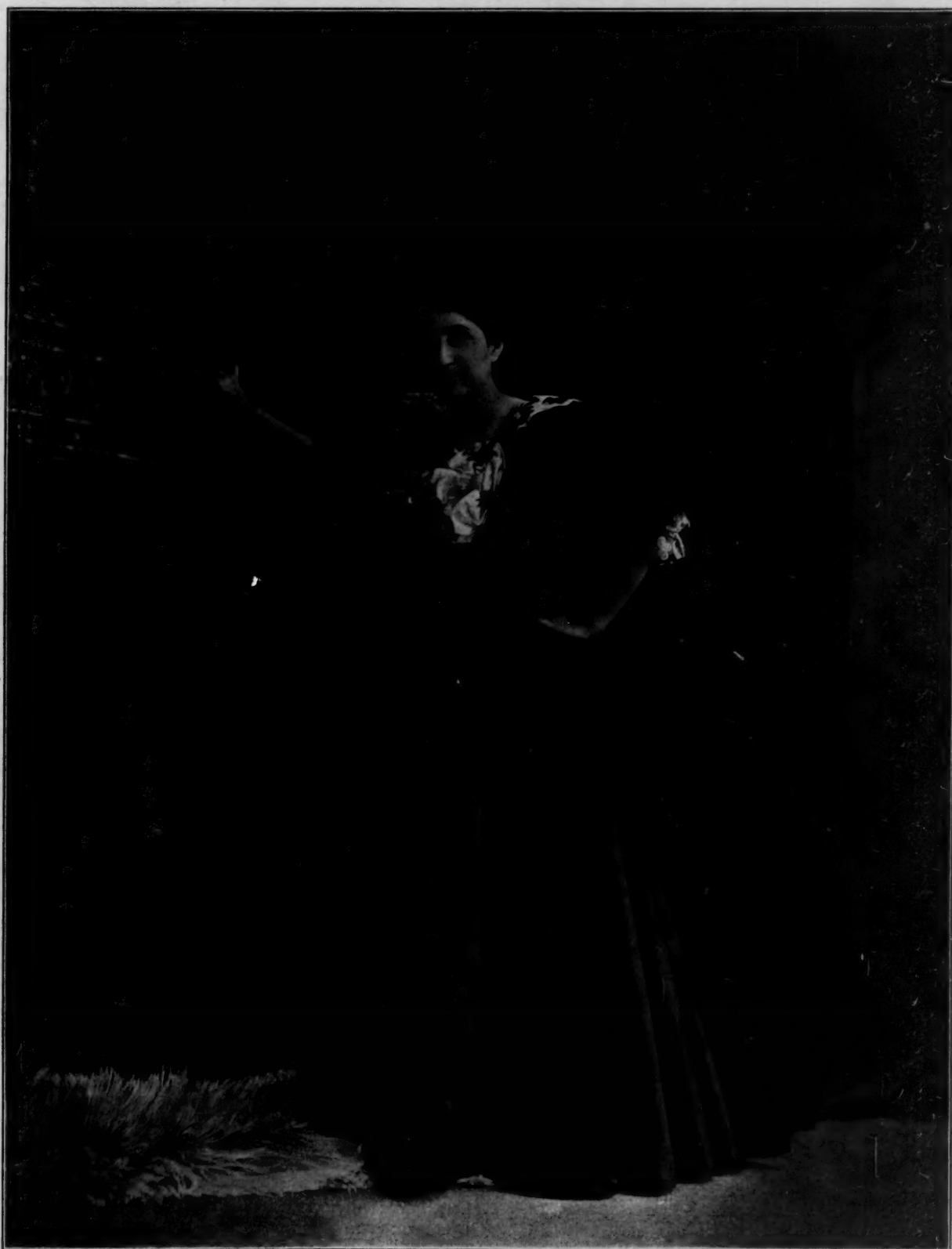
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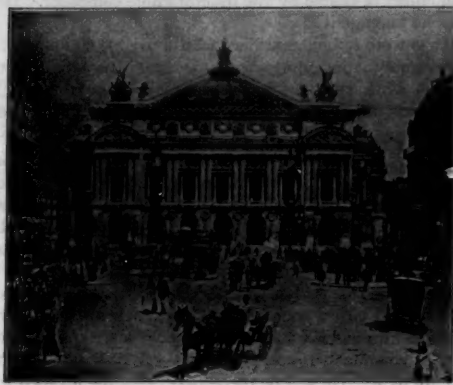
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THE MUSICAL COURIER,
8 RUE CLÉMENT-MAROT, CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES,
PARIS, May 17, 1906.

It does not seem to me that any nation or people has ever attempted to arrange matters in this world so as to get the most good out of life. Nobody has ever seemed to ordain a system of separating primaries from secondaries, principals from subordinates, leaders from consequents, or causes from effects. It seems like one blind scramble to spoil all possible chances for comfort and happiness.—RENAN.

DON'TS FOR PARIS (Continued).

PLEASE do not chide me for not being present at your concerts, musicales, soirées, &c., when you have been kind enough to send invitations.

Reflect a little!

If Paris were like any other city in this wide world, in which you could after dinner step out of your house and get on to something and go somewhere the same day or night that you started, one might be tempted to make effort for art or for a friend even to the derangement of personal feeling or plan.

But look!

You step out of your house upon a sleeping street and, no matter whether in rainshine or moonshine, off you must first go walking on a search for an omnibus station, which may be two blocks or may be 2 miles distant.

Of course you are in evening dress. There are people who can go through this world in waterproof blouse and spectacles, in which they walk under Niagaras in the morning and go to balls in the evening. I never could see what pleasure they got out of life, one third of whose charm lies in careful attention to dainty details of refined taste. Leastwise there may be places where such things are possible, but that place is not Paris.

Well, after you have found your station, if, as in any other Christian country on the globe, the omnibuses were to pass every five or even ten minutes, to miss three or four of them for want of room would mean but fifteen to forty minutes lost out of life.

When, as here, they are 15 to 25 minutes apart, you stand around from three-quarters to two hours before budging an inch toward your concert. Chiffon sleeves and spirits both become a bit flattened. On cold nights you freeze, on hot nights you melt, on rainy nights you get wet. That's not all.

If when you get aboard something after two hours' wait you could go straight to the concert hall or house or salon, you might give up dinner and start out in the early evening in the hope of reaching it. Not so. After you go half or quarter of the way you are set down in some unknown, far away quarter, when you have to go through the same thing all over again, waiting for another wheelbarrow to come along and finish the trip.

Where are your soft ribbon bows by that time? and where is your health? Art inspiration has long since died, and prayer is not the order of thought.

If, on the chance of an omnibus passing in your direction, you could mount one as in any other Christian country, you might make a little progress on your way.

But no, there is no way by which you can tell where an omnibus is going or whether it has a place for you *till after it has passed you!* As a driver does not relish pulling horses to a dead stop in the middle of a trip, he simply slows up a little, and you have to run, through dust, rain or stones a half or whole block, and *jump on* after you have overtaken it. A strong, mannish woman in waterproof blouse and spectacles might not mind the little extra gymnastics. But then all women are not that kind, so they must exercise patience, philosophy and self-restraint in the line of oburgations.

If when you are started on your second voyage you could reach the desired door grief might be forgotten in joy after all, and things move.

But, to begin with, not one conductor in ten knows your special street, and you are liable to land heaven knows where. Besides, the bus is not liable to pass anywhere near that special street, so that knowing where it is could avail nothing any way; besides the street may be 2 miles long. You are set down at No. 2, and the concert or soirée is at 422, and you just "step over" to it in the rain or the

cold or the heat, and in your pretty 30 franc shoes—yes, you wear "18 franc" shoes, and you cannot walk at all!

If, when you began this last pedestrian pilgrimage, anyone that you asked would tell you that you were 2 or 3 miles away from the place, you might have a chance to use discretion, go back home or engage a carriage to finish the job.

But these sweet souled people over here never tell you anything disagreeable; they always flatter the occasion even at cost of life or limb. So you are liable to start off on a two hours' walk following their kind and consoling:

"Ce n'est que deux pas!" "Vous n'avez que suivre!" and "Vous êtes tout près de là!" and another hour is added to your "trip."

You could even support this if you did not have to return, which means to do all the same things over again, which means next day always! So you see to go anywhere here is something of an undertaking—even for art or "a friend."

Why not take a carriage at first?

Well, yes, I was going to say if your invitation was the only one during the month one might arrange a little carriage fund for "art and friends' sake," and so accomplish one pleasure a month.

But you see from three to five such invitations, all of them of superior merit of course, come every mail, and mails come three and five times a day. The most divisible person living could not achieve it, even with a carriage fund.

But say even seven times a week. That means at the very least 35 frs. a week, which for a season of seven months amounts, I believe, to 980 frs. for simple locomotion.

If a person had it that would not be very much, of course, but it seems more when one has not got it.

If this were a fancy sketch you might smile and address another invitation, but being practical experience it is no smiling affair at all.

If losing the pleasure of the entertainments were all, it would be bad enough, but when to that is added the fear of chidings more or less serious from one's friends for intended negligence and indifference, that makes life a nightmare, you see, instead of a dream.

If there were the faintest chance whatever for change in municipal progress in Paris, one might borrow a certain sum for a season in the hope of paying it back some day when the city woke up.

But as I see it there is not the remotest shadow of a chance of improvement in travel accommodations here, during our lives, anyway.

Every corner where I "stand and wait" by the hour, I am surrounded by daintily dressed women, in silk skirts, pretty shoes, long gloves and soft ribbons, who also "stand and wait." When it is cold they freeze, when hot they melt, and when raining they get wet. They are accompanied by men in perfect dress, with exquisite manners, graceful actions, and no force in the eyes, who seem to think it is all right they should do so.

When a Frenchman will not exert himself for a woman it is folly to expect he would do so for an abstract idea of progress, advancement, self respect or city pride. So the case is absolutely hopeless, even with the twentieth century upon us.

When I become rich, and own a carriage and pair, I hope to show you that my absence was never the result of indifference or lack of appreciation, but was wholly due to the Parisian methods of non-locomotion.

Till then accept thanks, restrain wrath, and—let us pray!

THE CONSERVATOIRE.

M. TH. DUBOIS.

I am convinced that there is not a trace of satisfied ambition or of elation in the feeling with which M. Dubois takes hold of his duties as director of the French Conservatoire.

As has been shown, there is nothing on the material side to weigh against the comfortable fortune which by his own talent and wisdom he already has at command. It will entail trouble, care, effort and responsibility, which his tranquil, well ordered life does not now know. Besides that, he sincerely held that his confrère, M. Massenet, was the man for the place, and would have as sincerely ratified that composer's acceptance.

But, that failing, it is wholly in keeping with the noble and dignified character of the man—as Frenchman, as good citizen, as musician, as one already holding high art interests in trust—to waive personal feeling and accept the burden which Fate and his nation laid at his feet.

These would sound like idle words in this day and generation in any other domain on earth save French art. One must know the spirit that breathes in a man who is first of all a man, and after that a Frenchman and an artist.

I believe in that spirit as I do in the maternal love of some women. I believe in M. Dubois as a type of it, and I believe that what I say of him in this connection is true. The man with the lantern might have ceased his labors on crossing the path of M. Th. Dubois.

Born in France, son of the Conservatoire, profound

studies of harmony, accompaniment, piano, organ, fugue, composition, were all crowned with prizes, and the Roman privileges were won by the cantata *l'Atala* after Chateaubriand. A mass and opera were among the efforts sent to the Beaux-Arts during the study life at the Villa Médicis. His later works are remarkable for purity of style and evidence of profound science.

Guzla de l'Emir, an opera comique; *Le Paradis perdu*, symphony; *Le Pain bis*, operetta; *La Farandole*; *Aben Hamet*, lyric drama, and *Xavière*, of which the representation at the Opéra Comique is still fresh in the minds of the public, are among his theatrical essays. A superb oratorio, *Les Sept paroles de Christ*; *Ecce Panis*, for tenor and baritone; *Deus Abraham* and a mass of orchestral and concerted works represent the other tone of his creation, which always keeps truth, purity and simplicity in view.

Consecutive steps of progress were made as maître de chapelle of Sainte Clotilde, where César Franck was organist, as grand organist of la Madeleine, succeeding Saint-Saëns, as professor of harmony in the Conservatoire, later of composition, fugue and counterpoint, succeeding Léo Delibes in the latter position. Inspector of national music schools, officier de l'Instruction publique, chevalier de la Légion d'honneur, M. Dubois, as successor to the chair left vacant by Gounod in the Académie des Beaux-Arts, did not need the last great honor bestowed upon him to testify to the place he holds in the nation as one of her noblest sons.

M. Charles Lenepveu—who has been chosen to fill the place left vacant by the death of M. Ambroise Thomas in the section of musical composition in the Académie des Beaux-Arts, was a pupil of his predecessor. M. Lenepveu is member of l'Institut, with all the honors which precede that distinction, all honorably won by superior qualities and artistic talents. He had already a generous budget of composition, is an indefatigable worker, modest and retiring beyond description, living hidden in a retired nook across the Seine, absolutely regardless, if conscious, that a great world lives, moves and breathes about him. He is well loved by his friends and held precious by France.

It seems that one of his operas, *Villeda*, has the unique honor of being the only one in her long dramatic life in which Patti actually created a rôle. It was translated in Italian and played in London. *Cantate à Jeanne d'Arc*, *Marche Funèbre*, a *Requiem*, *Florentine*, an opera comique, and *Renaud dans les Jardins d'Armide* are among his best known writings. He won this recent distinction over seven competitors.

Paris concert life has a peculiar feature of seeming to arrive with best force after one supposes it past and finished.

Thus since April has been a succession of rich musical treats, crowned now this same week by the appearance of Ysaye and Sarasate playing noble programs with the best French artists. Ysaye and Pugno, Sarasate and Diemer.

It would be difficult to match artists of the same nationality, let alone of those different. "Leonine," "câlène," the two types personified, playing representative programs in series in the two representative halls within twenty-four hours of each other and each to packed houses.

The first concert of "the two elegants," Sarasate and Diemer, in the Salle Erard, left the audience less stirred than the more warm dramatic and intensely colored performance of "the two lions" at the Salle Pleyel. How much of this depended upon the program of intense classic purity opposed to one of intense dramatic color remains to be seen in the following efforts. The Erard performance made people ashamed of all the wickedness they had ever done or thought in life. The Pleyel performance made people ashamed of all the wickedness they had *not* done or thought in life. Response was in keeping with the suggestion—as it is eight times in ten. "And so the evening and the morning were the first day."

The following programs formed the series which probably may safely be followed with the above indications in sight. The Sarasate work includes chamber music of course:

YSAYE-PUGNO.

Sonata in E major.....	Bach
Kreutzer Sonata.....	Beethoven
Sonata in A major.....	César Franck
Sonata in D minor.....	Schumann
Sonata, op. 75.....	Saint-Saëns
Sonata, op. 137.....	Schubert
Sonata, op. 78.....	Brasmas
F major.....	Griegs
D major.....	Lalo
Op. 15.....	Fauré
E minor.....	Mosart
Op. 6.....	Castillon

SARASATE-DIEMER AND OTHER ARTISTS.

Grand Quatuor à Cordes, No. 14.....	Beethoven
Fantaisie in C major, op. 100.....	Schubert
Quintet, op. 5.....	Svendsen
Quatuor, op. 41.....	Saint-Saëns
Quatuor à Cordes, E flat.....	Cherubini
Kreutzer Sonata.....	Beethoven

SARASATE-DIEMER AND OTHER ARTISTS.—CONTINUED.

First Quatuor à Cordes.....	Schumann
Third Sonata.....	Bach
Quintet de la Teinte.....	Schubert
Sonata, op. 65.....	Bernard
Sonata.....	Saint-Saëns
Grand Septuor.....	Beethoven

Mme. Roger Miclos gave her two concerts of ancient and modern music. The last, which might easily be called "classic" with the first, consisted of a suite in four parts by Widor; Prelude, Choral and Fugue, César Franck; Intermezzo, Brahms; Grieg Sonata; Légende, Paderewski, and Myrtille of Th. Dubois.

There is not the slightest doubt about the increasing warmth, power and magnetism of this artist. It is to be hoped that she may before long be classed among the artists who do honor to French art in America.

After that comes Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, Scriabine, the young Russian composer pianist, M. Eduard Rislér, each with respective equipments of talent, training and ambition, and now to-morrow comes the grand concert by Mr. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, at the Trocadéro, an event looked for with interest by French and Americans.

A concert of another style, but good also, was that given by M. Talamo, a mandolin artist, who it seems won the first prize of the international competition of 1889 in his specialty. Certainly, no one could play the mandolin better than he. Although modest almost to effacement in his concert, he was heard in Petrella's Marco Visconti, a Neapolitan serenade; Babilas, by Rossi; Asi No Te Querran, by Casares, and three compositions of his own—Algues Marines, Sarrente, and Elégie, for piano and mandolin. M. Talamo is said to be the first of his genre in France.

A FÊTE FOR WOMAN COMPOSERS.

For salon concerts one of the most interesting this week was that given by Mme. Colonne, the accomplished wife of the chef d'orchestre, in her home, rue de Berlin.

Imagine this charming matinée, consisting of series, of the compositions of five women composers, the first in France, namely:

Chaminade, Ferrari, de Grandval, Pauline Viardot and Augusta Holmès; interpreted by operatic artists, pupils of the distinguished hostess, the hostess herself, one might say, the best of all, and Mlle. Colonne, daughter of the house; further, the works given all accompanied by their respective composers.

Une vraie fête musicale!

Nothing could have been more attractive than to see these five interesting women ranged side by side, themselves conducting the interpretation of their musical thoughts, for artists the best prepared to respond, and framed by the very select of "tout ce qu'il y a de plus parisien" as audience. It is rarely that one finds so exclusively a French assemblage in Paris now. The charming Della Rogers and her mother were about the only foreigners in the four spacious rooms, which were thronged with people.

The word "foreigners" recalls the fact that of the composers but two were strictly French, Mlle. Chaminade and Mme. de Grandval!

Mme. Viardot is surely nothing if not Italian, Ferrari is Neapolitan, Holmès is Irish, that is if we are to accept the Celtic maxim:

"Kittens bein' bornn in 'n uvven don't make 'em loaves o' bread!"

Nothing could be more varied than the womanhood types of the composers; Chaminade, dark, slender, quick, intelligent, ready, in simple skirt, mauve corsage and short, dark hair; Ferrari, blond and soft-eyed; beauty and intelligence striving for mastery in her face, negligé hair à la Psyche, costume of cream and black and slightly nervous air; Mme. de Grandval wholly un-French, absolutely American, of the Marion-Harland-church type, who goes twice a day, leads the religious sociables, positively interdicts dances and theatres and owns a model family. Shoulders, head, hair, arms, pose, motions, expression, dress of quiet gray with correct laces; timid and set in one; hearing her speak French one thinks unconsciously: "How on earth did she ever learn it?"

Mme. Pauline Viardot—it seems as if the world must know just how she looks, just as everybody everywhere knows just where the great artist stands in the history of music, whose delicious chapters are still open and being daily written as well as read. A woman of silk and velvet in perfect small bonnet, pure white hair, Italian eyes, well bred features gracious manners beyond reproach and a gentle dignity free from assertion—there is but one Mme. Viardot body and soul.

"En amazone!" was whispered on the appearance of Mlle. Augusta Holmès. One might better have said "en homme," for, even when standing behind the music rack, you had the picture of one of the handsomest and best dressed gentlemen you ever saw. The costume was wholly in black broadcloth, skirt so serrée that involuntarily one looked for the little stripe that passes down "both sides," an effect accentuated when seated on the piano stool. The coat was an absolutely correct "swallow tail" with lapels, slopes, buttonholes, cut-away and plain tight sleeves; the black vest shield framed the most exquisite linen that eye

ever beheld, un peu bombant, 'tis true, with its three studs, white cravat, collar, even the little black line of ribbon attached to the colorless glasses across the eyes. The natural and silky golden hair softly massed over the forehead disappeared otherwise wholly, as if quite short, and the face framed in it was neither hard nor masculine, scarcely even as "decided" as many of those little angel women that you see. The complexion was a clear pale blonde, the oval perfect, the small pointed chin that of a worldly priest, the mouth a cupid's bow, the eyes saying everything and nothing at will—doubtless without it—the nose, which should have been a straight Greek, a decided aquiline, and thereby doubtless hangs the destiny of the woman. The word "handsome" was first created for faces like this.

There was nothing bizarre, peculiar, out of place, or even attention attracting in the dress, simply because it was so perfectly done and suited so well the style of its owner, whose own "style" was the perfection of an assured and superior mentality, modified by experience but guided by taste, and leading, not following, into a self sustaining womanhood.

I am always sorry when I see women reach this stage, even as beautiful as this one, but I declare I do not blame some of them. There is no premium on earth or in heaven for the most beautiful womanhood; why should anyone seek to achieve it?

The program of this unique musicale is too valuable as well as interesting not to find place here.

Prelude in A minor.....	
Chanson Slave.....	
L'Été.....Chaminade
L'Anneau d'Argent.....	
Primavera.....	
La Chaise à Porteurs.....	
Sérénade d'automne.....	
Sous Bois.....	
Le Songe du Poète.....	
Le Berger de Blandy.....Ferrari
Tarentelle.....	
Le Lazzarone.....	
A une Fiancée.....	
Chanson d'autrefois.....	
Si j'étais Dieu.....De Grandval
Le Meilleur Moment des Amours.....	
Valse mélancolique (flute and harp).....	
Le Rêve de Jésus.....	
Scène d'Hermione.....	
Toréador.....	
Le Pirate.....Viardot
Chanson de l'Infante (in Spanish with chorus).....	
La Marquise.....	
Trio des belles Demoiselles (fifteenth century).....	
A Noël.....	
L'Amour qui chante.....	
Le Jardin des Dieux.....	
Hymne à Eros.....	
Sérénade Printanière.....	
Kypris.....	
Les Moutons des Anges.....Holmès
Duo, from Montagne Noire.....	
Aux Heures.....	
L'Oiseau bleu.....	
L'Amour.....	
Les Griffes d'Or.....	
Vision de la Reine, cantata with recitative, chorus, divine voices, harp, violoncello, &c.....	

Too great praise cannot be given the mistress of the house for the unusual dramatic and vocal talent displayed during this performance, no less than for the exquisite grace and vivacity which made the entertainment a memorable one.

Another interesting salon musical was given this week by Mme. Ferrari in her Avenue Kléber home. Here Mlle. Wyns and M. Clement, of the Opéra Comique, sang, M. Gorski, the eminent violinist, played the violin; the hostess played accompaniments deliciously, also one or two piano pieces, and directed selections from her new opera, Dernier Amour. Her daughter, Mlle. Beatrice, sang a charming duo, A Elle, of her mother's writing, with M. Rivière, the young tenor, pupil of Marie Rôze, who has just been engaged by the Opéra Comique here.

Mademoiselle Magdeleine Godard, violin artist, held a concert of her pupils in Salle Pleyel last evening. There were nineteen selections on the program and almost as many pupils, for Mlle. Godard is one of the most successful violin teachers in Paris. The program was a beautiful selection of music, among the compositions, Allegro du Premier Trio, Premier Chagrin, Canzonetta du Concerto romantique and minuet, of her gifted brother.

Great interest is felt in the triumph of M. Colonne in the works of French composers at Berlin, of which we will, doubtless, hear later on from Berlin direct. At Copenhagen enthusiasm was none the less. This, with the demands for repetition of the performances in these sections, speaks volumes for the French school abroad as well as for its interpreter.

Wait till Massenet goes to America!

That will be a fête for French music abroad. The trouble is, you will not be able to get beyond the charms of the man to get at his music—not unless he goes over several years in succession.

A matinée musicale of his works was given yesterday in the salons of Mme. Ambro-Bouchère, 74 rue Blanche, ac-

companied of course by the indefatigable composer. How does he manage it?

If he were a boulevardier, who lived pour s'amuser, I could imagine his going about for fun. But a man of the serious work spirit and the immense brain fertility he possesses, his social life and musical usefulness are a mystery.

And yet, if you write to ask him a recommendation for a cook, before the letter has more than left your house, here comes his reply, written in his own hand, telling why she would suit you and wherein he fears she might fail; the dishes she makes best and her manner of serving; also saying if there is anything on the face of the earth he can do to assist you to a perfect cook, and perfect table in addition, why he will either come at such and such an hour or you can find him in such and such a place if more convenient—and if you make the appointment you will not lose one minute by it. He will be there *sur*, with the air as if sent into the world for that special object and as though there was nothing else to do. How does he do it?

One thing I know—he does not go around on the omnibuses.

Mrs. J. Spencer Curwen, of London, who, with her husband, is among the foremost workers in the line of musical educations in England, has been several days in Paris looking into national and private musical methods in France. She is specially interested in the subject of solfège, being daughter-in-law of the inventor of the now famous "Tonic-sol-fa system" of reading notation. A tireless worker and interesting talker, the pity is that Mrs. Curwen's visit was so short in Paris.

Another interesting English woman musician, who, however, was born in France, is Mrs. Abel Ram, her husband also an active musician. After passing the winter in Biarritz, Mr. and Mrs. Ram have passed on to their summer home, Saint-Servan, France. Mrs. Ram is an admirable accompanist, her husband a singer, and both are most active and intelligent patrons of young musicians.

Sibyl Sanderson leaves Paris to-day for a rest of some weeks at Lake Como. She has been hard at work studying with Trabadelo for several months, and although her voice is in superb condition both teacher and pupil advise repose.

Nevada, Melba and Calvé are all in town. Mlle. Geneviève Taine, daughter of the great writer, marries this week, and Mlle. Marie Denyse Taine, his cousin, a pianist-organist, gives a big concert.

Instead of writing to people for addresses of Paris teachers, turn to page 8 of THE MUSICAL COURIER and there you will always find them.

And remember, whatever your musical difficulty, THE MUSICAL COURIER is one of your very best friends.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

A Benefit Musicale.

A LARGE and fashionably attended musicale was given on Friday last, May 22, at the Hotel Waldorf for the benefit of the Italian mission. The artists who gave their services were Miss Janotha, pianist; Miss Dorothy Humbert, contralto; Miss Saint Seigne, pianist; Miss Kate Percy Douglas, soprano; Mr. Heinrich Meyn, baritone; Mr. Joseph Pizzarello, pianist, and Master Pedro de Cordosa, violinist.

The distinguished artistic work of the afternoon was certainly contributed by Mr. Heinrich Meyn, who sang the Dio possente from Faust superbly. The purity and sonorous musical quality of this voice are delightful, the artist's delivery is admirably intelligent and unaffected, his phrasing excellent, and his sympathy and dramatic force are of the justest expressiveness. The evenness of the voice and the purity of its production are something rare, and then Mr. Meyn sings with intense warmth and meaning, but absolutely no effort. He also sang I'll Sing thee Songs of Araby, disclosing an exquisite lyric gift, together with the charming little song of Frank E. Sawyer, Hey, Dolly! Ho, Dolly! written for and dedicated to him.

Miss Dorothy Humbert, a true contralto, with a voice exceedingly sweet, mellow and vibrant, sang Goring Thomas' Summer Night, and a group of bright little lyrics with much charm. Miss Humbert uses intelligently a voice of decided value; it is not thickened or forced, but musical, equal and resonant.

The performance of Miss Janotha in a barcarolle of Wurm and a mazurka of her own was careful and brilliant, much more equal and finished playing than that at the concert early in the season at which she made her New York début.

Mons. Pizzarello played the Schumann-Liszt Spring Night with delightful grace and a brilliant fluency. He also furnished the song accompaniments with sympathy and taste.

Miss Kate Percy Douglas sang the romance from Cavalleria Rusticana and an English song. There was more singing, and violin and piano playing, which was pleasantly received.

The benefit, to judge by the audience, must have netted a nice little sum. Miss Leary was at the head of matters, and gathered together an interesting group of artist volunteers, whose program was in most instances highly enjoyable.



GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, May 5, 1896.

THE past week was one of seeing more than of hearing in the good city of Berlin, which just at present is in the fever of its great Industrial Exhibition. The opening, punctually as advertised, on last Friday, May 1, by the Emperor, has been reported to you by cable probably with all the speeches of that august occasion, long before these lines will reach you in print. There was nothing musical in the entire affair, so I have nothing to report about; nor can I write as yet anything worth recording about the exhibition itself, for the only thing of special interest to the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER would be Group XII. of the Main Building, which is to contain musical instruments.

I say *is* to contain, for on the opening day there were but few of the seven hundred pianos which are to be exposed to public view to be seen, and of the 120 exhibitors who are to put their various musical instruments on exhibition not the tenth part are ready to do so. It was ever thus with exhibitions, and probably will ever remain so. There is in reality nothing ready but the amusement portion of this industrial exhibition, and from all present appearances this part is surely going to be the main contingent, while the real industry products are going to form more of an annex, I am almost tempted to say an excuse, for the existence of the industrial exhibition or its having been called into life at all. It was not so at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876 nor at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, which I had the good fortune to attend, nor yet, from all I read about it, of the Chicago Exhibition, but amusement is the feature of the present Berlin Industrial Exhibition.

So far the weather has not favored the undertaking, it being raw, rainy and, with the exception of the opening day, really unpleasant. But even on the opening day many of those who were favored with an invitation to the festive ceremonies caught a bad cold, for the committee had decreed, and the rule was rigidly enforced, that you had to take off your overcoats and headgear at the entrance to the exhibition, and had to appear before their Majesties in swallow tail, white choker, and bald except as to what ever growth of hair you might be able to disport.

These were not the only ones, however, who caught cold in the presence of the Emperor, for I understand that our new ambassador, the Hon. Mr. Uhl, also feels *verschnupft* because of the fact that he was asked to, and actually did, have his first official interview with his Majesty on last Sunday afternoon. Sunday is not the day President Cleveland would have selected for the first audience to be granted to the Ambassador of Germany, but then Sunday is a different day in the United States from what it is in Germany, and this fact probably escaped the otherwise admirable memory of William II.

However, I don't want to drift into politics, with which I have nothing to do. Nor do I care to give you a description of Thursday afternoon's *jour de vernissage* at the Berlin Art Exhibition where, in the course of three hours, you were asked to see about 3,000 art works, and, of course, saw nothing at all. Still less will I entertain you with the official opening act of this exhibition, in which again the Emperor took the main share, accompanied by the Empress and by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, at noon on Sunday. Nor lastly, about the festival act which took place in the hall of the Royal Museum in honor of the two hundredth anniversary celebration of the existence of the Royal Academy of Arts, and in which again the Emperor made a very fine speech, and was accompanied by the Empress, and Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold. There was no music in all this, and besides you have read all about it in the American newspapers. The musical portion of the Royal Academy of Arts celebration is to consist of a musical festival of three grand performances at the Singacademie and at the Philharmonie, the first one of which is to take place to-night, and about all three of which I shall have something to say in my next week's budget.

Meanwhile we were not without music, and even a good deal of it, in Berlin last week. First and, let me say right here, also last of all, there was Mme. Judic at the Linden Theater, who tried and failed to revive more public interest in her performances than had been bestowed upon her previous productions by giving us *La Belle Hélène*. Indi-

vidually Mme. Judic might possibly have succeeded in so doing, for, despite the ravages of time in voice and appearance, she scored quite a success in the part of Offenbach's amorous heroine. But the remainder of her troupe, who all of them were engaged for *vaudeville* and not for comic opera, could not do the least vocal justice to the music of Offenbach, and thus the tenor Fioratti was a pitiful *Paris*, and Gobereau a mere clown of a *Calchas*. The others on the house bill were really not even worth mentioning. The German chorus of the Linden Theater was pressed into service for the occasion, and of course could only sing in German. The effect was sometimes more exhilarating than even Offenbach could have imagined. Thus in the first act, while the royal family of Greece is singing in the front scene *Ciel, l'homme à la pomme*, the chorus in the background was shouting *Es ist der Apfelmann*; and there was lots more of this polyglot fun.

The Judic's real success came, as it did on previous nights, when after the performance of the operetta she gave some of her French and Frenchy chansonsnettes. In these she is really inimitable, but they could not save the performances, which were bad, nor draw the audiences, and when the lovely Judic saw that she was unable to save the season she did something very disgusting, she "fished the camp," as they say in French. For herself she had been very providential, for she always insisted upon her manager paying her in advance, but when the cash was no longer forthcoming Mme. Judic suddenly disappeared and left her support to take care of themselves as best they knew how. These poor people are now stranded, and are looking for assistance to get back to their native land. Luckily walking is good at this time of the season and Paris is not so far from Berlin as is San Francisco, Cal., or Denver, Col., distant from New York. Besides, I learn that the enterprising directors of the Wintergarten, the Koster & Bial's of Berlin, who have a contract with Mme. Judic for this summer, have offered the royal sum of 500 frs. if the company will depart and will allow the star to return unmolested. This offer the poor artists have so far declined to accept, but who knows how long they may be able to resist? *Sic transit* is better than no transit at all.

On Wednesday night the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory gave a really very interesting pupils' concert at the Singacademie, which was crowded on the occasion. The program was varied and of course a rather lengthy one, so as to give the best pupils of all the teachers a chance. It goes also without saying that the piano predominated. Among the representatives of this instrument of percussion and persecution the Misses Alys-Moir and Margarethe Boeing, of Professor Klindworth's class, gave a neatly finished performance of the first movement from Mozart's E flat concerto for two pianos. The other Klindworth representative who was heard on this occasion was Miss Marie Mildred Marsh, from Cincinnati, Ohio, who performed in a rather slovenly way the Chopin F minor Fantasy. This once promising young lady has gone back considerably in her piano playing during the last couple of years, which is all the more unfortunate as she is on the eve of her return to the United States.

Miss Else Kutzki, of Professor Jedliczka's class, gave a very interesting reading of that strong and specifically Russian fantasy in G major, for piano, with and partly without orchestra, by Tchaikowsky. Much less interesting, and in fact somewhat disappointing to me, was the performance of the first and second movements from Saint-Saëns' G minor concerto, by Alfred Schmidt-Badekow, whom Professor Jedliczka considers one of his best pupils. He may be that from a purely pedagogic standpoint, for he seems technically well taught, but his playing is as cold as a sound dog's nose and he has neither enthusiasm nor poetry.

Mrs. Gertrud Lemke, of Prof. Philipp Scharwenka's class, gave the second and third movements from Chopin's F minor piano concerto at a very careful tempo and thus got through them safely. By all odds the best of the piano pupils heard on this occasion, however, was Max Landow, of the class of Mayer-Mahr, who played the first movement of the Schumann concerto in a musically admirable and technically satisfactory manner. This young fellow seems to have originality of conception, and for him I predict a future in his chosen field.

Of the vocal pupils who appeared on this occasion Miss Anna Krause, of Director Dr. Goldschmidt's class, displayed a well-trained alto voice and good attack in a difficult aria from Händel's *Semele*. Miss Susanne Triepel, the star pupil of Frau Joachim, scored a success with Lessmann's vocal rhapsody, *An die Nacht*, and Herr Felix Schmidt, also of Dr. Goldschmidt's class, showed talent as well as a sonorous tenor voice with the well-declaimed delivery of Lohengrin's narrative.

Two violinists were heard on this occasion, of whom Miss Clara Voegelé, a sympathetic young lady of Florian Zajic's teaching, made a decided hit with the skillful and clear performance of Spohr's *Gesangsceue*. Altogether in this variety of performers and of performances the audience received the strong impression that the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory is a well equipped institution as to an

able staff of teachers, and that they are turning out some good and promising pupils.

The various accompaniments were performed by the Neues Berliner Symphonie Orchester, about which latest standing Berlin orchestral organization I wrote at length a few weeks ago. They proved themselves equal to the occasion only when Zajic took hold of the conductor's stick, while under Klindworth's baton, as well as under Scharwenka's and Dr. Goldschmidt's, they did as they pleased, and this was not pleasing. . . .

The silence and somnolence of the pretty and cozy Bechstein Hall of Manager Wolff was broken into once more, and in all probability for the last time this season, on last Thursday night, when Miss Kathryn Bruce, of Madison, Wis., gave a *Lieder Abend* which was attended by the élite of the American colony in Berlin, including the new American ambassador, the Hon. Mr. Uhl, and his family and the entire legation, as well as Consul-General de Kay and wife and many other notable citizens of the United States.

Miss Bruce may be proud of the ovations which were tendered her on this occasion by her countrymen and countrywomen, for they were not the outcome of local patriotism, but the tokens of genuine enthusiasm elicited by Miss Bruce's beautiful and sympathetic mezzo voice and her artistic delivery and method of singing. All these qualities were recognized also by the Berlin music critics, who surely were not influenced to write their unanimous eulogies by a predilection for the United States. When I heard the lithe, dark eyed and dark haired beautiful young lady sing for the first time at the recent Washington's Birthday celebration I was greatly pleased, and did not fail to say so. The favorable first impression was greatly enhanced last Thursday night at the *Lieder Abend*, the program for which proved it to be not only a song recital, but brought also several operatic arias. This fact is significant, inasmuch as I understand that Miss Bruce intends to go upon the operatic boards, for which she seems unquestionably to possess many endowments. She has lately been studying with Mme. Mallinger, once upon a time—and not so very long ago either—one of the finest artists among the Berlin Royal Opera House personnel. From her Miss Bruce has learned a good deal, and what with her naturally good dramatic instincts, a fine stage presence, and an expressive as well as a sympathetic vocal organ, I don't see why she should not prove a success. For the Orpheus *Che farò* aria she was still lacking somewhat in breadth and repose of style, but the *Ah, mon fils* of *Fides* in *Le Prophète* she sang with admirable tone production and the necessary height as well as depth, and still better did she succeed with the card song from *Carmen*. I should gladly have dispensed with the banal and sugary song of *Magdalena*, from *Der Evangelimann*, one of the weakest spots in Kienal's popular opera, but it seemed to please the audience. The pronunciation of the German text was excellent throughout, except in the one word *Ach*, occurring repeatedly in Meyerbeer's aria, and in the peculiar enunciation of which the foreigner was plainly discernible to German ears. For the rest Miss Bruce pronounced French—the language she used in one of her numerous encores—equally as well as the German text, and the same may be said regarding the pronunciation of the Latin words in Cherubini's *Ave Maria*. The young lady from Wisconsin seems to be quite a polyglot talent, at least as far as pronunciation is concerned.

Even better than her arias I liked the singing of the various *Lieder*, which were well selected and consisted of Franz's *Im Herbst*, Wagner's *Träume*, Brahms' *Meine Lieb ist grün*, Dessauer's really charmingly sung *Lockung*, which was most stormily applauded, and Tchaikowsky's *Ob heller Tag*, to which after several recalls Miss Bruce had to add a lullaby by Nevin, and upon further urging as well as by special request the inevitable Annie Laurie, to which latter song she played her own piano accompaniment.

The accompaniments to all the remainder were played by Miss Anna Maas and I must say that a more satisfactory, unobtrusive and yet sustaining, thoroughly musically and *feinfühlig* *Begleitung* it would be hard to find, or even to imagine.

The principal musical event and the one great success of the week was last Saturday night's first Berlin production of Johann Strauss' latest comic opera, *Der Waldmeister*, at the Lessing Theatre. The house was crowded from pit to dome with the German capital's best known and most fashionable audience of first nighters, and great enthusiasm, which reached its climax after the second act, prevailed all through the evening. Strauss was present and conducted the overture in person, whereupon, as well as after each act, and when he entered the orchestra, he was the recipient of the most flattering tokens of the public's esteem. He looked, if possible, younger than he did ten years ago in New York and just as agile and lively. His still abundant locks and his mustache are dyed a raven black, which gives a slight reminiscence of the veteran tenor Wachtel, such as I saw him at Wiesbaden a few months before his death.

But not only in appearance and demeanor, but, what is still more wonderful, also in his never failing creative powers, Strauss seems to remain young. Those who after his

recent *pièce d'occasion* Jabuka, or whatever that cursed apple festival is called, thought, and not without reason, that Strauss' well of melodic inspiration had run dry, must have been astonished, just as I was, at the freshness and youthful never failing source of invention which flows in Waldmeister.

Not since the now classic Fledermaus has Strauss reached such an altitude as he does in this latest opera, or rather operetta, of his. And what a delightful, nay admirable, musician he is! The orchestration is as subtle and piquant as in the Fledermaus, and the building up of the finale in the second act, which is the musical culminating point of the work, is perfectly wonderful. Of course it is built on a waltz movement, and this waltz itself to the words of the proverb, *Trau, schau, wem*, will soon be whistled throughout Germany, and not much later throughout the United States.

There are reminiscences of course, but they are always reminiscences of Johann Strauss, and so is the situation in the opening scene of the third act, which, after too much Waldmeister bowl for all parties concerned in the finale of the second act, opens up with a scene similar to the one in which the prison master finds himself in the Fledermaus after the ball is over.

But what is Waldmeister, I hear some of the non-German readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER ask me. Well, botanically, it is an herb which grows in May and therefore is also called Maikraut (May herb), and it is used by Germans to flavor wine, and thus make an admirable cup which is called Maiwein (May wine). Linnaeus classed the Waldmeister under the Latin name of *Asperula odorata*, but I forget at the present moment to what number of his system the plant belongs. In English the name of the herb is woodruff and several species of this plant grow wild in the United States.

This special odoriferous kind, however, was, when I arrived in the United States some twenty years ago, almost as rare and unknown as Wagner music. Later on, however, some enterprising Germans began to import the herb and still later it was planted by some German philanthropists among the beech trees on Staten Island. Now it is not so rare there, and if at the present moment you will send your way to the Hon. Dan Brubacher, whose establishment is situated just opposite the tail end of General Washington's horse on Union square, you may get there a glass of May wine which is almost as good as you can get here in Berlin, which, again, is not quite so good as you can get at Cologne or anywhere along the Rhine. These things are to some extent geographical, and I can assure you from personal experience that a Manhattan cocktail at the English-American bar at Berlin, though they may use the same ingredients as in New York, does by no means taste as well or has the same pleasant effect as it does at Billy Mould's on University place. Long may he live and prosper.

But what has all this to do with Strauss' operetta? Well it is called Waldmeister, and a bouquet of the herb plays an important part in the love declarations and final union of two lovers. Another sprig of the herb, which has fallen into the inkpot, is later on supposed by a lady bluestocking and amateur botanist to be a newly discovered species of black woodruff, and last, but not least, a Saxonian professor of botany brews a Waldmeister bowl, which the bluestocking unconsciously serves as her own linden blossom tea, and which puts everybody who partakes of it into a terrific good humor and, of course, gives him or her an equally terrific big head the next morning. Altogether the libretto is too mixed up an affair to give a detailed and intelligible account of, but it is funny all the same, albeit it cannot hold a candle to Strauss' music.

The performance at the Lessing Theatre with mostly imported forces was one of the best operetta productions I have ever seen. Of individual representations that of Mme. Kopacz-Karczas, in the principal part of the opera singer Pauline, stood in the foreground and evoked general interest as well as enthusiasm. The lady is renowned in Austria, but this was her first appearance in Berlin, where her talents were immediately recognized. In appearance and general stage presence she greatly resembles her countrywoman Palmay, only she is still prettier, and, above all, more graceful. She dresses with rare taste and a certain suggestiveness which is even more piquant in what it hides than in what it shows. Her dancing in the soubrette part of the third act is a dream, and I don't wonder the baldheads in front got crazy and did not stop applauding till the entire scene, as well as the lawn tennis dress trio in the second act, was repeated. This lawn tennis dress was thought to be entirely too short above and below by the right set in the villa colony where the second act of the operetta plays, so the prudish committee sends off two elderly gentlemen to remonstrate with the opera singer, Pauline, but the two fall irresistible victims to her charms.

Over Mme. Kopacz's exterior gifts I came near forgetting to mention that she is also endowed with a splendid soprano voice, such as one rarely meets in operetta, and that she uses her vocal organ with ease and consummate skill.

The funny fellow in the book is the good professor of botany, Erasmus Mueller, who sings and speaks with a pronounced Saxonian dialect. He has an excruciatingly

ludicrous manner about him, and sings three capital topical songs, one in each act. I wonder if De Wolf Hopper could beat Herr Steinberger in this razzle-dazzle part, but I doubt it very much. Anyhow, Steinberger made me laugh till my sides ached. Jean Felix, from the Theater an den Wien, has a big, luscious, tenor voice, and he sang the part of the young lover, *Botho von Wendi*, sonorously and agreeably. Miss Gusti Niemann was charming in the part of *Jeanne, Mme. Pauline's Gesellschaftsdame*. All the minor rôles were likewise in remarkably good hands, and altogether it was an excellent performance, which Mr. Manas conducted in first-rate state style. He ought to have been called before the curtain just as well as Director Ferency, who had had the care of the *mise-en-scène*, and Director Dr. Oscar Blumenthal, of the Lessing Theatre, who had nothing to do with the production itself. All the principal artists had to appear before the curtain several times after each act, and of course, as I said before, likewise Johann Strauss, who was the recipient of perfect ovations and avalanches of flowers and laurel wreaths.

Waldmeister is being played nightly at the Lessing Theatre with unabating success, a fact which gave inspiration to Julius Freund to write the following amusing poem:

Erst jüngst, vor wenigen Tagen, war's
In nächstiger Stunde, in später,
Da regte sich plötzlich ein wüster Spuk
Da drüben im Lessing-Theater.

Das Haus war dunkel, und längst verstummt
Der Menge lautes Getöse,
Der Vorhang unten, die Bühne leer
Und leer der Sitz der Souffleuse * * *

Auf einmal: Ein seltsames Filleten tönt
Just aus des Orchesters Tiefen,
Als ob sich die Instrumente dort
Ganz leise lockten und riefen * * *

Da plötzlich rauschen im Takt zurück
Des Vorhangs hüllende Falten,
Und aus den Couliissen walzen hervor
Tansteufelgepackte Gestalten.

Die kleine Isa aus "Clémenceau"
Mit Rector Wiedemann wiegt sich,
Und Madame Sans-Gêne höchst ungeniert
In Rochnitsen's Arme schmiegt sich.

Die Gräfin Guckerl chassirt vorbei
Und altmodisch tanzt—Ich bitt' Sie!—
Der alte Lessing vom Vestibül
Mit Blumenthal's reizender "Fritzi!"

Sie alle, wie sie gebucken sind,
Sie werden des Frohsinn's Beute,
Denn Strauss, der Hexenmeister, bezwingt
Auch die gesetztesten Leute.

Drum wollen auch wir uns wieder gern
Dem lieblichen Zauber fügen
Und trinken von Deinem Zaubertrunk,
Du Meister, in vollen Zügen.

* * *

On the same night of the Waldmeister première, Saturday, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* had its fiftieth representation at the Royal Opera House and Vogel, of Munich, took his leave of us as a guest in the part of *Tristan*.

* * *

The Emperor of Austria has decorated Johannes Brahms with the gold medal for art and science. Somewhat late it seems to me.

* * *

Johann Strauss leaves Berlin for Vienna to-day and will shortly go to his country place at Ischl. He was here in company of his wife and of his daughter by the first wife, who is married to a marquis (I mean the daughter not the first wife). Strauss seemed very much elated by his Berlin success and said to Hugo Bock, his Berlin publisher, that he will immediately set to work upon a new operetta. He has plenty of youthful ardor for a man who is now in his seventy-second year.

* * *

Pollini has made his peace with both Alvary and Mme. Klafsky after their return from the United States, and these artists will again, as usual, sing under his management, beginning in September next.

* * *

Somebody has offered the city of Berlin the sum of 5,000 marks if the mayor will name one of the many new bridges here after the immortal Richard Wagner. I have not heard whether the aldermen have accepted the offer, but I don't see any reason why they shouldn't.

* * *

At Wolff's Concert Agency I saw a telegram from a Scandinavian impresario in which he enthusiastically states that not since Nilsson has any artist scored as much of a success financially in that country as did our great countrywoman Teresa Carreño. The handsome pianist has now played in the following cities during the winter season of 1895-6:

October.—Leipzig, Malchin, Gürlitz, Instenburg, Memel, Königsberg, Danzig, Mannheim.

November.—Wiesbaden, Aachen, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, London, Prague.

December.—Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Cassel, Würzburg, Dresden.

January.—Stettin, Pforzheim, Strassburg, Mülhausen, Karlsruhe, Augsburg, Stuttgart.

February.—Berlin, Malmö, Copenhagen, Malmö, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Upsala, Stockholm, Norrköping, Copenhagen, Berlin, Plauen, Nürnberg, Haag, Heilbronn, Freiburg.

March.—Konstanz, Stuttgart, München, Göttingen, Leipzig, München, Karlsruhe, Zürich, Strassburg, Heidelberg, Aachen, Antwerp, Strassburg, Zürich, München, Bamberg, Montreux, Genf, Bern, Chausdefonds.

April.—Aalborg, Jönköping, Gothenburg, Christiania, Drammen, Skien, Christiania, Christiansand, Stavanger, Bergen, Aalesund, Christiansund, Trondhjem.

* * *

Manager Herman Wolff further informs me that he will take the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra to Paris next spring, that the success of his Hamburg subscription concerts, under Weingartner's direction, was so great last season that Mr. Wolff has concluded to double their number, and that eight concerts will consequently be given in Hamburg in 1896-7, instead of only four as in 1895-6.

* * *

Petschnikoff, the violin wonder, will be married to Miss Schober, of Chicago, on July 12. The ceremony and wedding dinner will be held in Bechstein Hall.

* * *

Among the callers at THE MUSICAL COURIER's Berlin headquarters last week were Mr. and Mrs. Julian Edwards, of New York; Miss Mary Mildred Marsh, who returns to Cincinnati this week, and Miss Dillard, a pupil of Professor Halir. O. F.

Another Successful d'Arona Pupil.

MR. TORREY T. HULL has just made his début in concert with unqualified success. He is one of Mme. d'Arona's most enthusiastic pupils and is considered by her a second Plançon. Quoting from a letter just received, he says: "It is very gratifying to me to feel that after the hard, faithful and incomparable manner in which you have worked with my voice, that at my début I could at least reflect some measure of credit upon you. Whatever of prestige last night's success gives me, and whatever success I may attain hereafter, I feel that I owe it to you and to *you alone*, my dear Madame d'Arona, for, after a period of disastrous study with a famous teacher, there was not even an indication of what my natural voice might be.

"I had but nine notes I could bellow any sound upon, and those with only sheer muscular force from every part of my body, particularly my poor throat, which gave out whenever I did not feel equal to the exertion of singing. I, too, had been taught that worst of abominations, clavicular breathing, and to sustain a phrase or even a tone was almost an impossibility. But enough, you know all this, and how hard it has been to convince even my warmest friends that my voice was worth all this labor and expense, but these press notices I send you will tell you how the tide has changed, and what strangers think of me now. All of this I owe to you, and I cannot repeat this too often or too enthusiastically. TORREY T. HULL."

The following are the press notices:

The Academy chorus, under the leadership of Mr. P. W. Lester, gave three selections, followed by a solo from Mr. Torrey T. Hull, basso, of New York, who kindly responded to a well deserved encore. The singing of Mr. Torrey T. Hull was of interest to the audience from its artistic value.

Mr. Hull has been a student for two years under the celebrated New York teacher and ex-opera singer Madame Florenza d'Arona, with the definite purpose of studying for grand opera, which he will take up in a year or so.

His singing last evening was received with marked pleasure by the audience. Mr. Hull was in splendid vocal condition and he gave a rendering of the aria *Mundi Deus*, from Mozart's *Magic Flute*, which was notable for its broad and dramatic treatment and artistic phrasing. For this insistent encore he gave *Heart Longings*, a new song in manuscript by Miss Clark, of New York. In his selections his voice was shown to be finely rich and resonant, with much poetic temperament and marked purity of tone and beauty of expression, and bore a resemblance not a little to Plançon's. He is considered one of Mme. d'Arona's most promising pupils.—*Norwich, Conn., Evening Record*.

An added interest was given the entertainment of the Free Academy in Slater Memorial Hall last evening by the artistic singing of Mr. Torrey T. Hull, of New York.

He sang the air for basso from Mozart's *Magic Flute*, *Redemptor Mundi Deus*, and *Heart Longing*, in MS., by Miss Clark, of New York. Mr. Hull has a very dramatic but smooth and well controlled voice, and seems to possess a perfect method. He has abundance of temperament and his phrasing is good. It is understood that he will continue his studies with the celebrated Mme. Florenza d'Arona, of New York, and prepare for grand opera.—*Norwich Morning Index*.

Johanna Hess-Burr.

THE picture which adorns the front page of this issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER is that of Johanna Hess-Burr, who holds the unique position of being an accompanist of international reputation. Many singers, pianists, and violinists have been of two-world fame, but never as yet has any artist lifted the art of accompaniment out of obscurity to be spoken of in both hemispheres until Johanna Hess-Burr made it the study of her life and brought this belittled branch of the art to extraordinary perfection.

No one has ever approached her ideality, and she stands alone in being the most highly paid accompanist in the United States.

At a reception the other night a celebrated artist said to her: "Do you know or realize what you have done in all these years? No one has ever accomplished what you have attained. It is no secondary matter your accompaniment, but an integral part of the performance, and you have raised the once despised position to an eminent standard."

In addition to playing for all the great singers Mrs. Hess-Burr is accompanist to the Chicago Orchestra under the direction of Theodore Thomas.

This is what the Toledo *Blade* printed of her when she lately visited that city, accompanying Ffrangcon-Davies:

Mme. Hess-Burr, the greatest accompanist in America, is registered at the Boody. She will accompany Ffrangcon-Davies at his recital at Pythian Castle to-night.

Mme. Hess-Burr was interviewed by the *Blade* to-day. She is an attractive lady, a perfect brunette with coal black eyes. Her hair is as dark as the raven's wing, except where a thread of gray crops out here and there.

When she talks her eyes and face become eloquent. They are as much a part of her speech as her voice, and her beautiful play of features stamps her not only as an artist, but as an idealist and enthusiast. She is of German parentage and was educated at Berlin in the National School of Music. She has accompanied every famous musician of this generation and has won many honors and a splendid meed of praise from them.

Speaking of Ffrangcon-Davies she said:

"His success at the Auditorium in Chicago last night was simply wonderful. I never heard Ffrangcon-Davies in better voice, and he created what might be called a stampede of enthusiasm. The orchestra was stopped for ten minutes, during which time Ffrangcon-Davies received a perfect ovation. He was encored and recalled a number of times, and finally the audience had to give up applauding from sheer exhaustion. I have witnessed many successes, but never one that would equal the one of last night."

Mme. Hess-Burr is accompanist for the Theodore Thomas orchestra, and is well known to the music world. Melba, the famous operatic singer, says she is the finest in America, and when Sauret was in Chicago he refused to give a recital until Mme. Hess-Burr was secured as his accompanist.

The lady conducts a coaching school at Chicago, where she coaches famous singers.

She says that the people of the United States are educated up to a high appreciation of music, and that culture seems to be widely disseminated.

When asked if her work gave her pleasure, she answered in an ecstatic manner: "I love it. It is the greatest pleasure in the world. It is delightful. I love it for its own sake."

That Mme. Hess-Burr is an artist in love with her art, that she is an idealist and an enthusiast, is demonstrated by her own personality. Music has imparted to her a beautiful individuality.

The Toledo Sunday Morning Courier said:

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, baritone, and Mrs. Johanna Hess-Burr were at Pythian Castle Tuesday evening, and those who were with them have no desire to forget and only wish they could recall the short time spent together. Honor and Arms, that magnificent aria from Handel's Samson, was the number that introduced Ffrangcon-Davies to his company, and long before the last note was breathed the singer had redeemed every promise made for voice and style. The Prologue, from Leoncavallo's Pagliacci, was possibly different in style and delivery from anything in a voice yet heard here. Herman Lohr's beautiful When Thou Art Near Me was as perfect a bit of vocalism as the most cynical would desire, and the farewell note, breathed as it was, was a happy surprise. Father O'Flynn had been introduced to local concert goers by Watkins-Mills, and was a pleasant reminder, but of course not to be mentioned in the same breath with some of the other numbers. However, variety is necessary in the make-up of all that is expected to please, and this program was varied. The cavatina Largo al Factotum of the Barber of Seville was on the program and brought it to a brilliant close. The voice of Ffrangcon-Davies is a marvelous baritone, and the execution and feeling displayed in every number leave no doubt as to artistic quality. But one could easily see that oratorio showed the singer at his very best. Mrs. Johanna Hess-Burr was a worthy accompanist and supported the singer admirably. Verily, the playing of accompaniments is a special art, and one in which few excel, and at the head of the chosen few Mrs. Hess-Burr stands alone.

THE MUSICAL COURIER said of her:

The admiration for her talent and the respect toward herself personally are not confined to the musical community. The social demands which are made upon her time are evidence of her personal popularity apart from her musical gifts. Everywhere she is an honored guest, and not only at musical meetings, for no social gathering is complete without the presence of Mrs. Hess-Burr. In all her professional life she has retained the deep respect and esteem of her many friends, and throughout her very eventful career no shadow of the reproach unfortunately too common in the artistic world has ever assailed her name. But her triumphs are not exclusively those of the musician; as wife and mother she is an example of domestic happiness. Her husband is a physician of extensive reputation, and aids his wife in making their home a charming rendezvous for all artists.

How much this is appreciated is seen from a glance round her studios, where innumerable mementos speak to the wonderful popularity, and indeed affection, which Mrs. Hess-Burr enjoys among all musicians.

The walls are hung with pictures and the tables strewn with souvenirs of this artist's long and successful career. Among the many autograph portraits appear the names of the de Reszkés, Melba, Nordica, Sauret, Marsick, Sarasate, Brema, &c.; in fact, the great artists of the world are all to be found here. Many of these have testified to their appreciation of Mrs. Hess-Burr's talent by expressions

of delight. For instance, Melba says, "To my friend, Mrs. Hess-Burr, in memory of a most beautiful accompaniment." Lillian Blauvelt said, "As long as I live and as long as Mrs. Hess-Burr is in the same city with me I will never sing to the accompaniment of any other." Ben Davies, the English tenor, is another to express admiration of her art. He says: "I never want any better accompaniment." Ffrangcon-Davies, in speaking of her accompaniment, said: "It was perfection." Emil Sauret, the great violinist, stated positively that he would not play in Chicago unless Mrs. Hess-Burr accompanied him. This happened upon his late visit at 5 o'clock of the day advertised for the concert.

At 8 o'clock Johanna Hess-Burr played without rehearsal the Kreutzer Sonata in a manner which Sauret declared to be unsurpassable. He was an old associate of Mrs. Hess-Burr, but had not played to her accompaniment since they were in Europe, eighteen years ago. He expressed a wish that he might always have so gifted a colleague. She has received splendid lucrative offers to travel upon different tours with artists, as they have found so much help from her work, but has declined them all, as her heart is in her home and children. "I adore children," she says, "and no fortune would tempt me to go from them."

A pretty little incident is told of her naming her daughter Marguerite. When only fifteen years of age she first had the pleasure of meeting Gounod at Mrs. Weldon's home (Tavistock House, Tavistock square, London), where at the same time she met Sauret and several others of the great French artists. After playing for them and accompanying Sauret, Gounod complimented her and asked her what she intended to do with her talent. He hoped she would not marry. "Oh yes, I shall," she said, "and I shall call my daughter Marguerite after your Marguerite."

It was about this time, too (1873), that she met and played for the great Richter at the home of Sir George, then Mr. Lewis, the famous London lawyer. She then met Clara Schumann and afterward studied with Bargiel three years in Berlin for ensemble playing. Then she accompanied Joachim when he played for his pupils, and she says her greatest experience was gained from his wonderful teaching, with its thoroughness and detail. Afterward she accompanied Willy Hess when playing for Bismarck and Von Moltke, and speaks of those early years as some of the most momentous in all her successful career.

And yet her musical career seems to have been eventful from the time when she played for Christine Nilsson in Steinway Hall, New York, at the age of eight years. All the older artists were her friends, even as a child, Kellogg, Wieniawski, Wilhelmj, and oldest in affection stands Marianne Brandt, the famous German singer.

In later years she has been to the fore as accompanist for all the great artists, operatic or concert—Mme. Eames, Mme. Desvignes, Del Puente, Caesar Thomson, Perroti, Plunket Greene, George Fergusson, whom many pronounce to be the best American baritone, and many others too numerous to mention.

She is a womanly woman, and devoted to her home interests, with all the duties entailed, and which are not delegated to others, but attended to with the same earnestness that she gives to her art. Of course she has her enemies (what successful woman or man has not?) and has been accused of mercenary motives. She does not deny her ability to do business, but that she is sordidly mercenary is absolutely untrue. This is clearly demonstrated by the fact that she teaches any number of talented girls who are unable to pay her in any way for her time and labor. It is said of her, once a friend always a friend, and a true one, and she will never accept payment for accompanying those who have the honor to claim her as a friend. She attends entirely to her own affairs, and it would be difficult for anyone to accuse her of speaking ill of any other artist. When goaded by the ill advised remarks of a sister artist, she was heard to observe, "If jealousy were not so rampant there would be more cordiality."

The talents of Mrs. Hess-Burr are not solely confined to the musical order, great musician though she be, for she has been many times requested to write articles upon the art of accompaniment and a clever article emanating from her pen was published in the Chicago *Evening Journal*. She has just finished another upon the subject of general vocal coaching, on which no one is better informed, and it is shortly to be published by an influential magazine.

But of her art, that branch she loves best is coaching singers, be it in Italian, English or German music or oratorio. This versatile artist is equally conversant with all styles. It is said that there is no composition of merit with which she is unacquainted. Everyone of musical knowledge is aware that she has accompanied all the singers and instrumentalists who have ever visited this country, and not alone here but in her native Germany, where she was known far and near as a musician of extraordinary talent.

As printed in THE MUSICAL COURIER, she was born at Mannheim, and comes of good old musical stock. Her father was a celebrated violinist and concertmaster under Lachner, the conductor. Her brother, Willy Hess, is now one of the great violinists, and at present director of the violin department of the Cologne Conservatory and Concertmaster of the Cologne Symphony Orchestra. Another brother, Alfred, is concertmaster at the Grand Opera House at Frankfurt, and still another, Frederic, is widely known as a cellist of immense ability, and is cellist Concertmaster of the same orchestra, Frankfurt. The sisters likewise are musicians. Elsa Hess is a successful operatic soprano, while Mrs. Hess-Fuchs is a pianist and teacher in Chicago.

But by far the most important of this talented family is Johanna Hess-Burr, who, possessor of many gifts, is master of all. If there be any one particular which can be chosen as being worthy of greater mention than the others it is her ability for imparting her knowledge to those less favored than herself. In this coaching she stands unique and has become a great power in Chicago musical life. Although the idea is of comparatively recent growth, and undertaken at first solely for the love of her profession, she now numbers forty pupils.

Among those at present coaching with Mrs. Hess-Burr are: Mr. Nickols, possessing a magnificent basso baritone and who is thoroughly prepared for oratorio or concert work and for whom a successful future is predicted; Anna Burnet, a dramatic soprano of exceptional quality, who sang for Jean de Reszké, gaining much praise from the eminent artist, who appeared strongly impressed with her voice and musical ability, and gave as his verdict that she was doing exceedingly good work; Miss Evans, who has obtained much admiration for her immense contralto of rich quality; Mrs. Maud Bollman, singularly gifted, who, having studied with most of the good teachers in Chicago, has made a final choice in Mrs. Hess-Burr; Mrs. Oscar Remmer, an artist in the real sense of the word; Miss Sue Harrington, perhaps the most favored of all the singers coaching with Mrs. Hess-Burr, and who is ready for any kind of vocal work, concert or oratorio. Others who are worthy of mention are Wilbur Reed, Miss Glückauf and Miss Edythe Heyman.

From this list it will be seen that some of the most talented and gifted musicians in Chicago are anxious to coach with her. Miss Torrey, of King's Chapel, Boston, and Miss Buck, now studying with Bouhy in Paris, are of those who obtained so much of their present finesse from Mrs. Hess-Burr. In addition to the artists already spoken of, especial mention must be made of Miss Jenny Osborn, a soprano, who has been winning golden opinions for her finished style and musicianly vocalization, and last, but by no means least, Mrs. Anna Rommeis Thacker, who has a reputation for most artistic singing, and as a contralto who is continually adding to her success and thoroughly to be depended upon for good work.

In consequence of her great success in this coaching, and which has made her famous throughout the West, many of our leading artists being known to have studied with her, she has been advised to open a school for music. At 2036 Indiana avenue, Chicago, where her studios are situated, she has surrounded herself with capable assistants, Miss Sue Harrington, of whom mention has been made, coming at the head of them. Of this vocal department, of course, Mrs. Hess-Burr is the director. An instrumental department has also been arranged for under the management of Mrs. Hess-Fuchs, her sister, a pianist of exceptional ability, but principally known for her teaching powers.

Already there is a big class for piano, and with younger girls she is especially successful. One specialty will be a class for playing eight hands on two pianos. This will be somewhat of a novelty and no doubt very attractive. Mrs. Hess-Fuchs will also have a competent corps of assistants for instruction in all branches of instrumental work.

In connection with the school will be inaugurated a course of lectures on musical work which will be a prominent feature, and there will be also public recitals in which advanced students, assisted by well-known artists, will appear. One special feature, which appears to be of exceptional advantage, is the arrangement made for the comfort and welfare of pupils coming from out of town. They will be afforded the facilities of obtaining comfortable, homelike quarters within convenient distance from the school at terms suited to their requirements.

The school will be of immense benefit during the summer months, after the closing of the ordinary schools, when teachers can get splendid coaching at Mrs. Hess-Burr's school at very special rates.

Those who have the privilege of knowing Mrs. Hess-Burr will wish her success in her new undertaking. Parents will have the comfort of knowing that the welfare of their children, be they young or grown, is in safe hands, and that the school will be conducted upon those refined and high minded principles that have helped Mrs. Hess-Burr to accomplish so much.

She is continually asked to send pupils to different cities and has been instrumental in obtaining engagements for many artists. Only three weeks since she was requested to send three of her pupils to Sioux City to sing in The Creation. Applications for her to recommend artists are of daily occurrence, so that singers studying with her are under very safe guidance.

Herodiade.—According to the *Gaulois*, the management of the Opéra has the intention of introducing Massenet's *Herodiade* into the repertory. This opera was first produced at Brussels in 1883. It was played in Paris in Italian in 1883, at the time when M. Victor Maurel made an attempt to revive Italian opera in Paris. If the Opéra management carries out its intention, the production of *Herodiade* will excite almost as much curiosity as that of a new work.

On the Study of Scores.

BY FREDERICK CORDER.

THE two essential factors in the training of an orchestral writer are the frequent hearing of orchestral performances and the study of scores. The latter point can only be attended to after much facility in reading and writing orchestral music has been attained, and even then it is not every musician who can so completely discriminate between the look and the sound of written notes as to profit fully by reading scores. For those students, however, who have succeeded in attaining this enviable proficiency, a few general remarks on the characteristics of the leading orchestral composers may be found useful as a guide.

Up to the time of Haydn and Mozart there is little to be learned from a practical point of view; the early composers wrote chiefly contrapuntally, having little regard for the different quality of tone in instruments, and none at all for their various degrees of power. Indeed, the overwhelming strength of the trumpets never received proper attention till within the last fifty years. The scores of Bach and Händel, then, are chiefly of antiquarian interest, the woodwind having no distinctive treatment, and the contrasts of color during the course of a piece unimportant. It is with Haydn and Mozart that we first learn the effects that may be drawn from simple combinations of a few instruments. Very remarkable in Mozart's piano concertos is the ingenuity with which every now and then the few wind instruments are used alone. The composer who is desirous of writing a piano concerto would do well to note the extreme effectiveness of this kind of thing, and to compare it with the Schumann and Rubinstein concertos, in which the orchestra does its best to extinguish the solo instrument. Mozart's vocal accompaniments sound rather thin to modern ears, but how perfect is the balance of tone and how exquisite is the taste displayed in the use of the wind! Of course, the great difference of style nowadays prevents our using these methods to any extent, but it is worth noticing that Mozart, who was one of the first inventors of orchestration, was also one of the most unerring.

With Beethoven we have something the same style of orchestration, but on a far higher level. Every instrument in a Beethoven score, even a hateful trumpet and the humble drum, is absolutely indispensable—a soloist. With him there is no such thing as padding anywhere. A Beethoven symphony might be better entitled "Concertante for eighteen instruments." The orchestration is thus so vital a portion of the composition that one feels "given this work it would be impossible to score it differently." And this is what makes Beethoven of so little practical value to the student as a model, though his marvelous yet simple effects are more quoted in books on orchestration than those of any other composer. The great use of studying Beethoven's scores (and the musician should know at least the nine symphonies and last two piano concertos by heart) is to learn by example how to think orchestrally. With many modern composers, with nearly all modern German writers, the music seems to have been thought out first in a kind of free four-part harmony, and scored afterward; but with Beethoven alone a symphony is a true concerted piece.

Weber is one of the earliest orchestral writers whose methods and effects may be closely imitated still. Consequently his scores, simple and straightforward, afford plenty of instruction for the student. The scores of Der Freischütz and Oberon are published chiefly by Peters, and are valuable possessions. Spohr is less interesting, owing to the monotony of his style, and consequently of his methods. Schubert is notable for his woodwind effects, but his writing for brass is often bad, probably because he so seldom heard his works performed. Schumann, though inventive, is about as bad in his technic as it is possible for a great man to be; he appears never to have cultivated his ear to the pitch of distinguishing one orchestral tint from another. Accordingly we find in the E flat symphony, for instance, the music written in thick harmony, like one of his piano pieces transcribed for strings, and the same parts doubled in the wind almost all through. This is a return to the elementary procedure of Bach and Händel. Paradise and the Peri is Schumann's most interesting score, but the symphonies have to be tremendously manipulated by a conductor to sound well in performance. Mendelssohn has been the chief model for English composers, and is excellent in nearly all respects, though his writing is open to the accusation of cheapness. He knew the relative power of brass, strings and wood better than any of his predecessors. His delicate and fairy-like effects were beyond all praise; but he frequently committed the mistake of writing slurred, florid passages for strings low down, as accompaniment to a chorus or loud tutti, with the result of producing a mere fog of sound. Gounod's chief merit was that he never committed this error (or any other, for the matter of that), but wrote his string accompaniments high up, where they could be heard. French composers—who nearly all write

effectively for the orchestra—if they err at all, err on the side of thinness, not thickness, like the Germans. Massenet, Saint-Saëns and Bizet are delightful to study, but unfortunately their scores are hardly attainable. The confession may be considered almost sacrilegious by some, but I must own that I rate Berlioz, as an orchestral writer, considerably lower than do most people, including himself. Considering that he gave his entire mind to the one subject, it would be surprising if he did not write well, but many of his effects are claptrap and have no musical or artistic justification. Clever and ingenious coloring, without noble design underlying it, is of doubtful effect. I therefore should rate Liszt far higher, for his technic is at least as perfect as that of Berlioz, his brilliancy in the invention of effects distinctly superior, and, strange and unsympathetic as his composition may be, the design is of the highest poetic intent. Liszt, Gounod and Mozart are, in fact, the only three writers for the orchestra who never seem to have made a mistake or written effects which would not come out in performance.

Wagner's scoring, so fascinating to the student, and justly so, is really like the scoring of several different individuals. In his first three or four operas we get orchestration of the Weber and Meyerbeer type—brilliant effects of solo and contrast—but there is too much noise and vulgarity, cheap tremolos for strings, &c. In Tristan we get the most tremendous development of string writing it is possible to conceive—in fact, the practical difficulties are all but unsurmountable—but the horns and bassoons sustain middle notes of the harmony perpetually, causing a terrible monotony of color. In the Nibelungen there is every kind of instrumentation—good, bad and indifferent; needless to say the former largely predominates. The composer seems to have been scarcely able to handle his novel orchestra at first, and the Rheingold contains some things—the opening prelude and the rainbow music, for instance—which are only effective on paper. In the Valkyrie an enormous access of power is manifest, while Siegfried is a perfect miracle of successful orchestration. The composer's change of style in his last years is perhaps to blame for the distinctly less brilliant orchestration of Götterdämmerung and Parsifal. In these works there is that monotony of incessant change which renders Spohr's work so insipid, and the ear yearns in vain for a few solo effects. I have omitted to speak of the Meistersinger; here the contrapuntal and antique style is somewhat of a bar to the production of brilliant orchestral ingenuities, but on the whole I should be disposed to rank it next to Siegfried. The principal fault of Wagner is his tendency to use too much sustaining wind along with his string work; this gives rich sonority to his scoring, but at the expense of contrast. Now, in the scoring of any length, contrast is everything. Compare the glorious effects of the Meistersinger prelude to Act III. with the rich but unchanging color of the Tristan introduction, and you will understand what I mean. It may seem presumptuous to pick faults in such magnificent works as these, but the technic of the very greatest artist is occasionally open to criticism.

Among contemporary writers Tchaikowsky, Dvorák and Grieg are worthy of study. The scores of the former writer are expensive and difficult of access, but they are brilliantly interesting, being written with a certainty of balance and a fineness of ear truly enviable. Grieg's scoring appears to me forced and labored; its undoubted originality is mechanical, not musical. No musician who could really hear what he was writing would commit such absurdities as may be found in Bergliot and the Holberg Suite, pieces obviously written for the piano in the first instance. Grieg's music is so simple in structure that it affords no scope for the ordinary devices of instrumentation, and this has forced him to invent these organ-like duplications of string parts in the octave above and below, which are his specialty. Dvorák, in some respects the greatest living composer, approaches nearer to Beethoven in his scoring than any other writer has done. In his symphonies we frequently find the subordinate parts, such as trumpets and drums, endowed with charming interest by means of separate pretty rhythms, while his solo passages are of the most daring and difficult kind. He is very apt, however, to lay on the color with a trowel, doubling and doubling until the orchestra sounds like a quadrille band. Tchaikowsky is also addicted to this fault. Dvorák also uses the brass and percussion very coarsely at times; the great Russian composer never does.

In thus surveying the field of great orchestral writers I have left aside the Italian school of opera composers, because their scores are hardly attainable—more's the pity! Rossini and his school afford excellent study, because of the simplicity of their methods and the brilliancy of their effects; but the student will find the unusual order of the instruments in an Italian score (violins at the top and wind in the middle) rather irksome. Verdi, in both his early and late works, is far and away the finest orchestrator of the Italians; indeed one of the very finest of all countries. As a piece of instrumental writing his Requiem completely obliterates the pretentious and windy work of Berlioz, about which its composer bragged so outrageously. It is a thousand pities that the scores of Aida,

Otello and Falstaff cannot be at least visible in our public libraries, for they are delicious reading. In conclusion, I should advise the student of instrumentation to study all the scores he can get of the above writers, in the following order: Weber, Beethoven, Gounod, Sullivan, any French composers, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wagner.—*The Scottish Musical Review.*

Managers versus Artists.

Editors The Musical Courier:

YOUR recent remarks under the heading of Down with the Prices would be more effective if they were less threadbare. Pardon me for the word, but some of us at least have read so much about it for years and decades—I was about to say generations—that most disinterested minds are made up, providing they have been properly informed. Even yet it may be that there are readers who will doubt the truth of your statement. It may be that the old, vague, popular impression about managers gathered from story books still lingers in some localities, that they act the part of indulgent father to their family of artists, watch over their interests, settle their squabbles, wait on the ladies to their hotels, cure the novices of stage fright, and for the rest utilize their post-prandial hours of special comfort and good will in handing out passes to the lucky ones who happen in their way at the right moment.

Your picture, however widely different, represents the real state of affairs. There is no overstatement in your leader. It is as true as gospel. And you might have gone much farther back than you did in using names to illustrate it. I was turning the leaves of an old book quite recently, entitled Seven Years in the King's Theatre. On the fly leaf is the autograph of that honorable and now historic name, James E. Murdoch. More than 100 years ago this book was published by Manager George Ebers, of the King's Theatre, London (the same one, of course, now known as Her Majesty's), to give the little London world of that day a list of his losses in the enterprise which fashionable London pretended to have so much at heart. Every year of the seven the manager's balance sheet shows a loss of thousands of pounds. And the cause was just the same as to-day, the rapacity of artists, and what you well entitle their prohibitory terms.

I might, perhaps, help to clinch your argument by an instance of nearer date.

Among managers here in Philadelphia twenty-five years ago none was more generally respected by audiences than the late T. B. Pugh. The public did well to respect him, since he was for a long time a faithful friend to them. George W. Childs went farther and called him a faithful public servant. Some time in the sixties he began his work as manager, with headquarters in Philadelphia, giving high-class entertainments at low rates. Gradually the influences which your article sets forth squeezed down upon him more and more tightly. The advance in the cost of attractions continued until finally what was difficult became impossible.

Mr. Pugh paid to the representative of Gerster \$2,000 for a single concert given by herself and auxiliaries. Later on his check went to Adelina Patti for \$4,400 for one performance in opera, and I well recall having to guarantee the personality of her secretary, M. Franchi, at the bank on the afternoon before the opera in order that Madame Patti might actually see the greenbacks before her own notes began to warble.

The result of such madness was that Manager Pugh during his closing years of work lived a sort of hand to mouth existence, so far as business matters were concerned, and when he died suddenly in 1884 his estate would not meet the advertising bills of the current season. It was then that the kind hearted Mr. Childs, in cancelling his indebtedness to the *Ledger*, called Mr. Pugh a faithful public servant.

Unless your excellent advice is taken to heart and followed up other managers will inevitably be forced to a like fate. Management is a troubled sea and it is thickly strewn with wrecks.

JOHN BUNTING.

PHILADELPHIA, May 14, 1896.

Klindworth.—By the invitation of Cosima Wagner Karl Klindworth will on June 15 proceed to Bayreuth as "artistic adviser" at the rehearsals for this year's festival.

Hamburg.—The Hamburg City Council has voted a subvention of 50,000 marks a year for five years to the Hamburg Society of Friends of Music, on condition of its giving five popular concerts of classical music at the admission price of 20 pfennigs. The city of Hamburg devotes to art purposes 210,000 marks a year, nearly one-third of 1 per cent. of its total income.

Summer Opera.—Comic opera at Terrace Garden, which opened on Monday, the 18th inst., with the Fereneczy Company in Milloeker's latest opera, *Der Probe Kuss*, is running successfully and to big houses. The season of English opera at the American Theatre, which also opened on the 18th, is well done and popular, and this week holds forth in the Mikado.



BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
LONDON, W., May 16, 1896.

MR. HENRY WOLFSOHN has just arrived in London for a stay of a week or ten days, and during that time will probably arrange with a well-known prima donna for next year, besides other artists.

It was rumored here last week that Mr. Ben Davies would perhaps make America his future home, a rumor which caused considerable comment in musical circles.

Mme. Albaum makes her first appearance in opera this season to-night as *Elsa* in *Lohengrin*, and will sing *Gilda* in *Rigoletto* on Monday.

Emilio Pizzi has just returned from Italy, where he has been spending the last two or three months hard at work.

In answer to many inquiries, I may say that Professor Blume will remain in London until the end of the season, and will continue his teaching from September 1 at Wiesbaden, where a number of his pupils will follow him.

The lawsuit which Frau Cosima Wagner is bringing against the Earl of Dysart concerning the book of the late Ferdinand Praeger, *Wagner wie ich ihn kannte*, commenced on May 9 at Leipzig, and a second hearing is fixed for to-day. I shall have more to tell you about this later.

An American, Miss Lily Stafford, has written me concerning the differences she observed between the acting of Jean de Reszké at the Metropolitan Opera House and his performance on Monday night at Covent Garden. She says:

In witnessing the opening performance of opera at Covent Garden on Monday evening I was impressed by several points of difference in the interpretation of the rôle of *Romeo* by M. Jean de Reszké, apart from his appearance in the prologue and his wearing a beard.

He seems to paint his portrait of *Romeo* in more delicate colors here. His facial expression, his phrasing, his intense joy at having vanquished *Tybal*, his change upon realizing what he has done, all these, and many other points I might mention, would be lost in the immense auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House; so the artist there uses broader touches. I know that M. de Reszké considers it very important that an artist should take into consideration the size of the house in which he or she is to sing. He also makes his tones more nasal in the large house, that they may carry better. Mme. Nordica does this also. Mme. Eames' *Juliette* seemed to me greatly improved vocally. Her technique in the waltz, her emission of her high notes, the greater ease with which she sang, also her pianissimo passages showed great advance in her art. Her acting was improved in the opening and in the balcony scene; but I have seen her do the "poison scene" better when she had as coadjutor that greatest of basos, Ed. de Reszké.

The stage setting and costumes I liked better than at the Metropolitan.

It was resolved at a meeting of the committee of the Guildhall School of Music on the 6th inst. that formal advertisements should be issued for candidates for the post of principal left vacant by Sir Joseph Barnby's death. At the next meeting, on Monday, five candidates will be chosen for submission to the Court of Common Council, who by open voting will elect one of the number as principal. The salary has been fixed at £1,000 a year.

Professor Bridge opened his spring series of four Gresham lectures on Monday evening, when he dealt with *An Old Gresham College Student* (Thomas Ravenscroft, Mus. Bac., 1614). At the fourth lecture, last evening, he discoursed upon Schubert's Songs.

The subscription for the opera season has reached a higher figure than ever before. Her Majesty took two boxes on the grand tier, the Princess of Wales one next to

the Queen, and the royal family is otherwise well represented. Every one of the pit and grand tier boxes is sold for the season. Covent Garden as arranged for the grand opera has in all 122 private boxes, 428 stalls at £1 1s., 116 balcony stalls at 10s. 6d., 336 amphitheatre stalls at 5s., besides the gallery at 2s. 6d. A representative of the *Daily Telegraph* interviewed Sir Augustus Harris on the subject of these high prices, and in explanation he said that his subscribers are not satisfied with anything but the best talent procurable, and that costs such enormous sums to procure that he is compelled to raise the price of seats to cover expenses. So well is he supported, however, that he is enabled to make financial successes of his seasons even with such artists as the de Reszkés, Calvé, Eames, Melba and others.

Mme. Melba is to sing at the gala performance of *Hamlet* at the Opéra, Paris, next Thursday, given for the fund for a monument to Ambroise Thomas.

Dr. Richter will give the overture and entr'acte to Goldmark's *Cricket on the Hearth*, said to be the gems of the opera, at his concert on Monday night in St. James' Hall. It is encouraging to learn that the subscription for the Richter concerts this season is greater than any previous year; another sign of the growth of musical taste in London.

Besides Sarasate's three London concerts he will make several provincial appearances while in England.

Mme. Vanderveer Green arrived in London from her tour.

It is reported in the papers here that Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies has arranged for a six months' tour in America next year.

Among the callers at the office this week have been Mr. Nahon Franko, Mr. Zoltan Doeme, Mrs. Katharine Fisk, Miss Rolinda Kline, from San Francisco; Mrs. Blackmore, soprano, from Boston; Miss Mary Forrest, Miss Lily Place and her sister, from New York; Signor Emilio Pizzi, Miss Isabel Hirschfeld, who gives a piano recital here next week; Miss Margaret Reid, from New York; Miss Margaret Reibold, from Cleveland; Mrs. Karst, from New York; Miss Grace Woodward and Miss Mary Eldon, the clever reciter.

CONCERTS.

Eugen d'Albert's second recital drew a select if not a very big audience to St. James' Hall on May 12. The program was very long, interesting and varied, and served to display those qualities for which this artist is famous, namely, breadth of style and intellectual analysis of the composer's meaning.

Herr Emil Sauer at his first of this season's recitals in St. James' Hall on May 9 again proved himself to be one of the greatest of living pianists. His playing throughout the entire program was characterized by warmth of feeling, power and charm. The Beethoven sonata in E, the Brahms variations and fugue and a theme of Haydn were sufficient tests of the pianist's intellectuality, while the Chopin numbers revealed much poetic fancy. In the Liszt fantasia Herr Sauer showed a fine technique, and played this *bravura* composition in a brilliant manner. The usual encore was demanded and granted. Four of the pianist's compositions figured on the program. These were well received by the audience, but I doubt whether they would please to anything like the same extent if played by a pianist who did not infuse into them Herr Sauer's charm of manner and perfection of detail.

A third pianist, Herr Fritz Masbach, gave an orchestral concert in St. James' Hall on Monday night. He appeared here last season, when I spoke of his work, and I may say that on this occasion he considerably enhanced his reputation. In Chopin's concerto in E minor he displayed an excellent command of the keyboard and infused much intelligence into his—taken as a whole—brilliant interpretation of it. Herr Masbach was also successful in Saint-Saëns' concerto in G minor, op. 22, which displayed many of his admirable qualities, not the least of which are his musicianly phrasing and neatness in playing rapid passages. He also played several solos with equal facility.

The *raison d'être* of the concert given on Monday last in the Queen's (small) Hall proved to be the introduction of a very charming little violinist, Miss Maud MacCarthy by name, who, with the assistance of Miss Fannie Davies, undertook a most ambitious program, commencing with Beethoven's sonata in C minor. This little lady, who is

said to be eleven, but looks even younger, is a pupil of Serfio Arbos, and he is justly proud of her achievements, which predict for her a great future. Her playing, which is characterized by a wonderfully sustained tone, pure intonation and excellent phrasing, proves her to be a perfect little artist, and her treatment of the andante and finale from Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Simonetti gave a thoroughly enjoyable orchestral concert in St. James' Hall on Tuesday evening, when Mr. F. H. Cowen conducted. The popular violinist was heartily applauded when he came forward to play Brahms' violin concerto, written by Dr. Joachim. Mr. Simonetti achieved a marked success in the opening allegro, wherein he introduced an effective cadenza of his own composition. The slow movement was artistically interpreted, while the finale was played with so much spirit that it was followed by spontaneous applause. Again he gave an admirable performance in the Mendelssohn violin concerto, the grace and smoothness of his playing in the beautiful andante and his faultless execution in the final movement deserving the token of appreciation that was evoked. In addition to the concertos Mr. Simonetti played two solo pieces, the plaintive *Sérénade Mélancolique*, by Tchaikowsky, and the familiar *Airs Russes*, by Wieniawski.

Herr Willy Burmester gave his second violin recital in St. James' Hall on Monday afternoon, when the attendance was very moderate. The program opened with Beethoven's splendid sonata in C minor, op. 30, No. 2, for violin and piano, in which the concert giver was associated with Mr. E. Hutcheson, as well as in the Schubert duet sonata in G minor, No. 3. Herr Burmester played a melodious adagio by Spohr, and two of Brahms-Joachim's Hungarian dances at a very great speed, and Mr. Hutcheson a selection of five études by Chopin, from the first and second sets, op. 10 and op. 25.

Mme. Patti gave the first of her two concerts this season in the Albert Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Edward Lloyd charmed his hearers with Sullivan's *The Sailor's Grave*, and responded to the desire for more with Schubert's *Sérénade*. Miss Ada Crossley had to repeat the last verse of Blumenthal's *Sunshine and Rain*. The instrumentalists included M. Jacques Jacobs, a clever violinist, M. John Lemmoné, whose flute solos were highly enjoyed, and Miss Isabel Hirschfeld, whose piano solos were a feature of the concert.

The two last named artists opened the program with Widor's romance from suite op. 34. Miss Hirschfeld, who has now established herself as a favorite in London, chose for her numbers a beautiful prelude by Rachmaninoff and Widmung (Schumann-Liszt), which she interpreted with true artistic feeling.

Herr Mottl on Thursday night drew an overflowing audience to Mr. Schultz Curtin's Wagner concert in Queen's Hall, for his program was devoted exclusively to three complete scenes from *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, including the opening and closing tableaux from *Das Rheingold* and the whole of the first act of *Die Walküre*. The wisdom of bringing the so-called "Carlsruhe ensemble" to London for this music may be perhaps doubtful, for the voices of Herr Gerhäuser (the *Siegfried* for Bayreuth this year, by the way) and of Herr Nebe seem hard, and their vocal style rough to English ears. But Frau Mottl made a welcome reappearance as *Fricka* and *Sieglinde*, and the performance by the orchestra, particularly of the Rheingold finale and the passing of the gods across the rainbow bridge, as well as the whole of the accompaniments, was very fine.

The Queen's Hall Choral Society, Mr. Randegger conductor, gave a "jubilee" performance of *The Elijah* on Thursday afternoon, when the principal parts were taken by Miss Macintyre, Mme. Belle Cole, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley. Seldom has the work been as well given in London.

The numerous other concerts do not call for notice, except perhaps one given by Miss Lucie Hillier and Miss Helen Buckley, the latter an American soprano of whom I have recently spoken. She sang no less than twelve songs, to the evident delight of an enthusiastic audience. Miss Buckley is taking an excellent position here among our concert singers, and deservedly so. Miss Blanche Ruby, whom we will soon hear in the opera *Dorothy*, sang Robert, *c'est toi que j'aime* brilliantly at a concert given by Signor



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OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

A crowd of "fair women and brave men," glittering jewels, waving fans, amid a maze of color, lace and light, and in the air "music with its voluptuous swell." Such were the fascinations of the opening night, on Monday last, of Sir Augustus Harris' grand opera season at Covent Garden. The work chosen was Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*. The present popularity enjoyed by Gounod's setting of Shakespeare's play may be said to be owing to its recent exponents, and chief among them to M. Jean de Reszké. It was meet, therefore, that the renowned tenor should make his re entry at Covent Garden, after a season's absence, in the work for which he has done so much. He was in magnificent voice.

Mme. Emma Eames personated the hapless heroine with her usual grace and charm. But then M. de Reszké is made up in the conventional style suggestive of a Saxon prince rather than the olive skinned Italian *Romeo* which we meet with in Italy, but, putting these things aside, Mme. Eames' rendering of *Juliet* fully justifies *Romeo's* infatuation, and also the enthusiasm to which it gave rise in the house.

Miss Jessie Hudleston gained a success as *Stephano*. Few words are called for concerning the rest of the cast. Mlle. Bauermeister was once more the solicitous nurse, and Messrs. Plançon, Castelmarty, Jacques Bars and Albert respectively appeared, with their usual success as *Frère Laurent*, *Capulet*, *Tybalt* and *Mercutio*. Signor Mancinelli conducted, and orchestra and chorus for a first night were extremely good.

Cavalleria Rusticana and Hänsel and Gretel were presented on Tuesday. In the former work Miss Marguerite Macintyre sang with her usual intensity and abandon as *Santuzza*, but the charm of her personal appearance was marred by the excessively ruddy hue her dresser had imparted to her complexion. The parts of *Turridu* and *Alfo* were respectively sustained by Signori de Lucia and Ancona. Mlle. Bauermeister and Mlle. Brazzi completed the cast. Signor Bevinigani conducted.

The feature of the performance was, however, the first appearance of Mr. David Bispham as *Peter*. His reading is the most humorous I have heard; in fact it more than once bordered on burlesque; but it was so clever, so vivacious and intense that abundant compensation was made for the loss of realistic effect. Mlle. Brazzi was the *Sandman* and Mme. Bauermeister the *Dewman*. The important orchestral portion of the work was finely played under Signor Mancinelli, and the suggestive scene at the close of the second act was very effectively represented. The work was sung in English, and much praise is due to Sir Augustus for this endeavor to create interest in opera in English in the grand opera season.

Presumably Donizetti's *La Favorita* was mounted on Wednesday to introduce Mme. Mantelli and Signor Cremonini in parts which they have appeared with more than ordinary success during the recent opera season in New York. In the title rôle Mme. Mantelli proved herself to be a singer and an actress of experience and of more than ordinary ability.

Signor Cremonini is to be congratulated on the increased power of his voice and advance as an actor since his last appearance at Covent Garden during the opera season of 1892. His personation of *Fernando* was characterized by admirable vocal method and genuine dramatic feeling.

The romanza, *Spirito Gentile*, in the fourth act was beautifully sung, and crowned the young tenor's previous successful efforts. Signor Cremonini should do much for his art. The music of *Baldassare* is written somewhat too low for M. Plançon, but he sang with his usual impressiveness. Signor Ancona was excellent as *Alfonso*, and the ever fresh and ready Mlle. Bauermeister appeared as *Ines*. The tenors and basses of the chorus made excellent use of the opportunities given them in this opera, which would doubtless be heard more frequently if the added and far superior fourth act could only be played first.

On Thursday night Miss Margaret Reid made her début here as *Nedda* in *I Pagliacci*, looking the part to perfection and singing very charmingly. Signor de Lucia was the tenor and Signor Ancona sang the part of *Tonio* splendidly, the minor rôles being filled by M. Jacques Bars and M. Piroia.

Last night Faust was given with Jean de Reszké, Mme. Eames and M. Plançon as *Mephistopheles*. To-night we shall have Lohengrin, with Albani, who will also sing in *Rigoletto* on Monday. *Romeo et Juliette* will be played with the same cast as on the opening night next Tuesday, and *Fra Diavolo*, with Pauline Joran, de Lucia and David Bispham, will be given on Wednesday.

FRANK V. ATWATER.



BROOKLYN, May 25, 1896.

THE musical activities of the Brooklyn Institute ended for the season last Wednesday night. It was hardly an activity of the Institute either, for nothing devolved on that body except to put on its hat and bonnet and go, for the concert was offered as a compliment to the Institute by the Emmanuel Church, and was given in its handsome edifice. Now, isn't that original and wise?

Here are benefits for broken down actors, and for managers who have lost all at poker, and singers who can't get their overcoats and voices out of pawn; benefits for battered politicians, for queer policemen, for firemen's widows, for used up editors, for treasurers, ushers, press agents, forsooth; for homes, asylums, libraries and reading rooms, and we have to wait for this year of grace to see a benefit for the people who go to benefits. Well, it was a success. There was no charge for admission to members of the Institute, and the place was filled with an appreciative company. It was the Institute's twenty-fourth concert for the season, and the temper of the audience showed that it was ready for more.

Mr. G. Waring Stebbins, organist of the church, played Bach, Guilman, Rousseau and Wagner numbers, and his choir was helped by a chorus that made about thirty voices of it, altos and sopranos in the usual preponderance over tenors and basses. There is a fine organ in the church, and Mr. Stebbins played on it with power when it was needed, but at all times with taste. I especially liked his treatment of a Guilman adagio—not that I admire Guilman overmuch, but he understands organs—and the charming way in which he played a cradle song and scherzo by Rousseau, not Jean Jacques I take it, for he never got beyond Rousseau's Dream. For the big, strong things I cared less, as I do not enjoy the grand organ, no matter who plays on it; it is too coarse, loud, brass band-like.

When my palace on the Hudson is finished I will have Joseffy up there on Fridays to play Schubert, Heller, Mendelssohn and Chopin, and I will have Mr. Stebbins come up on Saturdays and bring his organ with him. The rest of the time I will be out fishing. And when I build an organ for my unsectarian church I will put into it only a swell organ. With that you have practically an orchestra. The great organ is not only an unfeeling monster, but twice in three times it is too big for the place that holds it. Only a skilled hand and pair of feet can mitigate that open, bawling tone.

When I was a cub I used to blow an organ. They had not come to water and electric motors then. It was somewhat larks at Saturday night rehearsals, for the angelic choir displayed its human side then, and occasionally would keep me pumping and perspiring until a late hour. I had my revenge on Sunday by letting the wind run out in the middle of an anthem, when the frantic organist would dance on the pedals and thump the signal close by my head, and after service would caution me never again to enter the sanctuary with Red Blanket, or The Trapper's Last Shot under my jacket. Perhaps it is an unconscious association of the hard work it was to keep the organ full when that ghoully artist at the keyboard had pulled out both banks of stops, thrown on all the couplers and was doing marvels with pedal octaves, that makes my gorge rise against the tempestuous sort of exhibit affected by many of the players of our day. Handel and Bach are almost the only people that you can do anything with on the great organ, for any length of time. To do your Schumann and Beethoven you must keep the swell going.

After graduating as a blower—an enemy says that I never did—I practiced timidly on the instrument myself. It was my custom to go to the church late and alone and play by a couple of lights that merely made the darkness visible, while the pumping was done in the cellar by a growling fiend of a water motor. It was impossible to use the grand organ at such a time. Not only would the neighbors have objected, but a full blast of diapasons would have brought all the ghosts up into the loft in protest. And they were there. Play a few minor and diminished chords in a place like that and, in the gulf of blackness

behind, you will hear them snickering and whispering. You may say Rats! but you don't believe it, and you become disagreeably conscious that you have a back.

One night a ghost made me jump by saying, right out in plain English, "Workin' kind o' late, ain't you!" But that one proved to be the sexton. And that is one more reason why I don't like organ music to be a hullabaloo.

Come to think of it, I remember only one instance where the great organ seemed right. It was in Westminster Abbey. I was a raw, romantic youth, breathing the air of Europe for the first time, and that magnificent old pile had a complete grip on me. One misty, moist morning I went in to service. It was dark inside, the statues were spectral, the clerestory windows admitted only a twilight, and the stained glass was dull. I brooded on the pictures that imagination is stimulated to paint by these surroundings, and was but half conscious of a solemn adagio on the organ, but with a mighty chromatic ascent this passed into a Glory, or a Hallelujah, the voices joining, roof and aisles clanging to the thunder of tone, and, as if by preconcerted arrangement, the sun burst forth at the very instant when the fortissimo was reached, flooding the abbey with light and color. The windows blazed, the poets and heroes sprang and aspired, the marble seeming to stir in the invigorating change, and from crypt and chapels might be heard in fancy the voices of the long buried raised in psalm.

But, alack! we have no Westminster Abbey in Brooklyn. And that brings me to earth and this date again with a jog to duty, for I wanted to add to the mention of the Institute concert a word of praise for Miss Julia E. Terrell's sympathetic singing of Mendelssohn's *Hear My Prayer*, a baritone passage by Mr. William Howell Edwards, and two unaccompanied glees by Brewer and Pinsuti for full choir. Some of the singers overdid the vibrato. The tenor and alto of the quartet are Mr. Sydney L. Taylor and Miss Hattie T. Sweeney, the assistant organist Miss M. Geraldine Skinner.

Miss Ina Lawson, of your city, is not merely a singer, but a conductor, and she has a choral club here of about fifty voices, male and female, that wears her name. At the Pouch Mansion—which, being too big and expensive to live in, has come to be a recognized resort for concerts, fairs, lectures, dinners and exhibitions, and which has one of the finest music rooms in the country—she gave an individual and collective performance a few nights ago that gathered a large audience. The program, picked from Mendelssohn, Gounod, Goltermann, Popper, Fanning, Buck, Mascagni, Flotow, Proch, Chaminade and Helmund, was uncommonly varied. It comprised chorals, vocal and instrumental solos, duets and trios, a regular old-fashioned miscellaneous concert, the like of which we seldom hear nowadays. Miss Lawson in her Proch solo, chosen with a view to the mastery of technical difficulties, therefore of secondary musical interest, gave the trills and scales briskly and brightly. Miss Alice H. Merritt was another pleasing singer and led in an arrangement of the intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana* with choral support. Other soloists were Miss Pauline Lambert, contralto; Mr. Robert Roughsedge, tenor; Mr. William H. Edwards, baritone; Mr. Henry Schroeder, cellist; Mr. Herbert C. Grant and Mrs. Carl Venth, pianists, and Mr. Oscar Hentschel, flutist. The choral was earnest but uneven.

There are, I believe, authentic instances where a man was dead and didn't know it. This appears to be the case with our Philharmonic Society. That body hasn't done a thing but breathe in the last four or five years, but it keeps on holding annual meetings and electing officers. Perhaps some day it may give a concert or a dinner. It practically ceased to exist when Theodore Thomas moved West. At its meeting on Monday night it elected these directors to serve for three years, but I would bet a penny against a peck of sawdust that not one of them knows what he is expected to do: William R. Bunker, Fred A. Ward, Alexander E. Orr, W. W. Goodrich, C. T. Christensen, John S. Frothingham and Robert B. Woodward. These gentlemen are fond of music individually, they have money, and they have the chance to prove their love for art in some collective and practical manner.

The Mollenhauers are great people. Henry and Louis of that name run a musical conservatory over here, and they never do things by halves. When they give their annual exhibition they hire the Academy of Music and invite 2,000 or 3,000 people to hear their pupils. The people go and the pupils play, and the program continues until nearly midnight, and the sight of the proud, glad fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts of the young musicians is quite affecting. If an admission were charged it would not, at the usual figure, be half enough for the quantity one would get for it.

There were dances, legends, cavatinas, caprices, waltzes,

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nocturnes, songs without words, adagios, overtures, concertos, paraphrases and variations, and Bob Thallon's dainty minuet hardly knew itself as it emerged from eight pianos, fifty-three violins, five violas, seven cellos and two basses. Paul Weiss' Wild Rose was played by the violin band and sixteen pianists. The Stradella overture introduced fourteen piano players on seven pianos, besides a large company of string performers. Other names in the list of composers than those mentioned were Brahms, Wieniawski, Lange, De Muth, Heller, Musin, Bohm, De Koven, Wollenhaupt, Spohr, Litloff, Mills, Wagner, Wilhelmj and de Beriot. When Thomas and Seidl play they never give us half as much as this, even at two cold plunks a seat. The concert marked the entrance of the school on its twenty-ninth year of activity.

A quieter musicale was that of Mrs. Emma Richardson Küster, the pianist, at her home in Madison street. Mrs. Küster played brilliantly. There was singing by Mr. W. E. Küster, an agreeable tenor, with cello obligato by Mr. Richardson; more singing by Mrs. George M. Denniston and piano playing of a creditable sort by a number of pupils.

At the last of Mr. Abram Ray Tyler's recitals in the New York Avenue Methodist Church he played, on one of the largest organs in the country, two Bach pieces—a prelude and fugue, at least—the march from Raff's Lenore, part of Guilman's second sonata, Wagner's Dreams and the Wedding March by Mendelssohn, that I vaguely remember to have heard before. The Amphion Quartet sang Annie Laurie, which also had a familiar sound, and Miss Isabella F. Mundell, contralto, gave us the Three Fishers. All the performers distinguished themselves by taste and spirit.

At the performance in the Pouch Mansion by the Rubinstein Quartet, under lead of Mrs. Helene Maigille, there was some excellent singing. Mrs. Maigille seems to have developed a genius for teaching, and her pupils show the results. The quartet consists of Misses Mary Thornton, Isabelle Carter, Miriam Gilmer and Jessie Mills. The singing of Who is Sylvia? by Miss Mills was charming, and the clearness and sweetness of Miss Carter's upper notes were greatly admired. Miss Carter, who is the sister of Mrs. Maigille, goes abroad in the winter to study with Laborde, and she promises to become a valuable addition to the concert stage.

Yet I think European teaching is largely a fetish, and I have known voices to be injured more than improved by study on the other side. France, so artistic in its national temperament, so piquant in its literature, so refined in its acting, so rich in its architecture, so strong in its painting and sculpture, has, nevertheless, one of the worst of methods in its singing.

If a Marchesi produces an Eames or a Sanderson now and then, a hundred other teachers help to fill the land with braying, bleating, shaking voices, that go to pieces in the singer's maturity and that merely pain the cultivated ear. We have good teachers as well as excellent raw material in this country, and we might keep many of our dollars at home with advantage to all concerned.

C. S. MONTGOMERY.

A Liebling Success.—Emil Liebling, the celebrated Chicago pianist, has achieved another tremendous success at a recent recital in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. The local press gives extended and enthusiastic notices to the artist's performance, which was given in the large dining room of the Cataract Hotel. The hall was filled to overflowing with a fully appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Prelude.....	Mendelssohn
Variations in E.....	Händel
Sonata in E minor.....	Grieg
Allegro molto, Andante menuetto, Presto.	
Chant du Ruissseau.....	Lack
Pan's Flute.....	Godard
Children's Ball.....	Westerhout
Valse de Concert, op. 34.....	Moszkowski
Nocturne in G, op. 37, No. 2.....	Chopin
Mazurka, op. 33, No. 4.....	
Funeral March, Andante and Polonaise.....	
Brillante.....	
Gavotte Moderne and Canzonetta.....	E. Liebling
Sonnet de Petrarca.....	Liszt
Etude de Concert, op. 48.....	Schytte
Fantasia, Ruins of Athens.....	Beethoven-Liszt
Introducing Dance of the Dervishes and Turkish March.	



BOSTON, Mass., May 24, 1896.

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To talk of many things."

I HEARD Clara Schumann play the piano in Berlin October 26, 1883, when a subscription orchestral concert of the Königliche Akademie der Künste was given under the direction of Joachim. She then played the G major concerto of Beethoven.

I heard her again November 1 of the same year at the Singacademie in a recital with Joachim. She played with the eminent fiddler Brahms' violin sonata, op. 78, and pieces by Schumann (among them the Symphonic Etudes) and Chopin.

At the public rehearsal of the orchestral concert there were many English girls, and they threw flowers at the pianist in token of love and veneration. Yet Clara Schumann was then chiefly interesting as an historical figure. As a pianist she was conventional, exasperatingly respectable, the species of performer known to the English as "safe" and therefore esteemed by them.

At the recital my disappointment was intense. Her performance was colorless, unimaginative; her technic was clear, except when she abused the damper pedal, and she did this frequently; but this technic was hopelessly pedagogic and old fashioned. It is true she was then sixty-four years old.

The disturbing elements of her performance, however, were not such as are due generally to an advanced age. There was no suspicion of impaired physical power, there was no loss of memory. There was plenty of rigid strength; there was sufficient assurance. But the performance, especially of the pieces by her husband and Chopin, was aggravating in its knitting-needle precision. Metronomic time seemed dearer to her than fluent rhythm. The waltz of Chopin (A flat major) was played in an inexorable one-two-three, with a constant, conscientious accent on the first beat, as though she were afraid a dancer would lose a step. In all her performance there was no subtle, vaporous charm. This absence of emotion was not due to her age; for if a woman has strong emotions, longing, regret, remorse, the recollection of past rapture, these emotions are not necessarily cooled by snowy hair; they are blotted out by merciful death, the sure eraser. Such is the power of a great name that I did not trust my judgment. I consulted diligently old Berlin musicians concerning her playing in years before. They said they noticed no difference.

Were the men who heard her in the late fifties under a spell, that they wrote so glowingly in her praise? I have just looked at Hanslick's criticism, published in 1856. He did not then scruple to say that she was the greatest female pianist. This was possibly true in 1856. But he added, "She would be the first of all pianists if the measure of her physical strength were not contracted on account of her sex." Yet in this same article he spoke of her playing as "determined, clear, sharp, like a pencil sketch." He mentioned the rigidity of her tempo as opposed to any use of the tempo rubato. He described her performance of the Mittelsatz in the D flat major Impromptu of Chopin as metronomic, and he was surprised at the manner in which the bass was accented. It seems then that the characteristics which disturbed and perplexed in 1883 were very noticeable in 1856. Even in the eulogy from which I have

quoted Hanalick spoke more approvingly of the treatment of Chopin's music by Wilhelmine Claus.

I can understand readily the great respect shown Clara Schumann, the pianist, by the English. The placidity, akin to stolidity, was very dear to them. Any display of passion in piano playing must have seemed to the Londoners at the time she first visited them as irregular and auspicious in a man, and as positively ill-bred and indecent in a woman. Remember there was then a fierce contest between Clara Schumann and Arabella Goddard. This inspired in the breast of the Rev. Mr. Cox, who wrote two volumes of singular Musical Recollections, the following sage reflection: "To have pitted them, therefore, against each other, whilst it was most injudicious, could but cause an amount of bitterness to arise, as painful as it was undesirable." Was it not like the rivalry of two icebergs?

Then there were associations that clouded the judgment. The romantic wooing, the tragedy of her husband's last years, the wifely devotion to his memory and his works, these surely in large measure lent a fictitious sentiment to her performance.

It is not unlikely that her enduring fame will rest on the fact that she was the stimulus and the consolation of Robert Schumann.

I remember a restaurant in Dresden where a spot on the wall was shown with reverential pride. "That was made by Schumann's head as he leaned against the wall and thought music."

I also remember in Dresden an old gentleman with white hair. It was his habit of an evening to go to a modest beer house. He sat apart, meditating over a glass of thin, light beer. And at the stroke of 10 he undid a newspaper, and he took from it a supply of ham and bread. This man was Alwin Wiek, the brother of Clara Schumann. I think he died at Leipzig in '85.

They gave the Beggar Student at the Castle Square Theatre the 18th. It was with this operatta that the uninterrupted series of operatic performances at this theatre began May 6 last year.

There has been not a little nonsense written concerning the results of the year. It is true that in certain respects the work of the managers and the singers has been often admirable. It is true that large audiences have accustomed themselves to hearing opera. It is true that there has been a laudable attempt to establish an opera house with a large repertory, and at very low prices of admission.

It is also true that in certain quarters flattery has been gross, absurd and, it may be, detrimental. There has been unnecessary and harmful coddling. An extraordinary article on this theatre appeared in *Music*. Professor Paine has been cited as a witness to the holiness of the cause. Mr. Apthorp took it into his head to go to the Castle Square, October 14, 1895—a memorable date—and as the performance of the Mikado that night was a respectable one and as Mr. Apthorp was in his most benevolent mood, he wrote for the *Transcript* an elaborate essay on the advantages of an operatic stock company, with digressions on the rare excellence of the performance, and with a glowing peroration in which he begged everyone to rush without delay to the theatre.

This article was at once reprinted by the press agent and copies were scattered broadcast. Mr. Apthorp's colleagues in town each received a copy, and felt ashamed because they had not appreciated this inestimable boon (boon, not boom). Mr. Apthorp had not seen any of the performances between May 6 and October 14. He did not go again until May 4, 1896, when the Huguenots was sung. Nevertheless, he settled the whole matter in one night. "Ah, night of all nights in the year" Clergymen, surprised at the morality of the entertainment, gave certificates of recommendation that would have made the fortune of a borax remedy for dandruff, or a machine for raising checks. Mr. W. D. Howells forgot to attack Fielding in his geographically distant admiration of the Castle Square. Last, but not least—let there be solemn music—Mr. Benjamin Johnson Lang gave his pontifical benediction.

The criticism on the performances at this theatre has erred, if at all, on the side of kindness. Imperfections have been overlooked or excused. For we all saw here a



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possibility of the establishment of a local opera. And yet the result of this kindness is a sensitiveness on the part of many in the audiences at any legitimate and helpful pointing out of mistakes or faults. These no doubt estimable persons evidently think that the Castle Square is a theatre managed by philanthropists who would just as soon lose money as make it. They think it is impertinent for a critic in the pursuit of his calling to say that a singer sang false to the pitch, or that an opera like the Huguenots is beyond the capacity of the company, even when rehearsals are held daily for two weeks.

Now I respect the managers and many members of the company. I admire their courage and their industry. I believe that this opera house may be the beginning of long continued and admirable local opera. But let us look at some of the facts in the case.

How many operas or operettas have been produced at the Castle Square with the original orchestration of the composer? I remember one month the presence of a harp in Lucia pleased the audience so mightily that a harp part was introduced afterward in an operetta to please the popular taste. The orchestration used in the performance of Carmen was at times irresistibly funny, even when the situation on the stage was tragic. I remember in Faust a cornet tooting for measures in unison with *Marguerite*.

The performances at first were confined to operetta. In these operettas Mr. William Wolff was chief comedian. Mr. Wolff personally and off the stage is a man of intelligence, good breeding, an agreeable man to meet; a man with serious views and ambitions. On the stage in a comic part he is a violent person, given to the punctuation of jests by blows and kicks, passionately addicted to puns and gags and topical songs. An operetta like the Beggar Student lost in large measure its beauty. The *General* was turned into a buffoon who knocked the jailer about as though they were clown and pantaloons. In Carmen, therefore, the smugglers were intolerable. And so whenever there is a comic part the result is nine times out of ten painful buffoonery. "Is this educating the people?" Not until such burlesquing the spirit of the original text ceases, not until the clowning is suppressed, will operetta at the Castle Square have any right to demand the appreciation of thoughtful lovers of music, which includes operetta.

The managers tell me that the audiences are greater the nights of grand opera than on the nights of operetta. Therefore the managers feel it their duty to give grand opera. I have seen thus far Lucia, Faust, the Huguenots, and Carmen and Mignon, which belong technically to opera comique. Lucia and Faust were given surprisingly well on the whole, if you leave the orchestration out of the question. The severe critic might easily have found fault with Mr. Wolff's *Mephistopheles*, but the attempt at portrayal was honest, even if it was not as successful as his *Rip*, which was undeniably effective, generally artistic, and pleasingly human. (Ah, Mr. Wolff, when I scold at your comedy it is in sorrow, not in anger!) The chief singers were almost always satisfactory; they were often excellent. The Huguenots was beyond the ability of the company.

The stage management is unusually good. The operas are handsomely mounted, for the managers are generous and men of taste. The chorus shows an interest and vocal attainments far above the average opera choruses that visit this city. The orchestra is generally competent, under a conductor of sound musical training, natural musical temperament and much experience. There is a large and constant audience, made up in good measure of subscribers. The theatre itself is spacious, comfortable, elegantly appointed.

The company has been steadily strengthened. It no longer consists exclusively of singers acquainted only with comic opera. To-morrow evening Alda will be given with this cast: *Aida*, Fatmah Diard, alternating with Anna Lichter; *Radames*, C. O. Bassett, alternating with John Beall; *Amneris*, Mary Linck; *King*, Wm. Schuster; *Ramfis*, W. H. Clarke; *Amonasro*, W. Mertens. The opera has been in rehearsal two weeks.

The most imminent danger to the Castle Square is the reckless flattery that does and will incite and encourage the manager and the singers to tasks beyond their resources.

Miss Diard, Miss Linck, Miss Lichter, Messrs. Bassett, Beall, Mertens, Schuster, Clarke are either comparatively or absolutely late comers. The members of the present company that have borne the heat and the burden of the day are Miss Clara Lane, Miss Edith Mason, Mr. Thos. H. Persae, who for his capacity in singing with full force for an incredible number of successive nights is affectionately called by the managers "our mustang tenor;" Mr. J. K. Murray, who is a baritone of agreeable voice and graceful bearing; Mr. Wolff, Mr. Wooley and Miss Hattie Ladd.

Miss Lane (Mrs. Murray) is held in great esteem by the audiences. Some of her female admirers a few weeks ago wrote to the managers petitioning that she should under no circumstances be compelled to appear in tights. A bourgeois way of showing admiration, but an honest one! I should not have signed the petition, for I, too, admire Miss Lane as woman and singer, and I remember that she is well favored, a pleasure to the eye. Last night, before

her departure to Philadelphia, she was called out again and again. In fact she received that form of tribute described by passionate press agents as "a perfect ovation."

Miss Lane, Miss Mason, Messrs. Persae and Murray are diligent, earnest men and women, entitled to all respect. They are by education—and this education came chiefly through experience—operetta singers. When they do well in serious opera they are as much surprised as the indifferent in the audience, and they bear their honors modestly. A musician of national reputation said after seeing Miss Lane's *Marguerite* that he preferred her to Melba or Eames. Now, if he had made that speech to Miss Lanes she would have laughed, not rudely, but intelligently. She knows her abilities and her limitations. She puts her whole mind into her work. Her voice and her personality are sympathetic. Her *Marguerite* was always harmonious in its construction. But she would not claim for it tragic intensity or such vocal display as that which characterizes the performance of either Melba or Eames.

Modest as these people are, continued and thick flattery will at last have an effect unless they put wax in their ears when off the stage and in company with the sirens.

It is an interesting problem, this future of the Castle Square. With the engagement of abler singers and additional orchestral players and with the purchase of the composers' scores, the prices of admission must be raised, not necessarily, however, to a discouraging height. May the solution of the problem be gain to the managers, glory to the performers and intelligent pleasure to the audience!

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, May 23, 1896.

The 590th Promenade Concert will take place next Friday night in Music Hall. These concerts, now in their eleventh season, are liberally patronized by the fashionable society of Boston. Every evening there is a large audience and on Saturday nights standing room only seems the rule. Out of the 200 tables on the main floor and in the balcony about ninety are reserved as are boxes and seats at the theatre. This enables people coming late to be sure of a table. The music is of a not too heavy order, well played, and encores are occasionally granted to overwhelming applause. Out of the eight or nine conductors all but two have been taken from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the conductor this year, Mr. Max Zach, being a member of that organization.

Mr. Daniel Kuntz is just now rejoiced at the arrival of his young brother from Europe, where has been studying for four years with Leschetizky. As usual the quartet directed by Mr. Kuntz will play at Miss Marianna Guild's series of concerts next winter. They have also a number of other engagements for next season.

The Ariel Quartet, of which Miss Fanny Holt is manager, has been organized for next season and is a stronger combination than ever. More than half of next season's time has already been engaged.

Melourgia, Mr. F. W. Wodell conductor, gave its second and last concert of the season in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, May 19. The Svendsen Ladies' Trio and Mr. Frederick Smith, solo tenor of Trinity Church, assisted. The club has about thirty-five members, and presented a well chosen program of short cantatas and part songs for mixed voices. The singing in general was not so good as at the first concert—there was an untunefulness and timidity, which was noticeably absent upon the first appearance of the club, and which may perhaps be accounted for by the number of new faces in the chorus. Nevertheless some numbers were quite enjoyable and the audience applauded generously. There is good material in the club and the conductor is experienced and skillful, so that further rehearsal may be expected to bring about all needed improvement.

Mrs. J. H. Long and her pupils will give a recital in Association Hall next Tuesday evening, May 26, when Miss Gertrude Walker will appear.

Mr. D. Crosby Greene, Jr., has recently been offered the position of tenor soloist in St. Paul's choir, but has decided to remain at the First Baptist Church.

The pupils of Miss Clara E. Munger will give a recital in Chickering Hall this afternoon at 3 p. m. This is the annual recital, which is always largely attended by friends of Miss Munger and her pupils. Miss Elizabeth Langley will be the accompanist.

Miss Ellen S. Cornell's concert in Union Hall on Thursday evening was greatly enjoyed by the large audience. Miss Cornell has studied for the past two years with Mme. de Berg-Lofgren and shows much talent. Her voice is a high soprano of much flexibility, and she uses it with skill. As in two years she has made such progress it seems safe to predict that with continued study she will become a finished artist. Miss Cornell has already been engaged for a series of concerts at the beginning of next season and other engagements will undoubtedly follow.

Miss Mary A. Stowell gives a pupils' recital in the large dining room of the Oxford this afternoon at 2:30. The

program will be an interesting one that will occupy from one hour and a half to two hours.

Mr. S. S. Townsend sang at the testimonial concert to Mr. Walter E. Ryder at Union Hall on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Frederick Smith, whose recent appearances in concert have gained for him a high rank as a reliable tenor soloist, will pass the summer in Europe. Mr. Smith has most successfully filled several important engagements, receiving from the press the highest praise for his work.

Mr. Eugene Gruenberg, who organized an ensemble class at the last term of the New England Conservatory of Music, will have them make their first public appearance this afternoon at 1 o'clock. The class is a large one, but owing to absentees and sickness the full force will not be present. It will be interesting to attend this "début." Several of the numbers have been arranged for violins and violas by Mr. Gruenberg. In the Händel Largo, arranged for violins, violas, harp and organ, the class will be assisted by Mr. H. Schuecker.

Miss Marie Geselschap, pianist, and Mr. Fritz Giese, cellist, gave a concert at Lowell on the evening of the 21st. The affair was a great success in every way, the advance sale of tickets being very large. Miss Geselschap sails for Europe on June 2.

Before leaving for New York Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. MacDowell gave an at home to their friends. Among those present were: Mrs. John L. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Paur, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Loeffler, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Norris, Miss Emma Hosford, Miss Mary Russell, Mr. G. W. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Beal, Miss Thompson, Miss Ranney, Miss Jessie Kimball and Mr. Everett Chandler.

The soloists of the last season with the Symphony Orchestra at the Boston concerts, numbering in all 387, were divided thus: Soprano, 79; alto, 37; tenor, 25; bass, 35; piano, 103; violin, 71; violoncello, 22; flute, 4; oboe, 1; clarinet, 1; horn, 1; harp, 3; reader, 5. Mr. F. R. Comee has compiled the statistics of the soloists for the past fifteen years.

The annual meeting of the Oliver Ditson Society for the Relief of Needy Musicians was held at the home of Mrs. Ditson, Commonwealth avenue, last evening, when the reports of the doings of the society for the past year were read and discussed, and the following named officers re-elected: Trustees, B. J. Lang, Arthur Foote, A. P. Browne; president, B. J. Lang; treasurer, Charles H. Ditson; clerk, Charles F. Smith.

The fund left by the will of Mr. Ditson is \$25,000, and the income is available for the purpose indicated in the name of the society. The demands have not as yet been equal to the income, but it is expected that more deserving cases will hereafter be brought to the notice of the trustees, and it is hoped that other benevolently inclined persons may by gifts or bequests add to the fund, so that it may be able to increase its benefits with increasing needs.

The operetta *Lady Nancy* was presented in Bray Hall, Newton Centre, Thursday evening before a large and fashionable audience. It was the event of the season in that section, and the society people were out in full force.

The production was a testimonial to the composer, Florence A. Spalding, of Newton Centre, and was given by the Maugus Club, of Wellesley, under the auspices of the Newton Athletic Association. Messrs. Clarence E. Hay, baritone, and T. E. Stutson assisted the club. Mr. T. Wallace Travis was musical director.

A vocal recital was given by the pupils of Mrs. Heinrich Unverhau, assisted by the Sappho Glee Club and Miss Marie T. Nichols, violinist, in Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple, this week.

The Roxbury High School Glee Club gave its fourth annual concert in the hall of the school building on Warren street Friday evening. There were a number of assisting artists, including the Temple Quartet.

A recital by piano pupils of Miss A. J. Johnson was given at 605 Massachusetts avenue Saturday afternoon. The program included selections from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Bendel, Strelezki, Guilmant, Godard, &c.

The tenth anniversary of the Fidelio Choral Society will be celebrated by a testimonial concert to its director, Dr. Louis Kelterborn, in Association Hall. The program will include compositions of Flemming, Schumann, Bruch, Nicodé, Brahms, Schubert, Wagner and Gade. The assisting soloists will be Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Wulf Fries and Mr. Charles Molé.

Gaul's cantata, *The Holy City*, was presented in the First M. E. Church, of Somerville, Wednesday evening, the professional vocal and instrumental talent taking part being supplemented by a chorus of 300 voices.

Previous to the commencement of the cantata a miscellaneous program was presented, including vocal selections by Mr. George J. Parker and Miss Annabelle Clark, harp solo by Miss Edith Howe, duet by Mrs. Marie Kauler Stone and Mr. Parker, and a quartet by Miss Clark, Mrs. Stone, Mr. Parker and Mr. D. M. Babcock.

In the cantata the tenor solos were sung by Mr. Parker the altos by Mrs. Stone, sopranos by Miss Clark, and the basses by Mr. Babcock. The chorus work was admirably performed. The cantata will be repeated to-night, when different soloists will appear.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash Avenue, May 23, 1896.

ALTHOUGH the season has practically closed, still one or two musical events have taken place during the last week. One most enjoyable, quite the best I have attended of late, was given by Mrs. Frederic Ullman (the president of the Amateur Musical Club) at her home in honor of the Mary Noble Club. It was delightfully arranged, no dragging, lugubrious depression, such as often obtains at an afternoon concert, but a bright program, artistically arranged and capably interpreted by talented amateurs and artists of the professional element. Mrs. Oscar Remmer, the contralto, with her round, rich, full voice, made a deep impression and sang in a thoroughly finished manner three songs by women composers. Of these two were by Hope Temple, and one by Mrs. H. H. Bach. Mrs. Hess-Burr naturally acted as accompanist, and was, as usual, overwhelmed with congratulation for her good work.

Mrs. Kathryn Meeker Funk was a worthy exponent of some of the most delightful of modern songs by Jessie L. Gaynor, whom Chicago claims as her representative woman composer—If I Were a Bee, The Wind Went Wooing a Rose, with its beautiful accompaniment, and several other of these charmingly fresh little originalities which are so refreshingly different to what one is generally accustomed.

The instrumental part was furnished by Miss Mary Angell, a Sherwood pupil, for whom musical people prophesy a brilliant career. The young lady played remarkably well, but would have been heard to better advantage in something less hackneyed than the Raff march. However, why cavil at what was really a most refined program and which was for the purpose of illustrating Mrs. G. B. Carpenter's clever paper entitled Woman in Music. This, contrary to the usual run of readings, was alive with interest from start to finish, and the whole subject so thoroughly analyzed that the conclusion of the paper brought regret that there was no more of it. If only musical entertainers would adopt Mrs. Ullman's sensible plan of short programs, but with good music, fewer bored faces would be seen at this class of entertainment.

The last meeting of the Sherwood Club for this season will be held in Auditorium Recital Hall Parlor to-day, Wednesday, at 10:30 A. M.

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood will be present and will favor the club with the performance of the concerto in G minor by Saint-Saëns. Mr. Sherwood, who has not appeared in public this season, will give a series of recitals in Chicago, next season, continuing his connection with the Chicago Conservatory as head of the piano department, as I told you in my previous letter. He will make Chicago his home for many long years yet he hopes and, contrary to the general supposition, will not arrange the seventy concerts in Europe which he has been advertised to give. The report was circulated entirely prematurely, and William H.

Sherwood has no intention of deserting the city of his adoption. He is too well liked here for Chicago to let him go, so extra inducements have been held out to keep him in the place which he so worthily occupies. It was remarked only yesterday by a leading critic that nearly all the best students among the younger pianists were those who had studied with Mr. Sherwood.

Genevra Johnstone Bishop is still on her travels and achieving a series of successes. It seems as if Chicago were fated to lose this popular artist, in so much request is she in other cities.

The Hull House composition competition failure is somewhat exemplified by the expression of one of the judges of the contest. He said the words selected for the musical setting were so outrageously bad that no musician with any respect for himself or herself could possibly be inspired by them.

Miss Jenny Osborne, the exceedingly musically well dowered singer, studying with Mrs. Hess-Burr, is likely to be heard of considerably in the future. It is said that her singing in Saint-Saëns' Samson and Delilah is glorious.

The Chicago Musical College forges right ahead in the way of entertainment. Last night some of the most talented members took part in the dramatic and musical performance, which was pronounced, and deservedly, an enormous success.

Among the sixty members comprising the Mendelssohn Club is the particularly versatile chairman of the music committee, W. L. Lamson. Not merely an excellent critic and musician, he also possesses a large amount of literary talent of an exceedingly witty nature. This was shown conclusively in a little rhyming souvenir written and dedicated to the members of the club. It is after the style of Will Carleton and was highly spoken of. The title is Uncle Josh at the Mendelssohn Club Concert, and is a memento of the concert given February 13, 1896.

Many of our singers are leaving this month for a European vacation, which, meaning extensive study, really becomes a paradox when it is so named. The latest to go is Miss Marie Lewandowska, who is off to Paris planning to study again with Viardot, Sbriglia and Bouhy. She has been most successful in her teaching of French songs and is regarded here as a most talented vocalist.

Upon her return in September it is her intention to take up concert work and many lucrative engagements have been promised her.

Desertions evidently come in batches. In addition to other desertions and defections of several teachers in the Gottschalk lyric school, the Chicago public was made aware that the principal was also deserted by his wife ten years ago.

The Record stated:

Judge Gibbons has granted a divorce to Louis Gaston Gottschalk, the musician and composer, from his wife Louise B. whom he married in 1871. According to the evidence Mrs. Gottschalk has deserted her husband. She has not lived with him for ten years and is now living with her mother in New York. Gottschalk said that while they both were living at her mother's they had a misunderstanding. This was in 1881. The complainant told the court that he asked his wife to leave her parent and he would provide a home for her, but she refused. In 1886 Gottschalk came to Chicago, but he said his wife refused to accompany him and has continued in her refusal.

CHILDREN IN REHEARSAL.

Choral Master William L. Tomlins will face a full regiment of children in Handel Hall this morning at 9 o'clock.

A thousand little songsters will come together to rehearse the part they are to take when they join with Mme. Medora Henson in Handel's Largo next Wednesday evening in the grand concert at the Auditorium for the benefit of the Higinbotham music fund.

This children's chorus is made up of 300 children who come from

the "district" classes of the social settlements of the city and 800 members of Mr. Tomlins' "downtown" classes.

The district classes are composed of children who have been brought under the influence of Hull House, the University of Chicago settlement, the Chicago-commons settlement, the Northwestern University settlement, Olivet settlement and others in the city.

The program of the concert follows:

Songs—
Bird's Valentine..... W. W. Gilchrist
The Rainbow Fairies.....
Our Flag Colors.....
Vocal exercises.
Songs, Morning and Evening.....Frans Abt
Scena, The prologue to Pagliacci.....Leoncavallo
Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.
Songs—
Comin' Thro' the Rye.....
The Minstrel Boy.....
Vesper Hymn.....
Aria, Elizabeth's Greeting (Tannhäuser).....Wagner
Madame Medora Henson.
Exercises—Conducted by Miss Elizabeth Nash.
Song, The Skylark.....Ed. H. House
New national song, Freedom, Our Queen.....Templeton Strong
Aria, Largo al factotum (Il Barbiere).....Rossini
Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.
Aria, Largo.....Handel
Madame Medora Henson and children's chorus.
—Chicago Record.

Wending my way into the American Conservatory in Kimball Hall, where the new quarters are situated, I was struck with the number of teaching rooms that are on either side of the long corridor. It was explained to me that the concern, under the clever guidance of Mr. Hattstaedt, had so outgrown all proportion in the old building that a change had become imperative. And what a change! This enterprising director has nearly the entire sixth floor of the Kimball Building, and is said to number in his college no less than 900 pupils. He has resolutely worked, and the success attained is certainly his right. One specially notices that he is well spoken of by all with whom he does business, his faculty becoming so attached to him that they are, practically speaking, fixtures, a fact which speaks well for the generous treatment accorded them.

The conservatory is beautifully arranged, with spacious reception hall, large studios well furnished, and a grand piano in each one. In addition there is a splendid organ built in the college. Everything is planned with a view to comfort and all possible facilities for a thorough musical education are provided.

In addition to the very commodious studios there is a lecture hall, with a seating capacity of 150, where concerts and lectures are given weekly.

Several eminent artists have lately complimented the director upon the splendid management shown and in the rapid growth of the concern. He now has a very large teaching staff.

All vocal and instrumental departments are in thoroughly capable hands, although Mr. Hattstaedt does not believe in the "star" system. He wants no great "stars" in his college, believing they only disturb the lesser lights, but all his faculty are known to be sound, conscientious and reliable teachers, who may be depended upon to do justice to pupils sent to the conservatory. FLORENCE FRENCH.

Opera Concert on the St. Paul.—Toward the end of the return voyage to Europe the usual concert was given and Mlle. Calvé was the only one of the artists who refused to appear. The captain had a program with the autographs of all the artists on the back of it. This program was put up at auction, and when the bidding had reached \$48 one passenger exclaimed:

"I'll give a hundred dollars for that program if Mlle. Calvé will only sign her name to it and indorse it by one little song."

By that time Calvé was in first-rate humor, so without another word she sat down to the piano and sang for nearly half an hour.—Exchange.

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HONORS FOR CLARENCE EDDY.

[By Cable.]

THE MUSICAL COURIER,
8 RUE CLÉMENT-MAROT, CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES,
PARIS, May 23, 1896.

FOUR thousand persons present at Clarence Eddy's concert last week. Immense enthusiasm. *Le Figaro* calls Eddy one of the greatest organists of our epoch. Details later. THOMAS.

THE ABBEY & GRAU FAILURE.

THE assignment of Abbey & Grau did not fall upon us like a thunderbolt from the clear sky; it had been anticipated for months past. Anyone attending the opera performances would have been able to reach the conclusion that bankruptcy must inevitably result from such arrays of unoccupied benches.

Once more has the star system brought about its own logical ruin; once again has the system of depending upon great star casts brought its own destruction. Mr. Grau, on being asked why the performance of *The Huguenots* received such frequent repetitions season after season, stated that the opera gave the opportunity to cast a half dozen star singers at one time, and that fact filled the house to overflowing. What was the result? We have attended performances with the great Melba in the title rôle and a fair support, and empty houses to greet her. The star system has always killed and will again kill opera in the United States. The managers who bring about the enhancement of European individual reputations in order to speculate with their American advertised value stimulate the star system and make their ventures entirely dependent upon those individual stars, who subsequently virtually control the whole scheme.

It is very well known to habitués of the opera that Jean de Reszké's word has had greater power and influence at the Metropolitan Opera House than those of either Grau and Abbey; that his influence was more effectual and far deeper reaching. This is only one result of the method of star advertising and star réclame. The stars at the opera managed the opera, particularly the more so when Abbey fell into arrears in payments of salaries. In addition to this it must not be forgotten that a man such as de Reszké, who was looking entirely to the pecuniary results, commanded the situation so thoroughly that no engagements of other singers could be effected without considering his desires or even his dictation. All the result of the star system, and as is shown now, this naturally was also the case in the dramatic ventures of the firm, where it is even more tyrannical than in the operatic field, for despite the successful Irving season, the percentage of profit accruing in favor of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau was very small, as Irving dictated terms, knowing that the time had come when he could dispense entirely with their services.

Again the result of the star system. And Mr. J. de Reszké can certainly negotiate in and for America to-day without the intercession of Abbey & Grau. In fact it was rumored in London and Paris last season that he had his ultimate eye upon the management of the Metropolitan Opera House. So much again for the pernicious, the iniquitous star system.

But it will nevertheless be continued. There seems to be no cure for it. The very fact that high prices are paid makes of these foreign singers great stars. If prices were reduced to a more normal plane, if the American manager could have a grain of business sense injected into his skull, he would perceive at once that he is bringing about his own ruin in paying such salaries as all these people have been demanding and receiving.

The salaries prevent the popularization of opera, because they keep the prices out of the reach of the public. If an opera could be mounted at a reasonable figure, with good artists, a competent chorus, and particularly an effective orchestra, and popular subscriptions demanded instead of prices that make

a season's subscription prohibitive, the scheme would at least have a commercial possibility. The enormous salary list compels the management to charge high prices, and the figures eliminate all patronage except the very wealthiest, and from this class a limited number only care sufficient for opera to subscribe.

The people who are apt to patronize opera en masse are the great middle classes, just as is the case in Dresden, in Vienna, in Berlin, in Milan, in Brussels. Here the prices constitute a boycott of the middle classes. It signifies \$200 for two seats for twenty performances—merely for seats only, leaving aside incidentals; for forty performances, \$400. The class of citizens anxious to attend opera cannot afford these prices. When a great cast performance or a special star run takes place the choice seats are put into the hands of speculators, who ask six and eight dollars a seat, and those who pay these prices naturally become indignant at the management, and refrain from further attendance.

Furthermore, the star system prevents the hiring of an effective chorus and the improvement of the mise-en-scène, the engagement of an elaborate ballet and the mounting of the required number of new operas. The money cannot be invested in these essential features of the opera. We have refrained from criticising the anachronisms of scenery, the pusillanimous ballet and the absolutely reckless chorus work, as for instance in *Lohengrin*, in the *Meistersinger* and even in *Faust*; we did not care to appear hypercritical, but the facts are only too well known that a shoddiness of scenery and appurtenances prevailed that would have brought a blush to the cheeks of the manager of the opera in Malta.

Worst of all, rehearsals had to be neglected, because they cost money, money which the stars get, and which, as we now behold, they do not even draw. And so we might go into additional detail to show how fruitless it is to attempt to make money within commercial laws in order to meet liabilities under the system of great star engagements. And in considering this it must not be forgotten that the star frequently becomes a star only because of the American system which enables him or her to get money sufficient here to utilize it in the many impecunious and corrupt papers published in Paris and in Italy, from which paid insertions are disseminated to further and continue this propaganda.

The effect of the failure may result in the permanent withdrawal of Mr. Abbey from the operatic field, for his personal expenditures were on a scale of grandeur that gave very small opportunities to his remaining partners to live recklessly. Mr. Abbey, after emerging from a small jewelry shop in Akron, Ohio, blossomed out into a man of varied tastes, not closely allied with art, but nevertheless expensive outside of millionaire circles; he really lived on his credit and his reputation as a man who will do his best to meet his obligations. But he was not properly counterpoised. Like all speculators, he lived on futures, and the proportion of futures that become present realities never makes that a safe method. We do not believe that it is even as much as a pleasant method, for the prospect of failure must necessarily always predominate.

Mr. Grau may associate himself permanently with Mr. Damrosch, or the latter, as hinted in this paper some weeks ago, may eventually secure the control of the Metropolitan Opera House, the lease of which is now in the market.

Nothing however is safe on the basis of any more star systems in opera in America. The experiment may be and probably will again be tried in this country, but the parties engaged in it are doomed to failure in advance. The system is self-destructive. Its inner mechanism is defective; it cannot operate successfully except for those who have nothing to risk.

It has been the curse of opera in America and it has reduced most operatic managers to penury and some to beggary. The list is known; we refrain from publishing all names, but merely refresh memory by calling attention to Maretzek, De Vivo, the Strakosches, Neuendorff (whose indefatigable work in the early days must never be forgotten), Mapleson and now Abbey & Grau.

CLARA SCHUMANN.

THE death of Clara Josephine Schumann removes the last personal link between the present period and the early period of development of the romantic school of music in which her husband, Robert Schumann, played so significant a part. Taken in conjunction with her influence upon the works of Schumann, the death of Clara Schumann must be regarded as the passing away of one of the most interesting individualities of the age.

She was esteemed as one of the greatest female pianists the world has ever known; she was an accomplished scientific musician, bred in an atmosphere of music and scholarship in the home of her father, Friedrich Wieck, from her infancy, and she was also a composer of talent for her instrument. Upon her own personal claims to distinction Clara Schumann stands forth a strong individual figure, but as the inspiration and helpmeet of one of the greatest geniuses of modern times her gift to posterity has been more valuable.

That Schumann both idolized and idealized her in their years of plight and marriage up to the time he lost his mind is well known to have been in full proportion to her worship of him as a musician and a man. The influence of Clara Schumann during this period of engagement and marriage brought forth some of the most spontaneous, exquisite and vital compositions from Schumann's pen. Most things were dedicated to "Clara"; all were inspired by her, and the entire literature of the piano was performed by her with a poetic insight and a subtle grasp of intellectual depth and feeling which more than all else first served to introduce Schumann favorably and intelligibly to the world.

During the engagement Schumann brought forth his songs. Some of these, among them the *Fruhlingeliebe*, they wrote together. But the work in large form which speaks first the glowing happiness of their union is the perennial B flat symphony, still spoken of as the Spring Symphony, according to Schumann's original idea, although he did not allow the name to go on the title page. It is of this Ehlerl writes: "It possesses all the charm of a first creation; it is imbued with the fragrant breath of a young pine grove in which the sun plays at hide and seek; it embodies as much of a bridal air as if Schumann were celebrating his symphonic honeymoon." It was in the progress of his actual honeymoon that the work was brought forth.

Mutual happiness, love, sympathy, content bubble forth in every phrase. The Spring Symphony is the reflection of Clara Schumann's influence and love. "I have now a household of my own," he writes at that period to a friend; "the time since you last heard from me has passed in happiness and work."

Clara Schumann had made him happy, just as she had helped to make him artistically strong, for one of the signal accomplishments of her life was in the fact that she had induced Schumann to master the science of music, to which he had always been rootedly opposed. She persuaded one of the master spirits of the age to acquire a technic without which the world to-day would be left lacking in some of the noblest utterances that have ever been made in music.

After this remarkable woman's influence upon her husband's creations her performance of his works ranks second in her benefit to art. She has pointed out with unerring insight the way in which the Schumann treasure store should be played. She began her career as a pianist of classical music, and the Schumann piano literature was the bridge by which she came forward to the modern repertory. It was a bridge of which she never grew tired, her programs always being largely, when not wholly, composed of Schumann. She was a great pianist in all schools, but as an exponent of the true Schumann meaning in his piano works she stood as an inspired authority.

Her life was filled with splendid artistic triumphs, but her supreme gifts won her no money fortune. She died

the recipient of a slender income derived from a slowly organized Schumann fund raised to the composer for the benefit of his widow.

Her tacit influence upon the development of modern music has been great. But for Clara Schumann we might have had no Schumann symphonies, no songs. They were almost all the direct reflection of some thought or emotion suggested by her.

The repertory of Clara Schumann was enormous, covering the entire classic school, and added to up to within eight or ten years of her death by the latest modern school with wonderful adaptiveness.

In another column will be found a full story of her life and labors.

AMERICAN PRICES AT MOSCOW.

READERS of the daily papers interested in the descriptive articles on the Czar's coronation now in progress in the old capital of Muscovy may have seen, among other paragraphs, the important statement, evidently cabled over to America for the special benefit of all of us, that "forty-nine eminent singers have been engaged for the festivities, and that Siegfried Arnoldson, one of them, will sing ten times and receive \$1,600 for each performance," price printed in figures as we reprint them.

No doubt much alarm will be created in Europe by the publication of this item, particularly after the information gets back again to Russia on the return wave, where consternation may ensue. It does not make so much difference with us here, because we are battling with a great financial problem as it is. But it must not be forgotten that the appropriation for the Moscow coronation festivities was long since fixed, the sum of thirteen million rubles being put aside for the fêtes, and now this Arnoldson engagement of ten performances at \$1,600 each, which means \$16,000, or 32,000 rubles, will upset things most damnably at the Kremlin. It may eventually lead to the final dismissal of Pobodonistieff, for it is he who has overlooked this great outlay in the original estimates, and it is he who will be blamed by millions of moujiks and billions of the cream of Tartary, who, in consequence, will now be deprived of their vodka.

And what a storm of indignation will arise when old man Pob and General Ignatieff and the old duck, Vladimir, and others learn that this same singer sang wisely, but not too well, in this country for Maurice Grau at the Metropolitan Opera House for about two hundred cold plunks, or 400 rubles a night, and a mighty price it was—considering. Shades of Rubinstein's Ivan the Terrible! How you will splutter when you ascertain the price of Arnoldson in Moscow and the price she got on Thirty-ninth street—and then was not engaged for the next season either.

It is not reported who the other forty-eight singers are who are giving vent to their acquired feelings before the Czar and his court at Moscow during these twenty days of anti-Nihilistic fun and jubilation, but if each one has a press agent who can get the newspaper manager at Moscow to do as Fischhoff, who is Arnoldson's husband and agent, has succeeded in doing in this case, the total sum attached to their names would be 48x1,600, which is 76,800 ten times for the ten performances, and for all the forty-nine, including Arnoldson, the sum of \$784,000, or in rubles 1,568,000. No wonder we have been exporting gold to Russia. It is for Fischhoff and his wife and the other forty-eight great singers, and if we had had no gold, if silver were now current at 16 to 1, which would of course signify that the gold had all been drawn out of the country, Russia could not have secured any without a premium and Fischhoff would have bankrupted that nation, for all it needed on top of these salaries was the premium.

Who is the genius to be credited with getting up that corner in singers for the Moscow operatic racket? Was it Fischhoff himself? When he married Arnoldson no one considered him a genius; but the marrying of singers sometimes has a remarkable effect upon otherwise ordinary men. This, of course, does not include Nicolini or Carl Strakosch, both of whom were great men long before they knew their present wives; it applies merely to the average man, with whom Fischhoff was always classed until this Moscow incident, which brings him to the foreground with as much prominence as the Czar, if not with more, for anyone might happen to be born a monarch, but to become a manipulator of singers, to get a cinch on them, as it were; to secure a corner, and then to run

up prices so that Siegfried Arnoldson can get \$1,600 American gold for a performance, when she usually gets about 500 francs in Europe, or \$100 American money—to accomplish that adds to a man's immortality vastly more than the mere every year fact that he was born of Czar or Emperor or King.

And it looks very much as if Fischhoff has done even more than that; he has succeeded in getting his wife into the \$1,600 a night classification by means of this telegram published in the American papers as coming from Moscow. Melba really gets \$1,600 a night here, although she sings in Paris for \$200 and in London for just a little more, if she can get it. De Reszké sings here for \$1,250 a night and his total American income is so high that when he gets back to European soil he sings there for a mere song. One hundred pounds, or \$500 a night, is a big thing for our amiable Jean when he sings for Sir Augustus Harris in London. All the De Reszkés, Maurel with ancient and dilapidated voice, Melba, Plançon and the whole aggregation, including Alvary with no voice and others more insignificant—all these people get in Europe a living; here they acquire vast fortunes, which they, of course, spend in Europe, and the result is that our public must pay \$5 and \$4 a seat to hear them, and the managers get through the season with bankruptcy staring them in their faces, and with actual bankruptcy.

In view of the failure of Abbey & Grau our comments for weeks past on this subject seems now to have been prophetic.

And what is the object of it all? Such a thing as an American girl or an American male singer getting an opportunity is out of the question in the nasty cabal that controls opera in this country—unless the singer has been strong enough in friendships over here to force an engagement as Nordica does or Eames does, once in a while. In fact it is a good scheme for the management—a sop to Cerberus—to have just one American girl among the stars—just one, let us say, to even up the monotonous chauvinism exhibited by these people against the United States.

Each and every one of these commercial artists is a disgusting hypocrite. The interviews published in the daily papers for the purpose of emphasizing the love these foreigners have for America is a very ordinary ruse intended for advertising. They have nothing in common with us at all, and prefer a decoration from the Prince Casimir de Poverdy de Bologna Sausage to any applause we can bestow upon them, unless there is money in it too.

At a dinner given at the Waldorf by Alvary last winter he occupied most of his time in bitter and sarcastic criticism of everything American. Paderewski received \$250,000 from America last season—more than the whole of Europe will give him for the balance of his days—and yet his secretary or clerk, or whatever he may be called, denounced America and American institutions and was practically indorsed by Paderewski from the mere fact that the latter never took the pains to express his disagreement. Being the personal attendant of Paderewski we are justified in assuming that the secretary's sentiments were really those of his employer.

Is it not about time for our people to put an end to this ridiculous scheme of paying these high salaries to commercial artists, who are only too happy to sing for from one-third to one-tenth the prices in Europe? Prices of all kinds have fallen here. Wheat and other necessities are far below the former normal. Living, rents, transportation, incomes—everything has been reduced. Unquestionable securities, which formerly brought 6 and 7 per cent., have by a natural funding process fallen to 3½ and 4 per cent., and everything has come down to a lower level—near the European level.

Then why pay such exorbitant prices to European artists? Why pay Ysaie \$500 a night to play violin here, when he plays for 500 francs or \$100 a night in Europe? Why pay Melba \$1,600 or \$1,500 a night here, when she sings for \$200 a night in Paris? We enable her to sing for such a price there because we pay—give her a gold mine while she is here. Why pay the two De Reszkés over \$2,000 a night here, when they will sing together for 1,000 lire or \$200 in Italy? What object is there in propagating such insane hero worship, a phase of insanity which may become hereditary if we do not put an end to it.

The Moscow telegram was, of course, merely intended as an advertisement of Arnoldson, in which it has succeeded, for otherwise her name would not have been mentioned in this article. And so the clever game goes on at the expense of Americans.

CONSERVATISM IN MUSIC.

THE Prussian Chamber of Deputies lately expressed a wish, when asked for a subvention to the Royal Academic Music School, to hear what the results of the school were. A concert was given to the representatives of the people and Professor Joachim delivered an address. He said:

"It is a thoroughly unjust reproach to say that the Royal Academy was averse to progress in music and clung to the old. The best proof was that the compositions of Klughardt, Bargiel, &c., and the works of living composers, were carefully studied. But it depends what is meant by progress. Progress is in music what it is in politics. With that pseudo progress, with that in reality revolutionary tendency which spread abroad from Bayreuth and Weimar, the Royal Institute would have nothing to do. He held it to be his duty to warn the pupils of an acquaintance with the productions of this school. To the inexperienced poison often tastes pleasant, and the knowledge of its destructiveness comes too late. That the academy could bring the best fruit to perfection the following concert would convince the representatives."

Three previous pupils of Dr. Joachim, Burmester, Gregorowitch and Markees, then appeared in place of pupils of the present academy to prove the truth of his remarks. Thus, as a German critic says, the Chinese wall against modern productions is still unbroken.

IMPERIAL OPTION.

THE Imperial Opera Company, in which the gallant Colonel Mapleson is said to be interested, has an option on the Cincinnati Music Hall Opera House for the week beginning March 3, 1897. In conjunction with this there also appears a statement to the effect that among the marvelous artists engaged in Italy by the Kernel are Mlle. Huguette and Signora Darclee, and it is intimated by the Kernel that no other singers are in it with these.

The world of music may therefore be interested to hear that Mlle. Huguette comes from an ancient musical family, among whom many were fond of hugging; in fact that is the true source of the cognomen. The hugs or Huguettes, as they are called in Provence, were the founders of the Huguenots, a sect established in France by the edict of Nancy, wife of Louis XIV.

The present Mlle. Huguette first made a debut before the late Shah of Persia, and on refusing to enter the harem, after singing a high F flat, was banished to Cape Colony, where Cecil Rhodes heard her and got Barney Barnato to take her to London to take a few lessons each from eighteen different singing teachers, which resulted in an immediate engagement with a provincial opera company at two pounds, or ten dollars, a week. She went to Italy to get a new post office address, and now the Kernel has engaged her, it is said, for the United States at the very reasonable salary of \$916 an hour in opera. She expects to sing twenty hours a week, and if her throat holds out she will return to Europe and live on food.

The other great artist—Darclee—is really a Pomeranian, but she does not yet know it. In her young days she sold pretzels in the streets of Thorn, where Copernicus was born at a very early period of his existence. Crying out "Pretzel!" "Pretzel!" in a loud but languid tone of voice soon brought about a severe and very acute attack of tonsillitis, which compelled the physicians of the Royal Hospital to remove her hard and soft palates, and she sang like an owl after that.

A young spinster sent her to Italy to study palatable rôles, instead of eating them, and after nine years and nine months of hard study under Signor Lillikehelio at Monte Pillo and a course under Signor Fraudomacho at Lago de Pomado, she made her debut on the boards of the opera house at Dago, where she had an immediate triumph, playing to houses of \$12.16 and \$14.95 (American money) a night.

In the rôle of *Violetta* she drew 10 cents more, which, however, fell off when she tackled Tancredi, I Lombardi and other modern works. Colonel Mapleson expects to pay her \$2,000 a week here, but she absolutely must sing three operas a week; otherwise he will sue her, even if he does get her name into the papers by doing it.

We shall consider it a duty to our readers to continue these biographical sketches of great foreign artists, as no American singers will be engaged by Colonel Mapleson. Americans need not apply. Just

as Max Heinrich said in last week's *MUSICAL COURIER*, Mr. Thomas has no use for American singers. Why should Grau or Mapleson take them? Nonsense!

PADEREWSKI'S BREAKDOWN.

THE following cable to the New York *Sun* preaches a loud and perilously ominous sermon. Before reproducing it we made special inquiries and awaited confirmation:

PADEREWSKI ILL.

He is suffering from insomnia and will not play in England.

LONDON, May 2.—Paderewski, the distinguished pianist, is suffering from insomnia. All his English engagements have been cancelled.

There is much more of a future story embodied in these few lines than will first strike the average eye. Paderewski, the most brilliant apostle of latter-day piano playing, has allowed himself simultaneously to become the most strenuous toiler after gain of his age. The pathetic truth outlined in the above cable is that Paderewski has fallen a permanent victim on the altar of his own avarice.

It would be out of date to decry this avarice within average bounds. It runs hand in hand with and has become the accepted complement of latter-day success. Artists have reached a point where they no longer measure success by the receipt of a liberal competence and their power to draw audiences of sufficient size and discriminately appreciative calibre. They scorn competence and care nought for the critical powers of their audiences. They care solely for the numbers, be they made up of clods and numskulls, frills and simpers or hysteria—the vast numbers who pay the vast piles of dollars and enable them to break quickly from frugality into bewildering luxury and indulgence. The case becomes aggravated when, like Paderewski, instead of receiving a fee measured in supposed proportion to his attraction, with a profit margin allowed to the management, the pianist was allowed the benefit in this country of every dollar he could draw. The modern situation tempts avarice sorely, and an imprudent, sensational public pats the baiting opportunity on the back. Artists are human. They cannot be supposed to despise the fortune which beckons them, but there are limitations imposed by physical and other conditions which the greediest must observe.

Paderewski outran the mark. Most men measure their greed for profit with their native physical equipment. Paderewski mistook his own delicately strung organization, his fine, vibrant, but easily shattered, nerve tissue, and disaster has overtaken him in an unexpectedly brief space.

Unexpected to himself, that is, or he could not have pushed so strenuously, unremittingly hard. The extent and consistency of this push in America despoiled all other men's chances during Paderewski's seasons here, and during the one just closed drained the South and West of all the money it could scrape for music of any form in one season. But it was not unexpected to Paderewski's friends here, who watched the pianist during his last couple of months' tour.

It was easy to see that Paderewski had levied too heavy a draft on his vitality. He had become a bundle of uncontrollable nerves. He had made a transcontinental tour which skirted comprehensively the Pacific Coast, and had traveled and played night and day on an unbroken tension which would have taxed the physique of a Hercules. He returned to New York and appeared again in public three or four times. At his last recital in Carnegie Hall, on Saturday, April 18, the fragility of his appearance was such that even his audience, accustomed to and pleased with his suggestion of spirituality, noticed the change with apprehension.

The afternoon was hot and the public accounted for matters on this basis, but Paderewski himself admitted after to a friend that he had been overcome by a horrible attack of nerves. The friend told him he had never played better, upon which Paderewski stated that this was remarkable, as he had felt himself almost paralyzed by an overwhelming attack of what he assumed he should call stage fright. This statement was published in the New York papers at the time and held its regretful warning to the musical wise, who well knew that such an attack with a man of such infinite stage confidence and experience as Paderewski held ominous suggestion.

Nature's pay-day was at hand and he had been ruthlessly spending her capital. His collapse had to be complete, for there were no resources to draw on, and the announcement of Paderewski's cancelled engagements abroad is practically, unquestionably

and without any surprise to his friends a declaration of permanent retirement from the pianistic field.

The loss is to be faced with infinite regret, but it would be fatuous to hope that Paderewski can rebuild a shattered physical organization and come forth after a period of retirement a successful pianist again. Paderewski abandoned himself recklessly to the absorbent money-getting fever of the day. He overworked everywhere, but most of all in America, where gilded returns dazzled so lavishly, and the fever has now sapped up the rest of his virtuoso life.

There were those who could have pointed the end to him long since, but it is not easy to tell a man directly that his artistic death is not far off, particularly when the remark is due to follow that he is working out his own suicide.

Much has been excusable to this gifted man, who, however, owed the world a rational conservation of his own powers in proportion as it indulged and rewarded them. The limitless appreciation of his poetic and magnetic talents might fairly prove a goad in the early part of his career to over-frequent and fatiguing appearances. But Paderewski long before his mental and physical endurance became overtaxed had reached a point where he could calmly separate discretion from valor. He threw discretion overboard and openly took up with that valor which in his case became simply a violent and persistent hardihood in the pursuit of wealth.

Beyond doubt, through chivalry and sympathy in his early public days, before the money-getting fever had fastened itself, Paderewski made many an exhausting appearance to oblige requests, accepting engagements when he might have preferred rest instead. But he soon learned the extravagantly uttermost cash value which every appearance might be made to represent. He drew this to the last farthing, and in easy compliance with the spirit of the age his appetite grew by what it fed on.

He thought he was paying for the generous sums laid down so willingly to hear him solely by his piano playing. But he made no reckoning of the nerve and the life blood which he coined out with the notes from his fingers and had not recuperation to replace. Had there been physical reserve to recuperate, he did not in any event take the time. The public made no physical reckoning for him either. How should it? It was he who should have known. He knows now.

The case of Paderewski is the most lamentable among artistic suicides of any in this century. With the exquisite quality of his emotional nature, his ideality of temperament, aside from a fine intelligent power to reason, he should have been the last of the art prophets to have jeopardized health and happiness for an overplus of gold. It is the accursed snare of this generation's virtuosi that they have all come to regard "art" and "gold" as terms of equivalent—gold in its reckless, hysterically bestowed sense—not as in the days of the master virtuosi, who broke the first paths for us, as a fitly adjusted reward for true artistic merit. From this extreme of over reward, at the very least, from the extravagant multiplication of occasions to receive it, a man like Paderewski might be supposed chaste enough to hold moderately aloof. Yet has he fallen in the rude travail, sordid a victim as may be among the toilers.

By a solid truth spoken by one wise prophet we cannot serve two masters. Art and Mammon—that is, Mammon for Mammon's sake pursued by artists as by fortune hunters and financiers—shall not work together. The man who tries it spells ruin to either side. If he makes the excessive fortune his art suffers; but likely and worse is it to realize, as in the case of Paderewski, that he may not only lose the power over one in the pursuit of both, but that he may also lose himself. In striving to gain all he loses all, even to his own strength and will. And when the day for the use of wisdom has gone by he will read mayhap the everlasting fable of the inevitable evil from seeking to grasp more than one man's just share.

The days of rational moderation, of equity and sanity in the life and pursuits of virtuosi have passed away with the lives of men, from Bach to Chopin, who wrote and played in public for a bare, modest livelihood the main material upon which the immoderate virtuosi of to-day are working to reap fortunes. The past twenty years have developed a destructive mania. Heretofore the artist by a rational attitude of the public, which corresponded simply to a rational conservatism on his own side, regarded himself as the trusted custodian of whatever might be his talent, cherished it judiciously and asked no more for its

bestowal than a fair reward—thankful if he got that, which he always did not. In this way the public in return for its judiciously spent money received only well preserved, carefully expended effort. But the extravagant price put upon an artist's talents to-day is a dazzling bait to the unwary, induces an excessive amount of appearances, at which the performances must necessarily be vitiated, and in this way becomes an artistic imposition upon the public in exact or even further proportion to its extravagance and indulgence.

The day of purism with exponents of art is sadly passed away. Liszt came and typified Mammon with all the external pomp and regality and blare and show of his ornate piano school, and created in his transcription and his style a moving parallel to the material, luxurious demands of the virtuosi of and since his day. And Wagner, more royal still, with huger resources at his command and the need of luxury trumpeting in his phrase, the insatiable demand for pomp and splendor basing his every climax, made the case of gorgeousness and rich trapping, of all the paraphernalia attendant upon material wealth, a craving established through his enormous power of suggestion.

The world has become despoiled of continent artists who are satisfied with judicious reward. They all succumb to the chase after fortune, misspend their talents, debase them, devitalize them in their exhaustive overwork, and present them to the public in their greed for more harvest in a condition not always fit to hear. By this manner of imperfect work a great many manage to hold out for a long time—until, perhaps, they have exhausted the public fad. By that time they will also have exhausted the public purse, made all the money they wanted, and done one-third of the quality of work they might have done had greed been less and public confidence not so fatuous.

This way of art Paderewski did not pursue, and thus has he fallen to the ground. His work was always up to the same tension of conscientious excellence and brilliancy, but this could not possibly be maintained with the tremendous length and repetition of his appearances. He was literally throwing away his vitality under the strain. He never shielded himself behind faulty or weak performances. He tried to do three men's work—that of the leading piano virtuoso of his time, that of a dauntless fortune hunter and that of a physically strong man. By the immutable law of creation he was made one of the three—a supreme virtuoso. The other two poses, one a complement of the other, and the persuasive evil of his rank and day, have cut short his career.

Endurance does not attend the pampered careers of even the most lax and self-saving of these spoiled children of modernity; but in his artistic uprightness Ignace Jan Paderewski has been cut startlingly short.

Of far too fine a fibre, too vibrant in his shudder against the shocks and vulgarisms which had to beset a career of his unwavering commercial push and activity, he miscalculated his own resistance, and failed also to calculate the loss—the irretrievable loss, which he might have prevented—to the musical community the world over.

The case has two sadly regrettable sides, the loss of the pianist to himself and the irreparable loss to the world of piano music. With moderation Paderewski might be a better pianist and a stronger man to-day than four years ago, when he first made his début in America. He might have also a sufficient fortune, but he would have had above all things the years of usefulness before him which a generous, appreciative public had been taught to expect, and which wise artists—truly grateful, heart-whole artists—should feel it their honorable duty and pleasure to spare.

What is now left him is a fortune and a life wrecked before its zenith, and what remains to the public is a bundle of memories rarely musical, magnetic and pathetic of Ignace Jan Paderewski.

Last Gerard-Thiers Musicales.—The last invitation musicale of the season by Mr. Albert Gerard-Thiers will take place to-morrow (Thursday) evening at his studio in Carnegie Hall.

Arthur Beresford Engaged.—Mr. Arthur Beresford is engaged for the commencement concerts in June at Bates College and Colby University in Maine. He has just concluded a very busy season and has already booked many dates for the next.



I AM nearing the European coast. I send this by one of THE MUSICAL COURIER'S carrier pigeons, which I have christened Marc. I have seen lots of water and, not being a temperance man, long for land.

In looking back upon the theatrical and musical season I have asked myself what gave me the most pleasure, the most genuine thrill. Was it The Great Diamond Robbery? Was it the first act of Little Eyolf? Was it Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony? Was it Bernhardt's *Magda*? May Irwin's smile? Marie Dressler's flamboyant mouth? Duse's eyebrows? Fregoli's voice? Henry Irving's tragic cough?

No, not one of these varied and exquisite experiences.

I enjoyed most during the long season Pinero's The Benefit of the Doubt at the Lyceum, Rafael Joseffy's performance of Brahms' piano concerto in B flat, and Duse's *Magda*.

The Pinero comedy was not an ill-natured, sarcastic commentary on contemporary life. It was the objective mirroring of an important incident in the life of a disagreeable, self-satisfied middle class British family. It was all presented with a fine sensing of the situation, the character drawing was compact and luminous, and the mere telling of the story most masterly.

Mr. Joseffy is a great artist, who plays the piano by the grace of God, as the Germans say. His work unites symmetry, plasticity and tonal beauty, and it is penetrated by a loftiness of conception and spiritual musical feeling that places it apart from and above the performances of other pianists.

Duse's *Magda* is Italian, and perhaps not German enough, but it was a leaf deeply veined with life blood, and so simple, so truthful!

Brilliant in the Bernhardt sense it was not, yet it lived, while Sarah suggested dramatic artifice.

These three sensations were worth to me the work of the season. Incidentally I admired lots of fine work of singers and actors, but the milestones in my memories of 1895-6 are Duse, Joseffy and Pinero.

Arthur Hornblow, the dramatist and journalist, has been engaged by the Messrs. Arkell to take charge of the dramatic department of *Leslie's Weekly* next season.

Did I ever tell you of the delicately ironical remark made to me by Mr. Anton Seidl one certain night at the Stewart House?

A pianist, who is also a journalist, had just played under Mr. Seidl, and not with the most gratifying results, for he was really too nervous to do himself justice.

I met Mr. Seidl later, and as we gazed at our striking family resemblances (you know that he is frequently taken for me) the conductor said very earnestly:

"Now, when do you play with me?"

Anyone who has heard of my pianistic aspirations would have appreciated the glint in Anton's left eye. I did, and ordered him up, as they say in Pilsen.

Frederick Lemaître, the well-known actor, was afflicted with an abnormal tendency to pride and self-esteem, even for a man of his profession. His despotic bearing toward the employés at the theatres often led to an exchange of angry words. At the fiftieth performance of a play he would expect the musicians to exhibit the same eagerness to hear him as on the first night. He expressly forbade them to read their papers in the orchestra during the intervals of playing, as had been their custom from time

immemorial. Frederick pretended that the practice "interfered with his play."

Now, the leading clarinet at one of the houses obstinately refused to submit to a prohibition which he considered no actor had the right to enforce, and went on reading as usual. Frederick protested, swore, raved and asked the name of the recalcitrant clarinet player. Just at that moment the musician passed through the greenroom.

"Is that you," cried Frederick, in angry tones, "who has had the audacity to read in the orchestra during my great love scene?"

"I?" said the clarinet. "What a foul slander! You have been misinformed, M. Frederick—I was asleep!"

Bismarck is very fond of plovers' eggs, and his admirers often send him baskets of them. Once he wrote to a friend: "I have received for my birthday a hundred plover eggs and a symphony. I do not hesitate to declare that I would have been less pleased had I received a hundred symphonies and one egg."

"Pop," said little Caleb Penquin, "what sort of music does an elastic band play?"

"Why, I don't know of any particularly distinguishing characteristic that it would have, Caleb," said Mr. Penquin, "except that it might be rather long drawn out."

"Right!" said little Caleb.

The above is from a contemporary.

The woodland silence, one time stirred
By the soft pathos of some passing bird,
Is not the same as it was before.
The spot where once, unseen, a flower
Has held its fragile chalice to the shower,
Is different for evermore.
Unheard, unseen,
A spell has been!

O, thou that breathest year by year
Music that falls unheeded on the ear,
Take heart, fate has not baffled thee!
Thou that with tints of earth and skies
Fillest thy canvas for unseeing eyes,
Thou has not labored fruitlessly.
Unheard, unseen,
A spell has been!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Think not they wisdom can illumine away
The ancient tanglement of night and day,
Enough to acknowledge both and both reverse;
They see not clearest who see all things clear.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Walt Whitman, in *Drum Taps*, thus apostrophizes Death: "Dark mother, always gliding near, with soft feet, have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?" And again he cries: "Come, lovely and soothing death," and "Ob, praise and praise for the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death." This chanted by the man who earlier chanted with ardor, "Give me the splendid, silent sun, with all his beams full dazzling." Intimations of decay are at every turn in the road of life, and Whitman, the prophetic bard, sang with unflinching voice the praises of that guest who must surely some day or some night enter unbidden the house of our lives.

I have just laid down Maurice Maeterlinck's *L'Intruse*, and I confess with that shudder which is the supreme note of modern art. The faint adumbrations of approaching mortality are so delicately hinted at that it requires almost a sixth sense to apprehend the fineness of Maeterlinck's suggestion. Death hovers about the household like an almost impalpable vapor, which gradually obscures the senses and strikes numb with terror your heart.

But this is the morbidity of death, not that glorious release of the spirit which cries aloud "Take me, O Lord, Master Death, for have I not been a good and faithful servant?"

Maeterlinck's conception of death is that of the man who loves the flesh and its appurtenances consumedly. To him it is hideous, festering, a carnival for worms, a dark, oppressive horror that blurs the sunshine, makes melancholy and black the spirit. And yet we all must die; why should this passing into the thitherward be more sadly impressive than the birth of a soul? Why should the gates of death close with such gloomy reverberations and the portals of life unfold with such exquisite promise? The Sphinx has yet failed to answer her interrogators, and the sun will rise, the moon will wane, men and

women love, and death will ever reap the most superb of harvests.

Why not chant loud praises to the "Dark Mother of all"? Why not merge our peevish, restless, petty personalities with that great throbbing earth of ours? Why not under a summer sky, under a night of the large few stars, "a mad, naked summer night," seek to be at one with the cosmos, and, looking within as well as without, gain a foretaste of that peace which is said to pass all understanding?

The year has been one of activity. You have never faltered in your devotion to your art nor halted in the mad pursuit of tone. Now that the time has come for a surcease of all this, a time when you can leave behind the cares, the worryment of city strife and life, why do you not seek to throw off the envelope, the husk of your winter self, and let the soul breathe? Alas! the poor soul, the imprisoned, stifled soul, how desperately she fights for her existence, for your existence! How she peeps forth through those windows which the poet named the eyes, flashing signals of distress, of weariness, of revolt against the ever encroaching flesh, the selfish animal flesh that crowded her in her ever narrowing cell! Let her, I pray you, breathe this summer. Remove from her path your egoism, your love of money, your sensual desires, your gross appetites. Don't tantalize her with those glimpses of heaven which great music contains, only to almost swamp her in the mire after you have done with it.

Oh, musicians! if you knew what sins you have to answer for, your lives would be whiter, your ideals loftier! Who but the musician, the creature of fire, spirit whose soul is suspended between heaven and hell, can reach such heights, sink to such abysses of shame? We will carry within us the potentialities of good and evil. But the sensitive musician, while being more sorely tempted, perhaps, than his worldly brethren, also revels in visions more soul-intoxicating, more radiant, than the everyday mortal can conceive of. Because much is given you, much will be expected.

With a feeling akin to fear I sometimes acknowledge to myself that music must be of all the arts the most soul unsetting, the most immortal. Its perfume produces a sort of soul vertigo in me, and Chopin's music is the deadliest of all these perfumes. In my calmer moods I realize that the fault is mine, that it is I, not the music, that is out of joint. Go heed the magnificent control of Beethoven and contrast it with the orgies in tone that Richard Wagner and some of the later school indulge in. Do not tell me Wagner is a great genius, I know it only too well, but his genius is not always a good one. He does not know what fearful demons he releases from the battle, until they have assumed shape and proportion. He is the modern Frankenstein of tone. He summons monsters from the vasty deep, and they obey his summons. He is his own Klingsor at times and puts a spell upon our senses which lulls us into dreams, haunted with opium splendors and horrid surprises.

Wagner! mighty magician, evoker of visions whose ivory gates inclose hideous shapes and pale wraiths of wasted passions. Oh, Wagner, I cannot forever endure thy tortured music, the fierce splendors of thy loves, thy superhuman men and women, who batten on each other like beasts of prey! I long for the cool, moonlit serenity of Mozart, or the gentle plash of sylvan stream in Haydn's music. Summer is at hand, and, lo! one bird faintly trills near my open window. As I lean out to greet it with my eyes it describes a swift parabola and alights again near me. I am enchanted. Music with all its elaboration could not give me this lyric throb. God is with the world, my masters! hang up the fiddle and the bow. Go out, go out, I charge you, into the mead, drink the spiced air, throw up your hat, for God is in heaven and all's well with the world to-day!

It is difficult to dwell upon Death to-day, when his symbols are veiled, when the sun mounts high in the heavens and tempts the lark to climbing. But in a soft shady nook I beseech you enter. I must converse with you. It is the season of soft surprises, bounding pulses, shy looks from maidens; a touch of the hand, he perfume of hair, and eyes clasped in far em-

braces. It is the time for confession, for purging the soul of all the perilous stuff which the world and the winter loaded on it.

Come, I beg you; come, take hold of my hand; sit you down and speak to me. Has not music filled the chambers of your brain since August last? Have you not earned fame and pelf enough for the nonce? Give way, give way, I pray you! Let down the bars of your soul; let the precious tenant within wander forth at her will (for your soul is feminine). Oh, you musician, how well I know you, with your vanity, your pride, your suspiciousness, your eternal dwelling on self, just as the Oriental devotee, turning from the world, contemplates his navel, which to him is the symbol of eternity.

Stay your self-torturing; cease your envy of your neighbor, and give over your internal and infernal prattle, chatter and gabble about yourself and your art. Remember, no matter how great an artist you are, there is a greater one without doors. Nature, with a thousand beckoning fingers, implores you to come to her. Go, go, and lave yourself, and become clean of spirit! Let a tithe of that old world joy enter into your veins, romp divinely, throw stilted propriety and crabbed theory to the winds, and let your rhapsodies be of life and limb.

And yet, as the theme is a fugue, so death is perpetually the returning answer. It behooves us then, in all the lyric intoxication of the musician's life or the poet's outing in summer, to dwell upon the end of our existence, not in the canting spirit of the preacher, who holds forth the gaily colored trinket of after rewards, but in the valiant spirit of strong men and women. We must be able to say "I have fought the good fight," and then lay down our arms, our consciences, our talents and labor, and sleep.

I will not say "perchance to dream," that is not within my province. Let us hope, as did Childe Roland, who finally reached the Dark Tower and, undaunted, blew a blast of defiance upon his slug-horn. Oh, sad souls, weakling souls; there is a parable for you. Drop your notes and read Browning a bit. He will make strong, brave men and women of you.

Remember, however, that your days are numbered, and prepare now, for death comes like a thief in the night. Old this, but ever new.

What a cool, consoling draught Aldrich offers you to-day! His tender philosophy contains within its environments space for those who have failed in the world's eyes, but who mayhap have become masters of themselves through their misfortunes and therefore victors of the universe. What a balm there is in this thought! There are defeats that may be seeming, victories that are spiritual defeats. If your purpose be lofty, if your heart be pure, you have already conquered something—not a little, but much. You have a talent; you cherish it. You calculate the amount of money it will bring to you within a certain time. Go to, go to; thou hast not talent, but lust of gold. Better be a pawnbroker than an artist.

You have a talent, you cherish it carefully, but the glint on a woman's hair, a caress in her smile, the wine cup, and your talent—where has it fled?

Go to, go to, thou hast not talent. Better be a chronicler of small beer and breed fools.

You have a talent, you cherish it tenderly. Your art is more to you than money, pleasure or love. You compose, sing or play. For you the horizon of life is filled with the loveliness of tone. You cannot be wooed by worldly wiles from this ideal life, peopled with purpling dreams such as never sea could give you. You are an artist, and I would break bread with you; but I would not drink wine with the others. They prostitute their gifts for gain and lust. They are not artists—they are lower than brutes.

Console yourself, then, all who suffer under the gibes and flouts of outrageous fortune. There is no such thing as failure if the soul be brave. To have dared the impossible, to have tried to fly to the sun, to have wooed the moon, to have burned your boats behind you and resolutely entered that trackless region of art where the soul must be its own compass, its own rudder, its own captain, is to have done something. Only the sluggard, the sloth, the

coward and the churl remain at home in soft beds sinking. It is you I salute, brave artists, brave men and women, who forgetting home, comfort, and even life, espouse the vocation of an artist and launch your frail cockleshell on the sea of music.

Better a million times to have failed than the success of the sleek, smug philistine who counts his coupons and his steps. Better a million times the stigma of failure than the success that chokes the soul, which is the true life. Your soul has thriven, your glance is free, bold, and your heart exultant. Tell me not that a few thousands of dollars can compensate for the divine liberty of spirit which the true artist revels in. Oh, America, what sins—sins against the Holy Ghost, which is the spirit—thy material prosperity and money grubbing instincts will have to account for!

"They see not clearest who see all things clear," once said William Watson. Go you, therefore, into the woods or to the sea and listen to greater music than your own. Return refreshed to the world, but at no time forget that "Death is master of lord and clown," and of musicians, too.

J. H.

American Guild of Organists.

A NEW musical organization, to be known as the American Guild of Organists, has recently been formed by over a hundred of the most prominent organists of the country. The guild, which is modeled upon the same plan and with the same leading purposes as the Royal College of Organists and the Guild of Organists of London, is no doubt destined to have a powerfully beneficial influence upon the status of organists, their prospects and the general advancement of organ music—particularly church music—in America.

Founders, fellows, associates, honorary associates, honorary members and subscribers will constitute the membership of the guild.

The founders consist of Homer Newton Bartlett, Edward Morris Bowman, John Hyatt Brewer, Dudley Buck, William Crane Carl, William Sidell Chester, Charles Whitney Coombs, John Frank Donahoe, Frank George Dossert, Clarence Eddy, Clement Rowland Gale, Isaac Van Vleck Flagler, Arthur Foote, Henry Granger Hanchett, Benjamin Johnson Lang, Charles Henry Morse, William Edward Mulligan, John Knowles Paine, George Albert Parker, Horatio William Parker, Smith Newell Penfield, Sumner Salter, Harry Rowe Shelley, Gerrit Smith, Albert Augustus Stanley, Frank Taft, George William Warren, Richard Henry Warren, George Elbridge Whiting, Samuel Brenton Whitney, Harrison Major Wild, Herve Dwight Wilkins and Raymond Huntington Woodman, to whom may be added other church organists of honorable standing, who may be approved by vote of the foregoing.

Complete details of the organization are held over for another issue, but the main objects as set forth briefly by the guild are as follows:

To advance the cause of worthy church music; to elevate the status of church organists; to increase their appreciation of their responsibilities, duties and opportunities as conductors of worship; and to obtain acknowledgment of their position from the authorities of the church.

To raise the general efficiency of church organists by a system of examinations and certificates.

To provide opportunities for intercourse among church organists, and for the discussion of questions of interest in connection with their work.

To provide a central organization with a permanent home in the metropolis for the benefit of church organists throughout the country.

To do all such lawful things as are incidental to the advancement of these objects, or any of them.

The officers elected for 1896-7 are: Honorary president, Dudley Buck; warden, Gerrit Smith, Mus. Doc.; sub-warden, Charles H. Morse, Mus. Bac.; chaplain, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D.; secretary, Henry G. Hanchett, M. D.; registrar, Will MacFarlane; treasurer, Walter J. Hall; librarian, Sumner Salter; auditors, John S. Camp, Frank Taft.

The guild has enlisted the approval and co-operation of the following list of clergymen, who will be found to belong to leading churches of various denominations. These came under the head of honorary associates: Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D., L.L. D., New York; Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. A. J. P. Behrends, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D. D., Montclair, N. J.; Rev. John Wesley Brown, D. D., New York; Rev. James L. Buckley, D. D., New York; Walter S. Carter, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. David H. Greer, D. D., New York; Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D. D., New York; Rev. John Humpstone, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Henry Mottet, D. D., New York; Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D. D., New York; Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., New York; Rev. John B. Young, S. J., New York.

The Mozart Memorial at Vienna.

ON April 21 the Mozart Memorial at Vienna was unveiled and handed over to the municipality of the city in the presence of the Emperor, the Archdukes, the for-



eign ambassadors, the high officials of the court and army, and all the artists and friends of art of the Austrian capital.

A sunny spring morning shone over the scene. The monument, a debt of honor to Mozart, stands on the Al-

coat with high collar, cravat, knee breeches, stockings and a cloak falling from his shoulders, stands by a music desk, his left hand turns a page of the score, the right hand with open fingers is raised to heaven, while his face looks upward as if listening for inspiration. The face is from an authentic likeness of the composer which Tilgner had the good fortune to discover, and the pose of the figure, which represents Mozart at the age of twenty-five to thirty, is thorough, natural and unconstrained. The statue is over 3 metres in height and made out of one block of white marble.

The base curves right and left into two truncated fluted columns, on which are placed two of the most beautiful groups of modern plastic art. To the right some *amorini* are beating kettledrums, twanging mandolins or playing the 'cello; a pair borne aloft on the wings of love interchange kisses. To the left a pair of infants sit on the grass are singing from a page of music, a youth with solemn earnestness is playing the organ, a child at prayer, with the cross in its hands, floats upward, and another raises the curtain from the tragic mask. These charming figures, full of allegorical and symbolical meaning, characterize the many-sidedness of Mozart's art.

The pedestal is adorned with two bas reliefs; one to the rear reproduces the well-known engraving of the nine year old Mozart at the piano in the presence of his father and his sister Nannerl; on the front the relief is divided by a pillar into two parts, and thus represents two scenes, *Don Juan's* invitation to the *Commander*, and the appearance of the latter at the banquet. Beneath the simple inscription, "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," with the dates of his birth and death, there is placed on the keys of a spinet a group of musical brass instruments used in Mozart's time; the open page of the score shows the phrase that heralds the approach of the "Guest of Stone," and the keyboard forms a took ornament over the *Don Juan* relief.

This great work of art was the last production of Victor Tilgner, who, by a cruel fate, was snatched away from among the living the day before his masterpiece was to be consecrated.

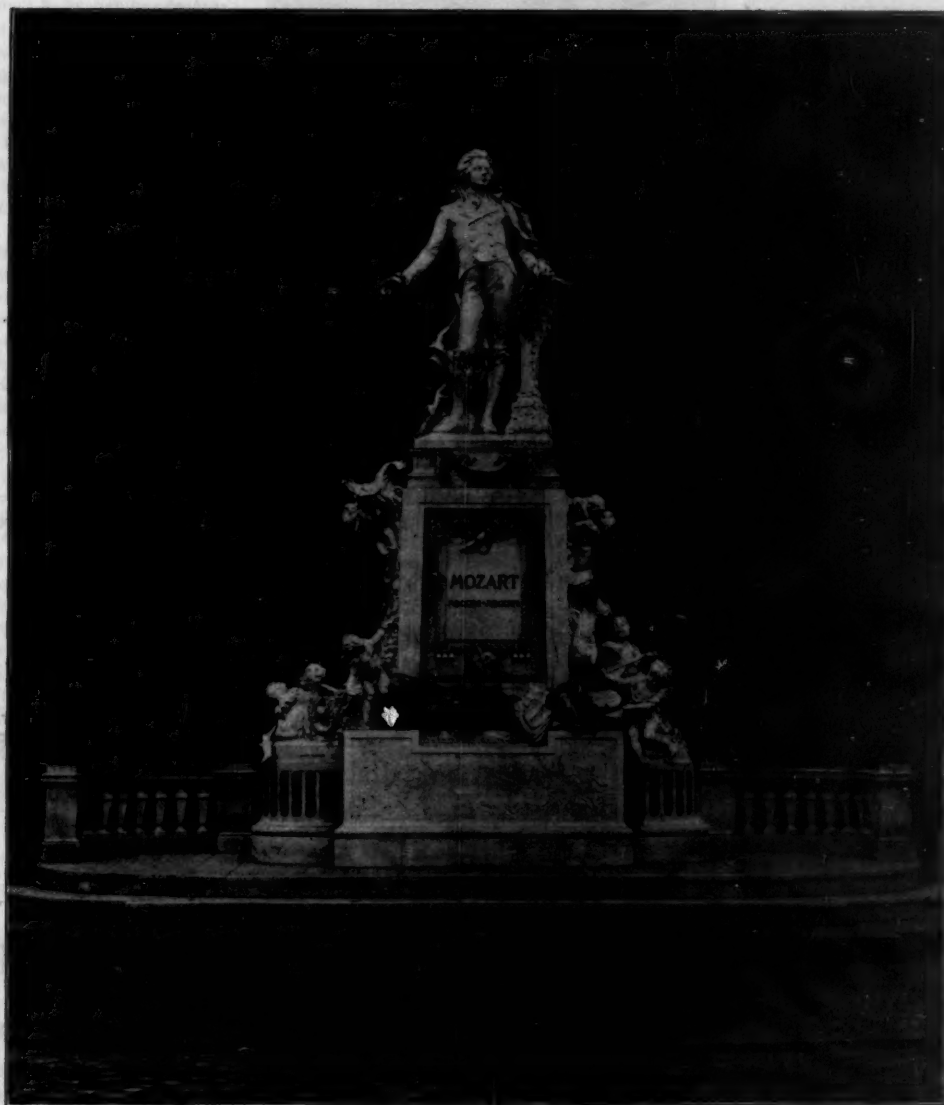
Lilli Lehmann communicates some personal reminis-

with all my heart. I expressed especially my admiration for the figure of Mozart, with its expression of aspiration and struggle for the highest beauty. He was pleased with my remarks, and gave us some information about the creation of his work. He did not take part in the first compe-



tion, but when the designs of his colleagues were completed, and he had seen them, his dissatisfaction with them suggested to him the idea of entering into the later competition.

"One of the competitors, Tilgner said, represented Mo-



brechtplatz behind the Imperial Opera on the site of the old opera house, on an elevated piece of ground which forms a kind of Mozart island. The cost of the memorial is about 150,000 marks. Mozart, upright in the dress of his day,

cences of the artist to a German journal: "Three years ago my sister and I paid a visit to Tilgner to see his Mozart. The master, a friend of my sister, was full of kindness, and showed us his Mozart, which I could admire

zart sitting, and he could not help saying: 'My friend, you have there an Imperial Royal Treasury clerk. No, Mozart never looked like that, and he must not be immortalized like that.' Then I began to see how hard the task was.

There must be a figure of light, genius must be expressed, the struggle toward the light must be made prominent, the whole must be one idea. At first I failed, and not till after a hundred vain attempts did I please myself, and I believe it is good. You cannot represent people as they look in ordinary life; nothing artistic can be so produced."

Jessie L. Gaynor.

A PROMINENT WOMAN COMPOSER.

SONGS for people who love singing and to whom all that is beautiful in nature appeals are those written by Jessie L. Gaynor, a composer of whom the New World can well boast as a bright example of feminine originality, and who moreover has found Boston tuition sufficient to attain success without rushing abroad to be musically educated.

At an early age it was discovered in a literary family connected with the great author, Fenimore Cooper, that there was one member not disposed to accept the tradition of adopting literature as a profession. This was the subject of our sketch, who showed signs of rare musical ability. She was at once given the opportunity of study with one of the best American teachers, where she remained until sufficiently advanced to begin work under the direction of the celebrated Louis Maas, of Boston. With him she made rapid progress in piano, theory, and harmony, without, however, undertaking composition. This gift seemed to come to her after her study was virtually finished, and it was not until five or six years ago that her first work was given to the public.

Jessie L. Gaynor was born at St. Louis, Mo., of Scotch and American parentage and is one of three sisters who have all achieved distinction, one in particular, Susan Fenimore Tyndale, being at one time professor of English literature at the State University of Iowa and afterward lecturer at Wellesley College.

Having made considerable success she at length settled in St. Joseph, Mo., where she organized a musical club and directed a large chorus, and through her efforts the town made immense strides in musical endeavor. This experience was of lasting benefit to Mrs. Gaynor, and, coming to the conclusion that a wider field was necessary, she ultimately went to Chicago. There already many of her compositions had gained prominence, among others attracting notice All for You, Slumber Song, Love Came at Dawn, and A Piano Gavot being especially good. Her reputation as a talented composer having preceded her, Mr. Clayton F. Summy, the well-known publisher at 230 Wabash avenue, Chicago, at once made arrangements to obtain exclusive control of all further compositions.

Since Mrs. Gaynor went to Chicago she has done her best work. She manages to steer clear of the unsingable rubbish that is continually sent to her, and only chooses, words which are worthy of her delightful musical setting. It is her contention that true art is not dependent upon the ugly and uncouth side of life and that nature can supply all the subjects necessary. The collection of Rose Songs, the second which Mrs. Gaynor gathered together and published in one album, have found immense favor. If there is anything more delicately graceful in its particular style than the song The Wind Went Wooing the Rose it has yet to be found. These songs all show a love of nature, and the trees, flowers and birds are all drawn upon for inspiration.

Others of this charming set are In My Garden, My True Love Gave Me a Red, Red Rose, If I Knew, and My Valentine. There is no mawkish sentimentality, no depicting of the darker and unpleasant side of nature, no death and sorrow, which are often found in the present day writers. Mrs. Gaynor's songs are bright and appeal to those who appreciate wholesome sentiment without mawkish nonsense. This composer possesses the art of developing a complete musical picture from a musical thought. The album of seven songs was the first of the collections

published, and it was the extraordinary talent displayed therein that really drew particular attention to Mrs. Gaynor.

In this particular collection if choice could be given it would be to the song numbered 1 (Night Hath a Thousand Eyes). This is really exquisite in melody, while the accompaniment is far above the average. It is not difficult, but there is that subtle phrasing required which is usually given by only the experienced musician. In the same album perhaps the next favorite is If I Were a Bee, which has become immensely popular not only on account of the taking musical setting, but also for the quaint words. Love's Coming, Lullaby, and Sleep Song are all of the same excellence, while the Cradle Song is possibly one of the prettiest of this particular style ever written, the violin obligato considerably enhancing the effect. The seventh song, entitled And I, is a little gem. This album is also published by Clayton F. Summy.

Among other songs lately completed are A Rich Little Dolly and An Early Morning Pastoral. These are for children



JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

dren and show delightfully how it is possible to write clearly, intelligently and instructively for small people, while at the same time they are being amused. Sunbeam's Kiss and Two Serenades are some of the latest from her pen, and no doubt will become as popular as the other compositions. What will strike the musician when first looking at this clever composer's works are the charm and exquisite treatment given to all the accompaniments, which alone are little poems. She has been fortunate in finding words worthy of her genius, every one of the songs named showing that the words have been carefully chosen. In them it is demonstrated that she is a thorough musician, that what she undertakes to accomplish she carries through to a finished end. As a rule her themes are simple, which the casual lover of music will find attractive, as while they are poetic they are at the same time easily learned.

Mrs. Gaynor now has in course of publication a volume of songs to be sung by children which are absolutely perfect for the purpose intended. This writing for children

has been too much neglected, and these songs will come as a blessing in homes where the love of music reigns, but where there has been difficulty in obtaining music for children which does not touch upon the kindergarten music. Hitherto there has been little between nursery rhymes and kindergarten to choose from, but Jessie Gaynor has succeeded in producing what has been so long needed. This, indeed, is well evidenced in the two songs called the Discontented Duckling and the Sugar Dolly. Not only children find pleasure in hearing these; those of very much older growth applaud and redemand them whenever sung.

Among other songs which have attracted notice are Nocturne, Sleep My Beloved, Serenade, while the greatest success of all and which has had an enormous sale has been Molly, one of the most successful compositions of recent months. In addition to the vocal Mrs. Gaynor has also written for the piano alone, quartets for male and female voices, and will continue studying and working out her clever ideas until she attains the summit of her ambition—orchestral writing.

Personally she is an energetic, indefatigable worker, and not only teaches piano, composition and harmony, for which she numbers many pupils, but still manages to find time to keep up her reputation as an excellent accompanist and soloist.

Of her songs it can be said that there is a refinement and artistic quality which is but seldom found. They are so musically made and with so much originality that cultivated singers find great pleasure in interpreting them, and always find themselves more than sufficiently repaid for the labor expended upon them. Mrs. Gaynor's career will be interesting to watch, and at her present rate of progression *THE MUSICAL COURIER* predicts great popularity for the writings of this prominent Chicago composer.

Scherhey Pupils' Recital.—A song recital was given in Chickering Hall on Monday evening, May 18, by the vocal pupils of Mr. M. J. Scherhey, who did some very intelligent and refined work. Two pupils among the number, however, Miss Dora E. Auspitz, soprano, and Miss Kaetchen Eiswirth, alto, strike us as old friends, who owe their training to the tuition of Miss Katharine Evans. They studied and developed their talents according to the Garcia method with Miss Evans.

Victor Herbert's Cremona Saved.—There are numbers of musicians and instrument makers in New York who are aware of the fact that Victor Herbert possesses one of the rarest violoncellos in existence.

It is a genuine Cremona, hard as ivory, and as rich and infallible in tone as it is possible for an instrument to be. The instrument could not be bought for \$5,000. Its career came within a hair's breadth of being terminated last Friday morning, however. That the valuable 'cello was not reduced to splinters was by the merest chance.

It was in the custody of Sergeant Schliebusch, of Gilmore's Band, who was returning from Philadelphia with the band, and had consented to bring it back to New York for Mr. Herbert, who was to return on Monday. The band was on the ferryboat Hudson City, which, in the dense fog that settled down on the North River at an early hour Friday morning, ran full head on into a pier. Mr. Schliebusch, seeing that a collision was inevitable, ran back into the cabin, snatched the violoncello from its recumbent position against a cabin seat, and placed it flat on its back on the floor at a point then clear of people. It was in a heavy wooden case, inside of which were flat sheets of music at the back.

When the crash came it was terrific. At the instant of impact there was a clear space in front of the instrument, and it shot ahead about 30 feet like an arrow, stopping short of the wheelhouse by about 6 feet. The quick wit of Mr. Schliebusch saved it, for if he had not done just what he did it must have been smashed into innumerable pieces. As it was, the valuable old Cremona came out of the wreck without a scratch.—*Times*.

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OBITUARY.

Mme. Clara Schumann.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE, May 21. — Mme. Clara Wieck Schumann, the pianist, widow of Robert Schumann, the composer, died here to-day at the age of seventy-seven years.

CLARA JOSEPHINE SCHUMANN, perhaps the greatest female pianist the world has ever seen, was the daughter of Friedrich Wieck, and was born at Leipzig on September 13, 1819. Her musical genius disclosed itself even in her infancy, and it was her good fortune to have a father of profound musical learning and ability, who fostered her gifts with zeal and care.

Wieck, who had been the piano instructor of Schumann, became also the teacher of his own daughter, with the result that in October, 1828, when she had only completed her ninth year, she was able to make an extraordinarily precocious appearance at a concert given by Miss Perthes, when she played with Emilie Reinhold Kalbrenner's four hand variations on the march from Moses. At this period it is said that she could also play with orchestra by heart the concertos of Hummel and Mozart.

Her first formal recital was given at the Gewandhaus in November, 1830, when she was just entering her twelfth year. Her program included difficult works of Calbrenner, Herz and others, as well as variations of her own on an original theme. Soon after this she appeared in Weimar, Cassel, Frankfurt and Paris, and even at this early age her performance was pronounced by the most eminent critics to be equal in style and brilliancy to that of the greatest pianists of the day.

From 1832 forward her career as a public pianist became systematic. She appeared regularly at the Gewandhaus subscription concerts, and in November, 1833, played with Mendelssohn and Rakemann in Bach's D minor triple concerto. In 1836 she first visited Vienna, where she played throughout the winter with enormous success. It was in this year also that she became engaged to Robert Schumann.

The course of their engagement, which was based on an intense love and sympathy on the part of both, did not run smooth by reason of the stern opposition to Schumann of Clara's father. Wieck managed to postpone the marriage until 1840, when it took place only after Schumann had taken the matter into court demanding that due reason should be shown by Wieck for the refusal of his daughter. There was no due reason forthcoming, nothing but trifling objections, and thereupon Schumann made Clara Wieck his wife. Their union was one of the most interesting from the point of sympathetic musicianship, as also one of the most perfect in heart, mind and purpose, of any in modern times.

During the engagement Schumann brought forth his songs, many of them melodies which gushed from his heart the outcome of some mood, some message or emotion associated with Clara Wieck. Some of the songs, among them the lovely *Fruhlingssiebe*, they wrote together. The eternally fresh and beautiful B flat symphony was the first work written after his marriage. It tells its own story of gladness and surpassing sympathy and content.

Clara Wieck was the incentive which led Schumann in the first case to master the science of music. He began by a "detestation of theory" which Clara Wieck overcame.

For eighteen months after marriage Mme. Schumann remained in Leipzig, giving frequent public performances, which were mainly confined to the classic school. In December, 1841, she made a debut in romantic music playing with Liszt in a work of his for two pianos. Later she visited Hamburg, accompanied by Schumann, and then made a trip to Copenhagen alone. In 1844 Schumann's health became impaired, and the couple removed to Dresden, where they remained until 1850. These six years

Mme. Schumann devoted to caring for her husband and to compiling and publishing his music with the most judicious skill.

In 1846 she went with Schumann on a visit to St. Petersburg, returning from which she first met Jenny Lind, who became henceforth her cordial friend. The two artists gave a concert together in Vienna, a notable affair. Life from this period to the time of her husband's death was absorbed by intermittent public appearances in Germany and a devoted care of Schumann. England was waiting to hear the great pianist, but her visit there had several times to be postponed. She finally got to London in 1856, almost immediately preceding Schumann's death, and appeared with brilliant success in a series of concerts, at which she established herself a permanent favorite with the English people.

After her husband's death Mme. Schumann lived for some years in Berlin with her mother, but removed to



From Photo by Elliott & Fry, London, England

CLARA SCHUMANN.

Baden-Baden in 1863, where she remained until 1874. Her second visit to England had been made in 1865 and a third in 1867, after which, owing to the cordiality of English support and admiration, Mme. Schumann continued to visit the country almost regularly each year up to 1882. She also visited Austria, continuing to play with affectionate enthusiasm programs of her husband's works, and eventually succeeding in overcoming, by her rare exposition of his music, a prejudice which had existed against Schumann in the Austrian mind.

In 1878 the position of principal teacher was offered to her in the Frankfort Conservatory, and was accepted and filled with notable results for several years. The possession not only of her mental faculties but of the physical strength and elasticity to keep up her piano work remained with Mme. Schumann remarkably late in life. She made her last professional appearance in England about ten years ago, when fast approaching the allotted three score years and ten, and gave a performance which equaled in buoyancy and vitality the efforts of her fresh maturity.

She was a teacher of supreme ability and an austere critic. To have studied with Clara Schumann meant much, as she

encouraged no driftwood and never had her name recklessly banded from pupil to pupil's mouth, after the fashion of liberty taken with that of Liszt as a teacher. A great regret of her life was that she could never memorize. She had achieved an enormous repertory, dating from Scarlatti to Chopin, at a period when it was not only permissible but the vogue to play from the printed page. In the latter-day school of Liszt, Brahms, &c., Mme. Schumann tried to comply with the modern demand that virtuosi shall play solely from memory. She studied hard to memorize all modern compositions, but the difficulty was faced too late in life to ever be successfully overcome.

It is the custom by reason of her established musicianship to allude to Clara Schumann always as an "intellectual pianist." She was an intellectual pianist in the highest and best sense that intellectuality implies—the absolute musicianly grasp of a composer's meaning. But she was also a pianist of tenderness and warmth, poetry, grace and even passion. She was a combination of virtues, musical, musicianly and temperamental, such as loom upon the artistic horizon not often in the ages. She had powerful qualities of brain, but she had also great depths of heart, and both were balanced in her playing after a manner which has given her critics just ground to proclaim her the greatest female pianist the world has known.

Her tone in playing is described by eminent critics as being peculiarly beautiful, rich and vigorous, but never harsh. It was this singing mellowness of touch which induced Liszt to say of her, "Many make more noise, few make more music." She exacted from the keyboard by a form of lingering finger pressure, as opposed to percussion, a rare fruitiness of tone quality, which few have been known to attain. Her husband's works were always her favorites. She ennobled them and disclosed their innermost beauties with a fidelity unapproached by any exponent of Schumann of her age.

She always desired to be regarded simply as Robert Schumann's widow. Her devotion to him as man and musician never faltered, although during the periods of gloom and inertia before Schumann eventually lost his mind, and when she was forced to be the principal breadwinner, her love and patience were often sorely tried.

Personally Mme. Schumann was of middle height, rather stout, with a pale face, aquiline nose and deep blue expressive eyes.

She abhorred all show in piano playing. "Only the dilettanti," she said, "indulge in tricks of manner." Once when a favorite pupil threw up her hands at the close of a brilliant piece of passage work Mme. Schumann took it as a dire offense. "Did you ever see me do anything like that?" she said. "Never repeat it."

On the fiftieth anniversary of her artistic career a jubilee was held at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, at which Mme. Schumann played her husband's own concerto. The occasion was one of crowds and triumphant enthusiasm, and the veteran artist retired with a golden laurel wreath on each leaf of which was inscribed the name of some famous composer.

As a widow England and Germany joined hands in the effort to provide for her. Eventually the Schumann fund was established which furnished the widow with an income sufficient to live.

Her life has been one of great length, rare usefulness and a most potent influence in the progress of musical art.

Clifford Schmidt.

Clifford Schmidt, the well-known violinist, concertmeister and teacher, died last week at the Seney Hospital, Brooklyn, from injuries received on a trolley car on Sunday week. The circumstances surrounding the accident were particularly sad, and his death caused universal regret among the leading musicians of the city.

Mr. Schmidt, accompanied by his wife and child, was

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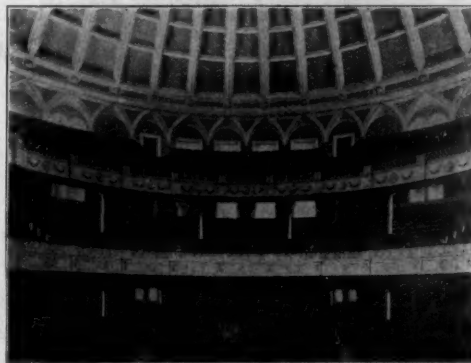
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returning from Coney Island when the accident occurred. They had expected to return by train, but missing it took seats in an open trolley car. Mr. Schmidt sat on the front seat with his back to the motorman and facing his wife and child.

After the road crosses the boulevard entrance to the park the trolley wires are supported by single poles carrying cross arms, from the ends of which the overhead trolley wires descend. The poles are about 119 feet apart and come within 12 or 14 inches of the side of the passing car.

When the car on which were Mr. Schmidt and his family was nearing King's Highway a sudden gust of wind blew his hat off, and he leaned out either to catch it or to see where it went. In doing so his head struck a trolley pole and the base of the skull was fractured. There was considerable delay in removing him to the hospital, and in the meantime some one contrived to rifle his pockets and secure some of his valuables. He was at the hospital but a comparatively short time before he died. It was thought when the accident occurred that he had a fair chance for recovery, but a later examination showed that the skull was so badly crushed that recovery was impossible.

Clifford Schmidt was born on October 11, 1861, in San Francisco. His father, Louis Schmidt, was well known as a musician, was an organist in Brooklyn for some years, and had attained considerable reputation as a piano manufacturer. In 1869 the family went to Europe to study, and young Clifford and his brothers Louis and Ernst were placed in the conservatory in Leipzig. They remained there but a short time and went to Paris, where they studied with Massart. After remaining there two years they returned to America. Again he went to Europe, studying in Leipzig and elsewhere, in 1883 going to Berlin, where he placed himself in Joachim's hands.

When he returned to America, in 1885, he joined the Thomas orchestra, where his brothers were playing. He played also with Damrosch, and finally joined Seidl's orchestra, of which he later became concertmeister, and with which he continued until his retirement from orchestral work a little over a year ago. He was concertmeister under that director for a portion of the performances of opera in German at the Metropolitan Opera House under the Stanton régime.

When the violin department of the Metropolitan College of Music was established, some eight years ago, he was called to its direction and continued in that position to the time of his death. He was remarkably successful as a teacher and his class at the college was a large one, all his pupils holding for him the strongest affection. He was intensely interested in chamber music and did his utmost to interest his pupils in it. Many very charming chamber music concerts were given under his direction. He was extremely liberal with his pupils and was always ready to assist any talented pupil, the question of remuneration remaining entirely in the background. His relations with his orchestral and college associates were always of the most pleasant character, and those who have worked with him for years feel the keenest regret at his death.

He married Miss Henley, of Brooklyn, in 1893, who, with an infant daughter, survives him. Mr. Schmidt was in every way a very agreeable, cultured man, kind hearted to a fault, and with a personality that won him friends wherever he went. His death removes a bright and cultured musician and an honest, straightforward man from the musical circles of this city and Brooklyn.

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The Paris Conservatory.

It was reported in these columns last week that M. Theodore Dubois had been nominated as director of the Paris Conservatory in succession to the late M. Ambroise Thomas.

On the day after the death of that lamented musician two names were generally mentioned in connection with the vacancy in this important office, those of M. Massenet and M. Emile Rety. The latter had from the first declared that he wished to retire, that not only he would not accept the office of director, but that he would not retain his functions as secretary-general, thinking that after forty years of service he had a right to repose. After this the only name thought of was that of Massenet.

On May 5 Massenet was summoned to the Ministry of Fine Arts, where he met the Minister and the Director of Fine Arts. The latter earnestly pleaded the cause of the



M. THEO. DUBOIS.

Conservatory, but Massenet waived aside these appeals, and when the Minister had explained to him the conditions of the new directorship he asked for twenty-four hours' delay before replying yes or no. On the following day his answer came, to the effect that he preferred his independence and his liberty. M. Roujon at once proposed Theodore Dubois. The dignity of his life, his great musical knowledge, and his talents for composition had already suggested to some the name of Dubois, but it was thought that he would not be inclined to accept a post more fitted for a composer whose works were remunerative than to one in such a modest position as he was in this point of view. Nevertheless, on May 6, he accepted the post under the conditions now laid down for the management of the institution. Five years ago a Commission for the Reform of the Conservatory was instituted, but the conclusions at which it arrived remained a dead letter, out of respect to the venerable Ambroise Thomas. With the new director they came into force, and the decree respecting them appeared May 7 in the *Journal Officiel*. They are as follows:

The director is named for a period, renewable, of five years. This is the rule in most of the state institutions; for instance, in the School of Fine Arts, M. Paul Dubois has been renominated every five years for the last eighteen years.

The Superior Council of Instruction is completely reorganized, and will work henceforth with regularity. It will be composed of the Minister and the Director of Fine Arts, the director of the conservatory, the chief of the bureau des théâtres, the secretary of the conservatory, and will be divided into two sections.

The musical section will consist of six members nominated by the minister, and chosen outside the conservatory, three professors of the conservatory named by the minister, and three others elected by their colleagues.

The dramatic section will consist of six authors, critics or artists nominated by the minister, and chosen outside the Conservatory, a professor named by the minister, and a professor elected by his colleagues.

The council is called upon to give its advice on all questions submitted to it by the minister or the director. It is charged with the inspection of the classes; it discusses and submits to the minister the programs of the course of instruction.

The professors are nominated by the minister on the presentation of two names at least, and three at the most, by the section of the council.

The jury of admission will be different for each branch of instruction. It will be composed of members of the council of four, outside members nominated by the minister, and of the professors of the special branch.

We may add that the successor of M. Emile Rety in the responsible place of secretary-general will be M. Fernand Bourgeat, the inspector of theatres.

"The nomination of M. Dubois," writes *Le Ménestrel*, "will have the approbation of all. He is the man for the situation. This situation will not be without difficulties, at least at first. It will require all the calm, all the uprightness, all the sense of justice, and also all the firmness of M. Dubois to surmount them. We have every confidence in the wisdom of M. Theodore Dubois, and we recognize that in the midst of so many shoals he was without doubt the only pilot who could be chosen."

Deaths.—The composer Antonio Cagnoni died lately at Bergamo. Born in 1838, he studied at the Conservatory of Milan, and in his nineteenth year his third opera, *Don Bucefalo*, was produced. Its success was great; for twenty-five years it was in the repertory of all the Italian theatres, and was played at the Paris Théâtre Italien thirty years ago. He wrote many other almost buffo works, of which *La Tombola*, *Papa Martin*, *Claudia*, &c., were most successful, but after fifteen years he abandoned the theatre in order to assume the direction of the choir at the Cathedral of Novara, and to devote himself to the composition of sacred music.—Mr. William F. G. Nicolai, director of the Conservatory of The Hague, died lately in his sixty-seventh year. He was the composer of an oratorio, *Boniface*; several cantatas, including *The Bell*, to Schiller's words; *Hanske van Gelder*, a symphony and several overtures. His numerous *Lieder* were popular in Germany as well as in Holland. Nicolai was editor of the music journal *Cecilia*.—Antonka von Hiller, née Hogé, widow of Ferd. von Hiller, died May 2, aged seventy-six. She was an excellent singer, and Hiller composed for her his quintet for soprano and male chorus. Her daughter is the wife of the pianist, Professor Kwast, of Frankfurt.

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[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

CINCINNATI, May 25, 1896.

THE Twelfth Cincinnati May Music Festival brought out something of the spirit of the early festivals, when the whole city was given over to feasting. Fourth street was liberally decorated in bunting, and the



daily papers gave whole editions to pictures of the new Springer Hall and the usual padding about the soloists.

The Thomas Orchestra numbered nearly 100 men, and for the first time in the history of the festivals no Cincinnati musicians were employed to supplement the regular orchestra. Even Michael Brand, the 'cellist, Mr. Thomas' personal friend, was not found in his usual position. It might be added in this connection that this is the first year in a decade that Cincinnati has a body of sterling musicians to draw from.

The chorus numbered about 350. The soloists were: Mme. Nordica, Frau Klafsky, Mme. Medora Henson, Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson, Miss Marie Brema, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Ffrangeon-Davies, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Plunket Greene, Mr. George S. Hamlin.

Those who have watched festival matters closely for the past few years looked forward to the twelfth festival with some misgiving. When the smoke from the battle had cleared away it was generally admitted that the choral work in 1894 was inexcusably poor. Whether the festival directors recognized this or not, they took no steps toward bettering it, and for the festival that opened last night gave over their chorus to the same man who had prepared the chorus of 1884. If the latter barely escaped

shipwreck in 1894, what could one expect of the chorus of 1896 was a question that naturally suggested itself.

From this point of view the opening concert was better than one had reason to expect. Yet it proved as strongly as did the last festival the utter incompetency of the chorus conductor. It is useless to mince matters, or to gloss over the cold facts under the cover of the general spirit of rejoicing at the opening of the new hall. The public, it is true, is practically blind to the defects or even the excellences of choral work; give the public eminent soloists and it will take without a murmur the most inadequate chorus. But let the soloists be a failure and the best chorus will find it well nigh impossible to redeem the concert in the public's eyes. Nevertheless, every thinking man must recognize that the chorus is the *raison d'être* of the festival



THEODORE THOMAS.

and therefore deserves first attention. The performance of Judas Maccabæus was a fair one. Some of the choruses went smoothly, and the last chorus, See the Conquering Hero Comes, brought out something of the choral quality one expects of a mass of singers. Had the choir been formed for the occasion, with the usual number of rehearsals, with an indifferent orchestra for the accompaniment of soloists of no particular distinction, its work would have

been considered above the ordinary. And this is the charitable position that festival audiences have been taught to take on all occasions.

But here is the question that seems to demand a square answer: Is the chorus worthy of the forces brought together for this festival? Does it represent the best efforts of a chorus trained two years for this one purpose?

For this festival a great hall had been dedicated; a noted conductor has brought with him a large and capable orchestra; the most eminent singers of the English language have been engaged for the solo parts, and behold the mainstay of it all does not know its music! For in no other



Mlle. MARIE BREMA.

way could one explain the wabbling uncertainty of the choir in certain choruses such as the familiar Hear Us, O Lord, at the end of the first part, and the Ab. Wretched Israel. There is not an abundance of good material in the choir, but in numbers it balances far better than it did in 1894, and there is no mortal reason why the singers should not know the score before them, particularly a Handel score.

The average festival-goer will say: "Why do you discourage the chorus? They did their best. The performance may not be perfect, but I enjoyed it." I answer, because we have a right to expect something more. Had every critic of the last festival, professional or amateur, spoken his mind unreservedly in 1894 the chorus would not be what it is to-day, and out of the failures of the past something solid might have been built. But it was not to be. It is sacrilege to judge a festival chorus from the ordinary standpoint of art. In 1894 the shortcomings of the chorus were pointed out, but the festival directors stultified themselves against just criticism and, heeding the voice of adulation and puffery, stayed in the rut in which they found themselves.

Nor is Mr. Thomas blameless. Despite his early

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declarations to the contrary, he afterward confessed that the chorus of 1894 was utterly inadequate; yet he did not think it necessary to advise a change in the methods of their training.

Of the soloists the first mention is due, perhaps, to Mr. Watkin-Mills, to my mind, who represents almost perfectly the ideals of English oratorio singing. His remarkably clear enunciation, the serenity and dignity of his style, belong peculiarly to Händel. His voice never suggests physical effort even in the widest range of compass, nor does he ever depart from the clear, cold atmosphere essential to oratorio.

Mr. Ben Davies' success, too, was deserved. His upper register is built rather than natural, but it is superbly

moderate passages was at times fairly well balanced; in the forte passages, such as the chorus beginning Hail Judea, the sopranos predominated as usual. There was a suggestion of alto and much organ. The basses came out in the final chorus. The tenors tried to make up in tone volume what they lacked in numbers. The result was scratchy and unpleasant.

A Beethoven symphony in Mr. Thomas' hands is always a delight.

Of all Beethoven symphonies the Seventh, the apotheosis of the dance, is perhaps best suited to the dignity and conservation of Mr. Thomas' reading. The long crescendo at the end of the first movement against the "obstinate" bass was wrought with admirable firmness. The second move-

Possibly this may account for the small attendance Wednesday, but it is more likely that festival goers feared the results. It would be hard to find a composition better calculated to bring out the weak points of a large chorus—especially an American chorus where the male voices are inferior—than Tinel's Francis.

It abounds in sudden changes of key and trying modulations. Much of the recitative is given to single groups of



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built. His singing of Sound an Alarm was one of the few inspiring bits in the performance.

Mme. Nordica in an intensely dramatic reading of Ah Perfido and in the oratorio gave an extraordinary example of the adaptability of her art. In the oratorio Mme. Nordica was in striking contrast to Miss Brema. The latter carried off the popular honors of the evening, but I liked her least of all the soloists. Like so many modern singers, Miss Brema does not understand that a recitative is a simple statement of facts; it is talking. From a vocal point of view she sang the everlasting air Father of Heaven superbly. But the sentiment was entirely foreign to the text. It might have suited *Brünnhilde's* appeal to *Wotan* better than the simple hymn of praise in Händel's score.

The orchestral accompaniments were not always as exact as they should have been. The boys' choir deserves a good word for singing in time and tune. The chorus in

ment was taken at a characteristically slow Thomas tempo. The Meistersinger vorspiel was admirably, albeit a trifle heavily done. The brass was mellower than is its wont in the Thomas Orchestra, the woodwind pure in intonation.

There are those who will allow sentiment to express regret at the changes that have been made in Music Hall. To my mind the change has wrought an invaluable blessing, for the acoustics have been improved. The color scheme is atrocious, but this is a comparatively unimportant matter and can be changed at any time. The new hall is worthy of its history, a worthy monument to the early struggles for progress and art that gave birth to the festivals.

* * * *

The second evening of the festival, devoted to a work that has been given, I believe, but twice in this country, had a comparatively small audience. It has often been remarked that festival audiences are not fond of novelties.



WATKIN-MILLS.

voices, and the orchestra often leaves the voice parts practically unsupported. Precision of attack and an intimate knowledge of the score are imperative. The Festival chorus has neither of these attributes.

It is doubtful if Thomas ever conducted a weaker choral performance. From the opening chorus to the end there was not a single clean note of attack; the intonation was often wretched; there was neither a fortissimo nor pianissimo.

At the last rehearsal Mr. Thomas said to the chorus: "You don't know the music, but we will come out together, anyway."

That tells the story. Had Mr. Thomas considered the best interests of the festival he would not have allowed



H. PLUNKET GREENE.

the work to have been given, for he must have felt that anything like artistic results were impossible.

The choral work at his concert probably opened the eyes of the public to the fact that the chorus has not been in competent hands. The chorus has some good material, enough to assure results worthy of the work, as was clearly

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shown in one or two instances, notably in some of the choruses for women's voices. Yet if one considers the conditions, the opening performance brought these things out as clearly as the effort of the second night. Francis is a modern, difficult work. Judas Maccabaeus has been rehearsed by the choir for three years. It was to have been given by them at the World's Fair. In the latter there are absolutely no grounds for excuses.

It is well-nigh impossible to enter into the details of the performance of Tinel's work, for sunlight rarely broke into the gloom of choral uncertainty and sluggishness.

Tinel writes in the shadow of Mendelssohn, Liszt and Wagner, the composer of St. Elizabeth, perhaps, predominating. With all his dramatic instinct and modern sense of color, it is strange that his description of heaven is of the old school. He has not learned from Wagner that heaven and the harp are separable.

The orchestra in the dance of the first part and in several of the running arpeggio accompaniments was grace

Davies has a deep, richly resonant baritone voice of great carrying power.

The poor festival chorus that takes upon its ill balanced shoulders all the sins of its trainer at least deserves one word of comfort. There were places in the performance of Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Delilah* that showed an accuracy and spirit hitherto not even suggested in the work of the chorus. One cannot honestly say that the choral work was worthy of its surroundings. There was the same flattening in unaccompanied passages, while fortes, crescendos, pianos, and diminuendos meant absolutely nothing to the singers. In the chorus for basses, Act I, Scene V., the words "Palms of praise loudly swell" were of exactly the same force and coloring as the gentle diminuendo that is supposed to follow them. But the chorus had little to do, and some of that was well done. The general impression, therefore, was a decidedly favorable one.

Samson and Delilah has been frequently given in the East, both in its original oratorio form and on the operatic stage, but the work was heard for the first time in Cincinnati Thursday night. There is much that is dramatic, occasional bits of strong coloring, such as the *danse du ventre* in the last act, and an odd, occasional dip into the Gregorian music of the mother church. The brunt of the work falls largely upon the three leading soloists and upon the orchestra. Saint-Saëns has little respect for the oratorio spirit and undoubtedly intended his biblical opera for the stage, to which at the time of composing he had not the entrées. "There are some good solo singers, artists of great talent," writes the French composer, "who sing especially in oratorio. Orchestral conductors and players pull each their own way, according to their whim and fancy. Such performances would be considered pitiful in Paris. Luckily the English public is endowed with indomitable patience; it is never bored, or rather, it accepts boredom as inevitable."

It is perfectly evident that Saint-Saëns did not intend to trust his *Delilah* or his *Samson* to these oratorio specialists, and in the performance Wednesday night his wishes were followed. Brema's *Delilah* would drive the excitable Saint-Saëns into ecstasies. Those who judged this singer by her work in *Judas Maccabaeus* had but a faint conception of her artistic resources. The voice—rich, warm, and of extraordinary carrying power—was handled with intense, but never with exaggerative dramatic instinct. Mr. Ben Davies, who in a smaller degree has the advantage of an operatic training, likewise distinguished himself as *Samson*. The duet following the much exploited contralto air, *Mon cœur s'ouvre à la voix*, brought such applause as the new hall had not yet heard. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies sang the part of the high priest creditably, though it did not lie exactly in his range. The orchestra, considering the terrific program of the afternoon, did excellent work.

The Thursday afternoon program was:

Variations, Chorale St. Antoni.....	Brahms
Am Meer.....	Schubert
Doppelgänger.....	Mr. Plunket Greene.
Symphonie Pathétique.....	Tschaikowsky
Introduction, Isolda's Transfiguration, Tristan and Isolda... Wagner	
Madame Lillian Nordica.	
Scherzo, op. 45.....	Goldmark
My Love's an Arbutus.	
O, Ye Dead!	
(Old Irish melodies, arranged and orchestrated by C. Villiers Stanford.)	
By the Waters of Babylon.	
(Old Welsh melody, arranged and orchestrated by Arthur Somervell.)	
Mr. Plunket Greene.	
Polonaise, A flat.....	Chopin
Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.	
Aria, Queen of Sheba.....	Gounod
Madame Lillian Nordica.	
Till Eulenspiegel's Jolly Waggoner.....	Richard Strauss

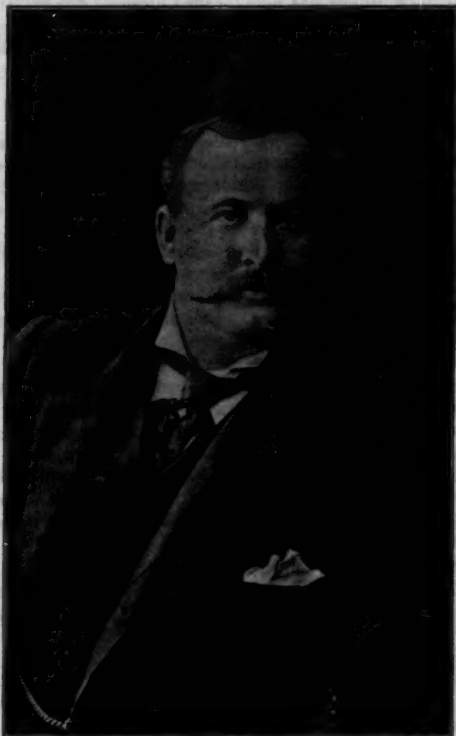
Theodore Thomas is as persistent as ever in cramming music down people's throats. It was impossible to digest

such a performance. Brahms, then the Tschaikowsky symphony, and, to top all, the *Liebestod*—Pellon on Ossa with a vengeance! The audience, by far the largest of the series, sat through it all with true festival devotion.

The symphony went well. There are those who begin to say Tschaikowsky will not live—they do not know his last two symphonies.

Mr. Thomas' orchestra is not made up of the most finished material, the brass does not always tune, and the strings lack the perfect sweep of men who have long played together. It is not the equal of the orchestra he brought to Cincinnati in January, 1895. Yet the symphony was played with far more attention to finish than one had reason to expect after reading the New York opinions of the Thomas performance of the same work.

The Brahms variations were indifferently played, while



BEN DAVIES.

and pliancy itself, at other times it was inclined to be unwieldy.

The honor of the evening belonged to Mr. Ben Davies, who sang *Francis*. He entered into the devotional spirit of Tinel's music with fervor and dignity of purpose. His voice was handled with consummate art, his phrasing was natural, his singing of the Hymn of Poverty ending

How can I love but thee on earth,
O, sweetest Lady Poverty?

will remain one of the pleasantest memories of the festival.

Mme. Medora Henson did not make a favorable impression. Her voice was scarcely large enough for the hall, unpleasant in quality, and when forced brought to the surface a disagreeable tremolo. Technically her performance was exact, by no means an easy accomplishment, for there are syncopations on one of the soprano solo passages that might bring disaster even to experienced singers. The smaller solo parts were well done, particularly those given to Mr. Plunket Greene and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.

The festival seems to have been peculiarly fortunate in its importations of English or Welsh singers. Mr. Ffrangcon-



FRAU LOHSE-KLAFSKY.

the Strauss number, on the other hand, was given a brilliant reading. Richard Strauss, the hope of all Wagnerians, in Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Waggoner, has written a tone picture interesting merely in its ingenious construction. Humor it may have, but it is of a Bratwurst quality that fails to move a Celt.

Plunket Greene sang the two Schubert songs, using Thomas' orchestration. He was inclined to force his voice to the point of hoarseness. There was immense pathos in the old Welsh melody. Ballads are not for music hall, but it has been discovered that ballad singers "draw," and henceforth no festival will be without them.

Mme. Nordica was not in the best of voice. But what a marvelous triumph for American artistic temperament is this singer! It was not many years ago that Nordica was singing Italian roulades in a hybrid operatic concert company. Now she is recognized as an *Isolda*. Whatever

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shortcomings one may find in her conception (it is free from the animalism of some German singers), one can but bow to the extraordinary versatility of this indomitable willed American girl. Her *Queen of Sheba* air was scarcely up to her old-time performance. Can it be that Nordica will furnish another example to those who hold that Wagner is attained only at the sacrifice of all else?

Friday night the program was:

Overture, Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven
Aria, Abscheulicher, Fidelio.....

Frau Lohse-Klafsky.

Symphony No. 1, B flat.....Schumann
Bacchanale.....Tannhäuser.....Wagner
Prayer.....

Frau Lohse-Klafsky.

Cantata, The Swan and the Skylark.....A. Goring Thomas

Had the festival chorus devoted two years to simple lyric works like Goring Thomas' *The Swan* and the *Skylark* sugar-coated praise might have had some foundation of truth. In all the festival audiences there was an atmosphere of friendliness, a disposition to encourage the choir whenever a spark of the true choral quality showed itself. There was, therefore, general rejoicing Friday night when some of the simple choruses of Goring Thomas' work found smooth expression. The same evidences of careless training shown in the preceding concerts were present whenever the score left the path of single four part lyrics; yet in the opening chorus, *Mid the Long Reeds*, the choir for the first time attained a pure tone quality. Had it not been for the confusion in the last number the chorus would have earned the many encomiums that "policy" and "loyalty"—it cannot be ignorance—have heaped upon it.

The solo parts were particularly well done. Miss Lawson's voice of course sounded a trifle thin after the mighty Klafsky, who preceded her on the program. But she sang the part tastefully; her phrasing was particularly good.

Mr. Davies sang the tenor solos superbly. His work throughout the festival, by the way, was remarkably consistent and true. He was given a little of everything from Hänsel to Wagner and Goring Thomas.

Miss Brema was likewise successful in adapting herself to her surroundings and in suppressing the dramatic instincts that naturally color all her efforts.

The *Swan* and the *Skylark*, based upon rather oddly joined fragments of Mrs. Hemans', Shelley's and Keat's poems, abounds in dreamy melody. It reflects the beauty of the lines, but it lacks purpose.

Is it possible that Thomas chose the one symphony that has been given twice by the Cincinnati Orchestra to prove the superiority of his band? No proof is necessary. I think we are all ready to admit it. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Thomas gave an indifferent, colorless reading of Schumann's buoyant first symphony.

Hats off to Mr. Thomas' Beethoven, but his Schumann is too dry. He lacks the essential warmth and romance. The *Tannhäuser* Bacchanale was well done.

The depth of Frau Klafsky's art cannot be divined on the concert stage. Her conception of the *Fidelio* scene, however, made a profound impression. Her voice has the human quality—and what breadth! After hearing her Isolde last fall I hardly looked for the refinement Klafsky put into the *Tannhäuser* prayer.

Space forbids a detailed review of the two Saturday performances. Here are a few impressions. Klafsky sang the *Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster* with tremendous effect. Then hoarseness came upon her suddenly and made the *Tannhäuser* air a difficult task. Thomas failed to bring out the beauties of the first two movements of the *Dvorák* New World symphony. In the first movement the woodwind was disagreeably out of tune.

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The closing program was as follows:

Walküre—
Vorspiel.....Orchestra.
Siegmund's Love Song.....Mr. Ben Davies.
Ride of the Valkyries.....Orchestra.
Scene, War as so schmachlich.
Wotan's Farewell,
Magic Fire Scene,
Miss Marie Brema and Mr. Plunket Greene.
Götterdämmerung—
Siegfried's Death.....Orchestra.
Brünnhilde's Self-Immolation.....Madame Lillian Nordica.
Symphony, No. 9, op. 125.....Beethoven
Choral finale, Hymn of Joy.....Schiller
Madame Lillian Nordica, Miss Marie Brema, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Watkin-Mills.
Chorus and orchestra.

In the Ninth Symphony Mr. Thomas once invited criticism. He took the finale in C major instead of in D major, as Beethoven wrote it. It is difficult to see by what stretch of logic such a proceeding could be justified. D major brings the final chorus a bit high for a large choir, but D major is the prevailing color of Beethoven's thought. If a chorus cannot sing it in the proper key it ought not to sing it at all.

It was the first time Mme. Nordica ever sang the *Götterdämmerung* finale in public. It was a splendid example of



F. FRANCON-DAVIES.

the singer's powers of adaptation. Her declamation was effective, and the spirit of Brünnhilde was really there. But there always is something to remind one that art was trying to cover the deficiencies of temperament. Miss Marie Brema and Mr. Ben Davies met with something of a popular ovation. Mr. Plunket Greene was troubled with hoarseness. At its best the characteristic timbre of Mr. Greene's voice is destroyed when forced to the declamatory and the heroic.

The Saturday audiences numbered over 4,000 each.

I hear that the Festival took in some \$43,000 and spent \$42,000.

The Festival week from one point of view is always a broad farce. This year two new personages were added to the cast.

Perhaps you in New York are not aware that it is sacrilegious to criticize anything connected with the Cincinnati Festival, or to lift one's voice in anything but praise. Now Mr. Krehbiel, of the *New York Tribune*, is wont to express his opinions without offering them to the censorship of the festival press bureau.

The local papers have hitherto been accustomed to supplement pleasant puffing with letters and anecdotes abusing the critic from New York. In '04 the Cincinnati *Times-Star* called attention to necessity of reform in the methods of preparing the chorus.

The festival managers, instead of looking matters squarely in the face and recognizing the truth of these criti-

cisms, seem to have laid their plans to offset any unpleasant truth that might find expression in '06. They therefore took pains to import a well-known writer from New York, who was guaranteed to back up any and every thing connected with Thomas, even unto the bitter end of failure, and another scribe similarly faithful from Chicago.

When these two allies had been carefully landed in Cincinnati the festival authorities made arrangements with the Cincinnati papers to have their reviews carried in the local columns.

It worked like a charm. Whenever anything went particularly badly the festival managers could always have any particular thing warmly praised. Comfortable in the sense that they had throttled adverse criticism, they voted the Festival of 1896 a gigantic artistic success. I really believe a large part of the public was not aware of this little plan, though a comparison of the opinions of the two New York correspondents would certainly suggest something in the air.

Mr. L. F. Brown was here for the *Chicago Tribune*. Mr. Henry T. Finck for the *New York Evening Post*. Mr. Aug. Spanuth, of the *New York Staats Zeitung*, contributed some valuable straightforward articles to the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*.

The time has come for a radical change. If the Cincinnati Festivals are to be continued they must have something artistically firm to stand upon—a chorus properly equipped for great musical works. The ostrich policy has been carried to its limit.

The Festival Chorus of 1896 was not properly prepared, and no honest man can deny this.

Theodore Thomas knew how the chorus was drifting these past four years; why did he not take some steps to stop it?
ROBT. I. CARTER.

Paris Grand Opera.—The composers whose works have been performed this season at the Opéra concerts have resolved to give MM. Bertrand and Gailhard a grand dinner as a token of their gratitude.

Bequest for Music.—A French nobleman has left by will to the town of Dijon 50,000 frs. to support the library of the Conservatory of Dijon, and 10,000 frs. to the Musical Society of the Children of Apollo.

A Parody.—Victor Dervil has published *La Valkyrie*, or *Le Sabre de Mon Père*, a prehistoric drama in three acts. This is the latest French parody of Wagner, and may be added to the Brussels parody, *La Valkyrigole*.

Amsterdam.—The Wagner Society of Amsterdam has given, under the direction of Dr. Viotta, a model performance of *Tristan and Isolde*, with Betz as *Kurwenal*, Alvary as *Mark*, Rosa Sucher as *Isolde* and Staudigl as *Brangäne*.

A Needed Work.—M. Gaston Dubreuilh has just published *L'Ecole du Dilettante*, in which he discusses the sensations produced by music and the means of controlling and refining them, and gives advice as to the method of hearing and understanding music, of judging by experience of the ear, and of understanding the forms. He, in fact, teaches how to listen, how to comprehend, how to judge by comparison, how to analyze the impressions and emotions we feel on hearing music.

Lortzing.—The Court Theatre, Berlin, will celebrate on May 30 the fifty years' jubilee of the Waffenschmied of Lortzing, which was first performed at Vienna, May 30, 1846, with Staudigl in the title rôle. The proceeds of the performance will be given to Lortzing's daughter, who is living at Vienna in poor circumstances. It is hoped that all other German opera houses will follow this example. The Waffenschmied is still one of the most popular operas, and, like other of Lortzing's works, has for the last fifty years made large sums for managers, while the composer and his family were left in poverty.

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Nina Bertini-Humphys.—Miss Nina Bertini-Humphys has just finished a very successful engagement in Boston, singing in Lucia, the Huguenots, Hänsel and Gretel and in Carmen, which she prepared herself to sing at very short notice. She leaves for Cleveland this week to sing with the La Marche Opera Company for the summer season.

Victor Harris to Europe for Two Months.—Mr. Victor Harris, after a most successful season, will sail for Europe on the S. S. Lucania on June 6. Mr. Harris is booked for a great deal of work in London, and will return on August 1 to resume his place as assistant conductor to Anton Seidl at the Brighton Beach concerts of the Seidl Society.

Adèle Laeis Baldwin's Season.—Adèle Laeis Baldwin gave a subscription song recital at the house of a well-known society lady in Orange, N. J., on May 26.

She has been engaged for a concert at Newark on May 28, with Messrs. George Fergusson and Fisher Miller, and also takes the alto part in Händel's Samson in Canada on June 4.

Between musicales, concerts, church works and teaching, this has been a very busy winter for Mrs. Baldwin. On June 15 she will go to Somerset Inn, Bernardsville, N. J., where she will spend the summer.

The Sgambati Symphony.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 25, 1896.

Editors The Musical Courier, New York:

Although I don't expect to be invited to the champagne dinner which Mr. Floersheim evidently has lost to Mr. Philip Hale, of Boston, I beg to be allowed to state for the information of these two gentlemen, as well as other parties interested, that Sgambati's symphony was played by the Philharmonic Orchestra, of Copenhagen, under Johan Svendsen's direction some eleven years ago. I remember this quite well, since it happened that Sgambati on the very same day directed Svendsen's symphony in Rome.

Yours respectfully,

CARL BUSCH.

Fannie Bulkeley Hills.—Miss Fannie Bulkeley Hills, a daughter of the well-known singer, Mrs. Anna Bulkeley Hills, and a pupil of Charles Herbert Clarke, promises a highly successful future. The following critique is taken from the New York Home Journal of May 20:

Miss Fannie Bulkeley Hills made her debut last Friday evening at the Amphion Theatre, Brooklyn, in the rôle of Flora MacDonald in De Koven's opera, Rob Roy. It is no small achievement to stand beside practiced, well equipped artists and hold one's ground, and this is precisely what Miss Hills did. Her appearance was entirely tentative, and the young debutante acquitted herself more than creditably. She exhibited a dramatic aptitude that can only come from innate genius. She possesses a voice of charming quality, sympathetic and telling, and she phrases and vocalizes with remarkable ar-

tistic precision for one unused to the stage. The young lady is bound to succeed when her opportunities arrive, for the reason that she possesses youth, intelligence, earnestness, ambition and beauty—an irresistible combination. Without the shadow of a doubt she will be a prima donna in the near future.

Melba Did Not Sing the Mass.—The following letter reaches us:

MAY 22.

Editors The Musical Courier:

You have in this week's MUSICAL COURIER an article regarding music in the service of Catholic churches (taken from the Journal), in which reference is made to the Christmas Day service in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The solo music in the entire mass was sung by Miss Kathrin Hilke, and not by Mme. Melba, as stated. It is no more than proper that Miss Hilke, a conscientious and painstaking artist, should receive credit for her own work, and I have no doubt you will take pleasure in correcting the error into which you must have inadvertently fallen. Mme. Melba sang Gounod's Ave Maria after the mass had been sung.

Very respectfully yours,

CONSTANT READER.

A Foerster Pupils' Musicales.—A very successful musicale was given on Thursday evening, May 21, in Pittsburgh, Pa., by the advanced pupils of Mr. A. M. Foerster. Following was the program:

Ballade, G minor, op. 23, Chopin, Miss Evalyn James; Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender, Lassen, Miss Ella Lytle; nocturne, G minor, op. 87, No. 1, Chopin, Miss Lucy Hechelmann; songs, Truebe Wild's, Die Farben Helgoland's, Rob. Franz, Miss Amanda Vierheller; romance, F sharp major, op. 28, Schumann, Miss Julia Gibansky; As We Wandered This Eve (Paul and Virginia), V. Massé, Miss Netty Purdy; Homage to Rubinstein, op. 38, No. 12, Foerster, Miss Sarah Taylor; theme and variations, op. 52, Mendelssohn, Miss Julia Gibansky; The Spirit's Song, Haydn, Miss Ella Lytle; sonata, E flat, op. 57, No. 1, Beethoven, Miss K. A. Hillgrove; Santa's Ballad (Flying Dutchman), Wagner, Miss Netty Purdy; novelties, F major, Schumann, Miss Sarah Taylor; songs, Wand' ich dem Wald, Gewitternacht, Rob. Franz, Miss Amanda Vierheller; symphonic variations, op. 13, Schumann, Miss Caroline Groetsch.

Wm. F. Keith's Success in California.—Keith, the American baritone, has been singing with immense success in a series of grand orchestral concerts given in San Francisco, Oakland and San José, with Rivaude and Lachaume.

The following splendid notices speak for themselves. Mr. Keith had to refuse to sign for a Southern California tour with these artists, as he is due in Berlin early in June:

Keith is a success. He has developed since we heard him last, as was naturally to be expected. His voice has no finer quality than it had, of course, but he sings with more artistic taste and effect. Massenet's Vision Fugitive was most expressively rendered, as was also a ballad encore, I Love Thee, and Faure's fine number Sancta Maria.—San Francisco Chronicle, April 28, 1896.

William Keith, the baritone who has been winning successes in the East and in Europe, was a very welcome addition to the concert. His voice is as mellow and homogeneous as ever, and he has gained considerably in artistic expression. He pronounces French better than many French singers, for every word is audible and his accent is excellent. Faure's Sancta Maria was especially suited to display Keith's really beautiful voice, though he also sang Massenet's Vision Fugitive excellently—as well as his encore, I Love Thee.—San Francisco Call, April 28, 1896.

Mr. Keith had another success. He sang the air from Sullivan's Prodigal Son, not a very interesting concert number, but giving an opportunity for sustained and powerful delivery, and a French song to his own accompaniment. The Saint-Saëns aria from Henri VIII, was his second program number, and he showed the versatility of his

training by a graceful rendering of Cowen's For A Dream's Sake.—San Francisco Chronicle, April 29, 1896.

As for Keith, he is another one of California's native sons destined to shed glory on her name, and who has been received enthusiastically at each performance. His voice is rounder, fuller, more mellow than when he sang here two years ago. He has gained in stage presence and artistic style. His legato singing shows the perfection of his training, and the sympathetic quality of his voice is as irresistible as ever. Keith's voice gives evidence of very careful training.—Town Talk, San Francisco, May 2, 1896.

William Keith lacks just a little of being glorious. His shortcomings, being in the nature of mannerisms, are for the most part inexcusable, his excellent training being considered. For the rest, his is perhaps the most beautiful, mellow and dramatic baritone voice ever heard in this city; not so large as some, but laden with meaning that touches the heart. In his interpretation, his phrasing and all the minutiae that make up style of rendering, he is an artist of the highest class. The encore in which he accompanied himself was the best bit on the program.—Oakland Saturday Night, May 2, 1896.

William Keith sang selections, notably No. 1, in which he was heard two years ago. His voice is a robust baritone, with a tenor quality. He appeared to please his audience more than either of the other stars last night.—San José Herald, May 5, 1896.

Carl Home from the South.—Mr. William C. Carl has returned from his trip South, where he achieved immense success in his recitals. The press has everywhere printed the highest praise of his musicianly and brilliant performances. Mr. Carl has established himself a permanent favorite throughout the Southern States. Mr. Carl has already closed a large number of engagements for the fall and is daily in receipt of further offers. At no period of his career have the services of this organist been in so great demand as at present, and his active work continues until the last moment of his departure for Europe the end of June.

Claremont Musical Tea.—A benefit musical tea will be given at Claremont Riverside Drive on to-morrow (Thursday), May 28, from 4 to 7. The artists who will take part are Miss Jeannette MacClanahan, soprano; Miss Alice Mandelick, contralto; Mr. Orton Bradley, pianist, and Mr. Louis Blumenberg, cellist. The afternoon promises to be a delightful one, an interesting program being arranged and the tea to be dispensed by seven young belles of society—the Misses F. Hashagen, Lillian de Blois, Clara Ashley, Linda Pinkham, Maud Phelon, Elsie Phelon and Florence Dale. Mrs. F. E. Conover, Mrs. John Moore and Mrs. J. C. R. Eckerson will receive. Following are the patrons: Mrs. N. Pendleton Rogers, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Bolles, Mrs. John C. R. Eckerson, Mr. Francis Fischer Powers, Mrs. Frank E. Conover, Mr. Albert Morris Bagby, Mr. T. Pearsall Thorne, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. John Moore, Mrs. A. Montant, Mrs. W. Hitchcock and Lieutenant Bettini.

Philadelphia Choral Union.—On Thursday evening, May 21, a concert was given in Musical Fund Hall by the Choral Union, of Philadelphia, assisted by the orchestra of the Broad Street Conservatory of Music, under the leadership of Mr. Gilbert R. Combs, who had kindly consented, in the interests of popular instruction in music, to aid the committee by the performance of this orchestra, composed entirely of pupils of the conservatory.

Although the concert was given by the Choral Union, yet judging from the applause the orchestra proved the

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The Nineteenth Academic Year begins September 1, 1896. A new illustrated Catalogue will be issued about May 30, and will be mailed to all applicants. For further information please address

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56 PAGES.

prominent feature of the evening, as every number was encoired. In speaking of the event a Philadelphia paper says: "The entire performance was thoroughly enjoyable, and though almost the entire membership of the orchestra is of boys under eighteen years, yet the program was rendered with the precision and ensemble of a professional orchestra, and the effects produced were truly marvelous for amateurs."

Jeanne Franko Sails.—Mme. Jeanne Franko, who sails to-day (Wednesday) on the steamship New York for Europe, will spend the summer abroad. She has just returned from Washington and Baltimore, where she played with great success in three evening concerts and one matinee with Sousa's Band. Mme. Franko will appear this summer in London and other European cities.

Success of Heinrich Meyn.—The tremendous success won by Mr. Heinrich Meyn at the musicale given in the Waldorf last week, which was arranged by Miss Leary, has earned the artist a host of friends in the fashionable social world. A large number of Newport people were present, and Mr. Meyn was asked to make his appearance this summer in several of the drawing-rooms.

The Pittsburgh Orchestra.—The new Pittsburgh Orchestra closed its first season of ten afternoon and ten evening concerts in the new Carnegie Hall on May 7 and 8. A series of admirable programs was performed with the assistance of the following soloists: Mme. Emma Juch, Mrs. Genevra Johnstone Bishop, Miss Charlotte Maconda, Miss Mary Louise Clary and Mme. Medora Henson, vocalists; E. A. MacDowell, pianist; Franz Listermann, cellist; Frederic Archer and Walter E. Hall, organists; Paul Sürth, harpist; A. Rivaude, violinist, and John L. Porter, basso.

To Succeed His Brother.—It has been practically settled that Mr. Louis Schmidt will succeed his brother Clifford, whose death is announced elsewhere, as director of the violin department of the Metropolitan College of Music, of this city. The violin department of the college, which had been under Clifford Schmidt's direction from its establishment until the present, is one of the most important in the school and will be continued on the lines laid down by the late Mr. Schmidt.

Six Professors Dismissed.

BOSTON, May 25, 1896.

PRETTY faces looked amazed and feminine hearts beat quickly in the New England Conservatory of Music this afternoon when the news spread that six members of the conservatory faculty had been informed by the trustees that their services would not be required after the close of the present term, which will end in June. These are the teachers who have lost caste with the trustees: Dr. Percy Goetschius, professor of harmony; Benjamin Cutter, professor of theory and violin; Charles McLaughlin, professor of violin; John D. Buckingham, professor of piano; Frank E. Morse, professor of voice culture, and Herman Hartman, professor of violin.

The trustees, of whom Richard H. Dana, president of the institution, is chairman, have taken this step because in their opinion these instructors were ringleaders of a certain element in the conservatory faculty which was openly opposed to Mr. Carl Faelten, the director.

Mr. Faelten has occupied his present office five years. He has not satisfied all of the faculty, and at least sixteen of that body have opposed him on the ground that he was not competent. The executive committee investigated the charges and concluded to support Mr. Faelten. Matters were patched up in February, and it was thought that nothing more of a disagreeable nature would happen.

Disension, however, was apparent over six weeks ago.

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Recently twelve members of the faculty met secretly to frame another complaint against Mr. Faelten. President Dana heard of it and regarded those who took part as conspirators. The six named were notified to-day of their release from the conservatory staff, the trustees having ratified President Dana's action. The other six were not regarded as real mischief makers.—*New York Sun.*

J. A. Hugo.

MR. J. A. HUGO, of Bridgeport, Conn., gave a piano soirée at Stuttgart April 9 in the concert hall of the Liederhalle. "Mr. Hugo," a Stuttgart critic writes, "has been for several years a pupil of the Conservatory and especially of Professor Speidel, and after seven years' study here he intends, before beginning greater artistic tours, to spend some time at Vienna under Leschetizky, who has been the master of so many magnates of the piano. Mr. Hugo is a talented artist, who has not only technique equal to the highest demands, but one who strives to produce the musical contents of a piece with good understanding and delicate feeling."

"In this he generally succeeds, and in handling the lighter forms he is in this respect very successful. His performance of the D flat nocturne by Chopin, a minuet by Speidel and a piece of his own composition, the D flat étude of Liszt, and the harmonically interesting prelude in F minor of Chopin was thoroughly attractive. The concert giver repeated the most taking part of his own Charakterstück, in obedience to urgent demands, to which he added some very pretty works of his own."

"In the Wanderer Fantasie of Schubert, with which the concert began, a certain amount of nervousness, easily understood, was visible, and the Liszt number did not exhibit complete unity throughout. The rendering of the ballade in G minor by Chopin bore witness of warm feeling and thorough comprehension of the passionate contents. The variations on a theme of Paganini by Brahms were very successfully rendered, and the Rhapsody No. 14 of Liszt, with its abrupt but interesting passages, was given as acceptably as possible. After this first acquaintance with the young artist we believe in a great future for him and wish him all good fortune on a path not free from thorns."

Baton Club Concert.

THE third concert of the third season of the Baton Club, New York, William C. Carl director, was given on Tuesday evening, May 10, in the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Twelfth street.

The principal work performed was Anderton's cantata, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, a dramatic piece of writing for soprano, tenor and baritone soli and chorus, in which the club got some excellent effects. The development of this choral body is highly praiseworthy, their united efforts being now marked by great purity of intonation, a precision in attack, and an expressive control of nuance. The cantata was all in all excellently sung and phrased. The delivery of the chorus is confident and refined and shows abundant spirit and taste.

Part songs and glees comprised the second half of the choral program, among which a group of three deserve special mention; a Pastoral by Hawley, Macfarren's *Sands o' Dee*, and the Madrigal from *Damrosch's Scarlet Letter*. These were given with great freshness, elasticity and abandon and call for particular praise.

The soloists were Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, soprano, Mr. H. D. Martin, tenor, and Mr. John C. Dempsey, baritone. The cantata had the accompaniment of piano and organ, Mrs. Florence B. Joyce presiding at piano, and Miss Grace Wilson at organ, both pupils of Mr. Carl.

Among incidental vocal solos Mrs. Northrop sang Ardit's *Se Saran Rose* very brilliantly. Mr. Martin gave the *Donna e Mobile* and Clay's *I'll Sing These Songs of Araby* with much feeling and finish, and the *Air du Tambour Major*

from Thomas' *Caid* was delivered in superb and sonorous style by Mr. Dempsey. The solo work in the cantata was well done by all.

Mr. Carl directed with inspiring decision and good judgment. He looked for well shaded effects, and he got them. Mr. Carl is confident and reliable with the baton, and makes a capital director of a chorus. With the Baton Club, which he originated, he has worked wonders and served to diffuse a large amount of musical cultivation through an extensive community.

This third concert was the last of this season. Work will be resumed as usual next season. At the opening of the evening the club presented to its justly popular director, Mr. Carl, a handsome scarf pin formed of a pearl surrounded by ten diamonds. It is a valuable gift and typifies the valuable affection and esteem in which Mr. Carl is held by his prosperous and intelligent chorus.

Clarence Eddy in Rome.

WE take pleasure in presenting to our readers the following translations of articles which followed Mr. Clarence Eddy's successful concerts in Rome. His more recent triumph in Paris is recorded on our editorial page in the shape of a cablegram from our Paris correspondent, particulars of which will be given in our next issue:

ROME, April 23, 1896.

The most recent really artistic impression at the St. Cecilia Academy was produced by the American organist, Mr. Clarence Eddy, on Wednesday, April 19, in an extremely interesting concert. The program included illustrious old and modern names—Bach, Guilmant, Rheinberger, Salome, Capocci, Dubois and Lemmens—and was remarkable for the marvelous perfection of its execution.

For steady equilibrium, for clearness in the execution of the most difficult passages, for the dignity of his playing, its variety and taste in the use of the different stops, for absolute certainty and versatility in different styles, Mr. Clarence Eddy made a very great and surprising sensation. It would be really fortunate for us if we could hear and admire him again during a more prolonged stay in this metropolis, where the recollections of Frescobaldi and other famous organists have always been a kind of national glory.—*Correspondence of the Gazzetta Musicale di Milano.*

ROME, April 17, 1896.

The organ concert given yesterday afternoon in the hall of the St. Cecilia Academy by Mr. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, was a marvelous surprise to everyone. A rich gentleman traveling for pleasure, who for many months has had no opportunity of practicing his art, cannot but be an amateur, and will hardly play as God elects. Such and other similar speculations and surmises were circulating in the concert room, when the sympathetic figure of a middle-aged man bowed to the audience, seated himself at the organ and began to play the toccata in F major by Sebastian Bach. If the Bach Society had only possessed the feet of this grand organist it might have spared itself the expense of a four manual organ.

It is impossible to describe the work done by Mr. Eddy on the pedals without once looking at them. In the same marvelous way he executed a prolonged trill. Equally marvelous and admirable were his crescendos, as well as the frequent change of register without the slightest interruption or sensible pause in the performance. The wonderful organist played in succession an offertorium in D flat by Salome, and the *In Paradisum* by Dubois, with such grace and delicacy of sentiment that the most impassioned player could not have done more.

Moved by an exceedingly kind feeling Mr. Eddy included in his program a larghetto and finale by the leading Italian organist, Filippo Capocci, and at the conclusion of the concert Capocci shook hands with Mr. Eddy, expressing his appreciation as well as his great admiration in a most enthusiastic manner.

A large audience of ladies and gentlemen, partially belonging to the English and American colonies of Rome, was present. A great many artists, among them the distinguished Maestro Renai, organist of the Academy of Saint Cecilia, remained to present their expressions of unbounded admiration and heartfelt congratulations to Mr. Eddy.—*L'Osservatore Romano.*

An Addition to Carnegie Hall.

PLANs have been filed for an addition to Carnegie Hall, to be erected on the Fifty-seventh street side of the building corresponding to that erected a short time ago on the Fifty-sixth street side.

This addition is 50 feet higher than the main building, which is about 100 feet high. The new addition will be devoted to studios for musicians and artists.

It is estimated that the alterations will cost at least \$100,000.

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Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Assign.

MESSRS. ABBEY, SCHOEFFEL & GRAU, the operatic and theatrical managers, assigned on Friday last for the benefit of their creditors, the assignees being Messrs. Louis J. Phelps, of the law firm of Olin, Rives & Montgomery, and Col. A. Rand, of Boston. The assignment is treated editorially in another part of this paper. As yet no definite statement of the assets and liabilities of the firm has been made and only such points are given as were known to those well informed on the business side of musical and theatrical affairs.

It had been expected in theatrical circles for some time past that Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau would be compelled to take some such action. For the last three years a number of their attractions outside of the opera have lost money for them steadily. Besides the Metropolitan Opera House, they control Abbey's Theatre here and the Tremont Theatre in Boston, which is under the particular direction of John Schoeffel.

Mr. Abbey took particular interest in Abbey's Theatre, while Mr. Grau was most of the time occupied in the control of the Metropolitan Opera House. Two French actors recently brought here by the firm were conspicuous failures. Mounet-Sully and Rejane drew very small audiences, and it was said of Rejane's tour in this country that she never on a single night attracted to the theatre the amount of her salary. But these failures, bad as they were, made no such strain on the profits yielded by the opera as the tour of Lillian Russell. Their losses in their attempt to make Miss Russell a profitable attraction amounted to more than \$200,000 in two seasons.

The opera company, too, was less profitable this year than during the preceding season. The performances of German opera entailed on the management a large outlay which was never returned. In their effort to secure German singers at short notice they were compelled to pay big prices for artists who were not used when they got here.

One German tenor was engaged for fifty performances at \$300 a night, and although he was called upon to sing only a few times, he drew \$15,000 for the season. A German prima donna, who sang less than half a dozen times, got \$8,000 for her services. There were a number of singers who received money for which they rendered equally small returns, as the German season was a failure from the outset.

The rivalry of Walter Damrosch seriously interfered this season with the success of the company in the towns outside of New York, and the receipts were in almost every city less than they had been in previous years. The tour of Sir Henry Irving, who played under the management of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau this year, was highly prosperous, but their share in his profits was very slight. Sarah Bernhardt was also successful, and out of her trip they made money, but not enough to compensate for the deficiencies which arose from the Lillian Russell Company. It was necessary in her case to change the operas often, in the hope that she might be made more popular, but no one piece proved any more effective in producing this result than the others.

For the past few months Mr. Abbey has been in ill health, and has been unable to give the attention to the affairs of the firm that they needed. Offers of financial assistance were made by a number of parties, but it was thought best, after a careful going over of the firm's condition, to make the assignment.

The lease of the Metropolitan Opera House was cancelled by the assignment, but the directors have expressed their confidence in the firm to pull through their difficulties. When Mr. Abbey failed with the opera house in 1885 he owed the directors \$50,000 and paid every cent with interest.

Mr. Maurice Grau sailed for Europe on Saturday to see

the artists already engaged for next season, to make arrangements for their return.

Abbey's Theatre was built by the Goelets and Mr. Abbey was given the direction. It is unlikely there will be any change at that house. The Tremont Theatre, Boston, was more under Mr. Schoeffel's direction.

Henry E. Abbey, the head of the firm, first became conspicuous in theatrical affairs in 1881 by bringing Sara Bernhardt to this country, a venture that paid him handsomely.

Shortly after this John B. Schoeffel, of Boston, became his partner, and these two conducted the old Park Theatre, at Twenty-second street and Broadway. Mrs. Langtry, who had just made her debut as an actress in England, was next brought to the United States by this firm, and her successful tour was followed by the introduction of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in 1883.

At that time Maurice Grau, whose association with musicians and foreign artists made him the possessor of qualifications which were suited to the future plans of the firm, allied himself with Abbey and Schoeffel, and since that time the firm has been known under its present name. Most of the distinguished foreign artists that have come to this country were brought here by Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. In 1883, when the Metropolitan Opera House was finished, the firm took control, and Mr. Abbey, with his associates, brought to this country the finest opera company it had ever known.

The season, however, was a financial failure, and at its close a benefit was given for the management, which resulted in a gift of \$36,000 to them. German opera, under Dr. Leopold Damrosch, was given at the Metropolitan, until for a second time, in 1891, Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau again assumed control. Coquelin, Jane Hading, Sarasate, Eugène d'Albert and Beerbohm Tree were some of the artists that the firm introduced to this country, and the famous singers who have been at the Metropolitan Opera House since 1892 were of course brought here by them. This list includes Emma Eames, Emma Calvé, Nellie Melba, the De Reszkés, Tamagno, Maurel, La Salle, Plançon and the rest of the famous singers that have appeared there within the past four years. During the seasons that the Metropolitan was occupied by the German Opera Company, Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau brought Tamagno to this country first, and traveled with him through the United States and South America.

The New York Herald of yesterday had the following: The interest in the failure of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau was centred during the developments of yesterday upon the proceedings of Mr. Phelps, the assignee of the firm, and the lawyers for the individual members—Mr. Lauterbach for Mr. Grau, and Mr. Rives for Mr. Abbey. The outlook is said to be particularly bright, though Mr. Abbey's health is not such as to promise much, so far as a rapid and complete recovery from his dangerous ailment is concerned.

The most persistent of all the rumors which were circulated yesterday was that Mr. Abbey would leave the firm, and that he would then proceed to organize a stock company with a capital of \$100,000, with the privilege of increasing it to \$500,000, whose business it would be to manage theatres and opera houses, conduct the tours of recognized stars and engage in general theatrical business. The declaration was made that Mr. Abbey would not become the president of such a corporation, but that he would be given a block of stock and become vice-president and manager.

Mr. Abbey has often expressed himself as being firmly of the belief that the theatrical profession was certain to be controlled within a very few years by a stock company, in which all matters of professional friendship would have to stand aside, and ventures be regarded purely from the business point of view. His friends have approached him on the subject repeatedly, but at the time he had too much

confidence in the future of his firm to permit him to consider the matter.

Should this be done it is said Messrs. Schoeffel and Grau will in all probability form a new firm, and it is by no means improbable that Walter Damrosch will become one of the partners. He is able to control a large amount of capital, he is thoroughly versed in operatic management, as is Mr. Grau, and they not alone know the artists personally, but are able to bargain in securing their services on a thorough knowledge of their value. It is known that many of the firm's friends regard this possibility of a Grau-Damrosch partnership with a great deal of favor, for Mr. Damrosch's following is not alone wealthy but fashionable, and he has the unqualified support of the wealthy Germans of the city.

Concerning these two matters none of the lawyers nor Mr. Abbey would talk yesterday. Mr. Abbey spent part of the afternoon at Abbey's Theatre with Mr. Phelps, going over the accounts of the firm, but they were neither of them prepared to say what had been done or what their preliminary examination showed.

The declaration was made yesterday that Mr. Grau and Mr. Damrosch would meet in Europe within a fortnight and aid each other in engaging artists.

The Flimsiness and Insincerity of Man.

No. 3.

DIAHRAGMATIC BREATHING.

THE personality of a discussion can be of but little real value to the reader, whose pardon, therefore, is asked for obtruding upon notice the further personal vituperations and insinuations of Mr. Le Vinsen's writings. A few more charming blossoms will be culled:

No. 4.—False reports concerning Lamperti's teaching.

This does not mean false or mistaken arguments concerning, but false transcription of, Lamperti's written words or false relation of the words of his pupils. That assails character.

No. 5.—But it seems to me that he resorts to a little almost childishly innocent trickery.

The reader may judge whether this is argument, ridicule (always justifiable in the face of absurdity) or vituperation and slander. He implies other instances than this insinuation one:

No. 6.—For instance, he does not sign his answer to me, and under the heading is the following: "Quoted from Carl Le Vinsen's attack upon John Howard."

A subtle insinuation is sometimes worse than an outright vituperation or slander. The subject was, *The Flimsiness and Insincerity of Man*, announced and written upon in a previous and recent issue of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, and signed. The second article on the same subject referred to Mr. Le Vinsen as "my immediate assailant," "my critic," and as "my critic and censor." There could not be the remotest doubt as to the name of the writer.

No. 1—"The flimsiness and insincerity of the man."

No. 2—"I do not believe that Mr. Howard honestly desires," &c.

No. 3—A further insinuation of dishonesty in copying the methods of reporters who write about performances they do not attend and get found out, "just like Mr. Howard is in this case."

This is a choice bouquet indeed, and, as was said before, supposing all its blossoms did bloom, what have they to do with diaphragmatic breathing? So much space has been allotted in order that the reader may be assured that such vituperative statements are, like hothouse plants, nurtured

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Wishing you great success, I am cordially yours,
RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

THE EFFECT

from the use of the Clavier is to make the touch accurate, firm, vigorous, elastic, sensitive, discriminative, delicate, enduring and finished; it stops the annoyance from piano practice, saves a good piano, and rightly used secures greater artistic playing skill in one year than can be acquired at the piano in three years, and frequently greater than is ever gotten at the piano.

You can't afford a Clavier? Are you a teacher or are you taking lessons?

CAN YOU AFFORD

to work three years by the old method for less artistic skill than you would gain in one year by the new? If you will drop old foggy notions, listen to reason and observe results, doubts, if you have any, will all be removed.

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in the perfervid heat of an undisciplined imagination, but with no actual nourishment in the very earthy paragraphs of the writer, who is too fully in earnest to be consciously insincere, trickish or dishonest in vocal discussion.

"Error No. 1" was correctly imputed; for the assumption that the reports of Lamperti's pupils were the only source of information was certainly erroneous, the published work of the maestro having been read long before the article on Singing in French had been written.

"Error No. 2" was also rightly charged to Mr. Le Vinsen; for his accusation was that Lamperti had been mistakenly quoted or quoted upon poor authority. But the maestro's written words agree perfectly with the statements of the pupils, for he writes as his pupils declared.

"Diaphragmatic breathing is the sole kind that should be employed by singers."

A very simple experiment will expose in an almost incredible manner Lamperti's sheer ignorance—no milder term is possible—of the true nature of the diaphragm. Let every reader make it:

Ex. No. 1.—Stand somewhat sidewise before a mirror. Do as Lamperti urges, "insensibly draw down the shoulders," and make the "diaphragm and muscles of the abdomen feel as if spread out."

You will not be able to draw breath enough to support life. But to realize the full beauty of the added advice of Mr. Le Vinsen attempt the following:

Ex. No. 2.—Again stand sidewise and (by Le Vinsen's advice), "before inhaling, have the whole chest from the waist up moderately expanded," then (by Lamperti's equally sage instruction) "inhale breath by trying to feel as though the shoulders were insensibly drawn down and the diaphragm and abdominal muscles spread out."

This mode would be more suddenly fatal than the first exercise; for, strictly adopted, no breath at all would be inhaled.

It is, as was earlier written, "clavicular breathing incarnate" to expand the whole chest from the waist, as anyone may learn by doing this with a hand on the clavicles and really "expanding the whole chest from the waist up." You will easily find the clavicles by gently squeezing the neck between finger and thumb, and slipping them downward till they are stopped by a bone on each side. These bones are the two clavicles, or collar bones. They have no independent movement, for they are firmly bound, not only to the sternum (breast bone), but also to the upper rib. Nor has the first rib any appreciable movement independent of the second rib, nor the second of the third. Try to expand or raise them while clasping the middle waist, and you will find the clasped ribs moving decidedly outward. Henle sawed the ribs free from the breast bone and proved that the first rib was the most movable of all; that their mobility decreased to the seventh; then, again, increased to the twelfth. In this he is supported by Rosenthal. This most movable rib—the first—must rise, and so must the clavicle, not only to expand "the whole chest from the waist up," as Mr. Le Vinsen advised before inhaling (why, that is inhaling!) but even to expand any part of the chest. Ample proof is at every reader's command.

Incidentally, as a relief from these exhaustive attempts, will the reader gently try to expand the upper part of the chest and back while slightly flattening the abdomen; sip in breath, as though inhaling a whispered "oo." Notice the wonderful sense of relief, and the large and easy influx of breath. Then return to the Lamperti-Le Vinsen modes—for they use utterly different—and conviction cannot be avoided that, if either of the former of these modes is strictly adopted, the ordinary breath of life cannot be gained; while that of the latter is a nondescript in amusing truth, being clavicular breath at the start, and nobody knows what at the finish, so contradictory and confusing are Mr. Le Vinsen's attempted non-descriptions.

May a few lighter words be interjected? It is neither vituperation nor slander, but simply a relieving bit of irrepressible fun to confess that all through the above sentences there has been in mind that back alley goat of Bill Nye's which was trying to construct a first-class corner grocery out of a few battered tomato cans. One must write absurdly if one's critic has only absurd and ludicrous statements. What can possibly be said against the statement that the moon is made of green cheese? Can serious arguments be adduced, or reliable authorities appealed to?

Is there any way to do except to smile good humoredly and indulge in a little thoroughly good humored raillery, as one would talk with a child? Can there be found anything more adolescent than Mr. Le Vinsen's so confident belief and assertion that he is supporting Lamperti's theory of inspiration, when he is really upsetting it? For, if "the shoulders can be drawn down insensibly" (Lamperti), while "the whole chest, from the waist up, is moderately expanded" (Le Vinsen), then the moon is made of green cheese, and the writer hopes the variety is Roquefort or Gorgonzola. Let the interested reader attempt the impossible feat!

Can anything be more childish than his disapproval of

clavicular breathing and his adoption of that very mode as a preface to an impossible variation of the same?

Can there be anything more infantile than the following conflict of ideas: "In diaphragmatic inhaling the diaphragm presses down upon the liver, stomach and intestines, and in exhaling rises by contracting." How then does it press down? By expanding? Can a muscle expand and contract at its own sweet will? If the diaphragm presses down upon the abdominal contents it does something. "To press" is a transitive verb; the muscle must act, that is, contract, for that is the only way in which it can contract.

Let the illustration of my friendly opponent be adopted, the inverted "soft felt hat with the rim turned down." Suppose it to stand on a table, the rim supporting the rest of the hat. A certain amount of air is inclosed by the hat. How is it to be pressed down upon? By the shrinking of the felt, of course; that represents the diaphragmatic action in inspiration. But the reader is asked to believe that this same felt by contraction or shrinkage will release the pressure upon the air inclosed! Similarly the diaphragm can contract to press down on the abdominal contents, and then release them from this pressure by simply contracting some more! Could confusion be worse confounded?

What we must admire in the upholder of these novel views is his ingenious innocence, innocence of all physiological law. He is adolescently immaculate, untarnished by the smudges of accepted laws. What could be more childishly innocent than this:

"The tendency of a muscle intension is to contract." What can that mean? A muscle in tension already has contracted; that is what has made it tense.

"That the tendency of a muscle intension is to contract (exactly like an elastic) proves that the diaphragm would ascend to a certain point—"

Unavoidably the muscle meant is the diaphragm, which, being "in tension," would contract "to ascend" the dome (like the inverted hat) would shrink itself higher! This is not even childish innocence, it is embryonic. A new system of physiology is about to arise, conceived in the teeming brain of a Le Vinsen!

But here comes a denial of an axiom. After quoting the writer's words which declared that the diaphragm afforded but one-sixth of the boundaries of the lungs in man, one-fifth in women, he asserts:

"Well, I have never denied this statement, which simply proves that deep, diaphragmatic breathing is superior to lateral breathing, and I congratulate Mr. Howard upon having written it, which he must have done in one of his lucid moments."

But the "lateral" boundaries of the lungs are the ribs, nothing else; and moreover, the lateral boundaries constitute nearly the entire boundaries, for their apex, rising slightly above the upper ribs and clavicles, is very small comparatively. It follows that the descent of one-sixth of the lungs' boundaries (diaphragmatic inhaling) is superior to the expansion of about five-sixths of their boundary. The axiom, "the whole is greater than any one of its parts" comes very near to dishonor; for here it is expressly declared that nearly the whole is greater than an insignificant part. This exceeds even the temporal advice of Martin Luther, who, as history avers, told his congregation that if the governor asserted that two and two were five, they must believe him!

It looks very much as though the fancy were entertained that the diaphragm had some solid, unyielding support at the centre of its dome, somewhat resembling the centre pole of a tent or wigwam, and that the shrinking of the dome-like muscle, the diaphragm, would pull the ribs upward, as the shrinking of the canvas of the tent would pull upward the stakes which fastened it to the ground. Perhaps this writing could have no more profitable an ending than a rough description of the actual form, position and inspiratory action of this so generally misunderstood muscle.

Its lower edge, all around the body, is fastened to the ribs as the canvas is fastened to the stakes. Its dome does slope upward and inward to its apex, as does the canvas to its apex. Let the reader press the very middle of the back with the finger tips of both hands, about as high as is convenient. Were it not for the thick layers of muscle he would be touching the rear of the spine pretty nearly opposite the attachment of the diaphragm to the front of the spine. (This picture should be vividly imagined.) If, then, the fingers were drawn slowly forward, always pressing against the waist, until they met again in front about 2 inches above the belt or girdle as usually worn, they would have traced approximately the line of attachment of the diaphragm to the inside of the ribs. From all these points of attachments to the ribs the diaphragm does curve inward and upward into the chest, like a rather flattish bell, to meet at an apex where there might be a pole, as in the tent, but there is none. The dome of the diaphragm is perfectly free; for, take notice! its attachment to the spine is on a level with its fastenings to the ribs.

To be absurdly plain and clear, let a rhubarb plant represent the spine and diaphragm, the stalk standing erect to represent the lower spine as far up as the attachment or

fastening of the diaphragm, while the curving leaf bending over forward from the stalk will answer for the diaphragm though it must curve more boldly, more nearly like a flattish bell than in nature. It must also be imagined that the edge of the leaf, its circumference, is far more jagged than natural, and that each one of its jagged edges is fastened to a rib.

Of course the upcurving dome of the leaf will flatten when it shrinks or shrivels; just so will the diaphragm flatten when it shrinks, contracts. But its contractions cannot cause it to pull upward upon the ribs, for it has no support to pull from. One might as well expect the shriveling rhubarb leaf to pull the stalk up, or the shrinking felt of the hat to raise the table to which its rim had been glued. These comparisons are exceedingly domestic, but will serve to show what Dr. Johnson calls the "risible absurdity" of the gyrations which a disciple of Lamperti ascribes to the human midriff. Figuratively, it can pull itself up by its boots, spread out anything in its immediate vicinity, rise or fall, sink or swim at its own caprice.

All that it actually can do in inspiration is to shrink, contract, bring its curve to or toward a plane, unnaturally expanding the abdomen—many physicians say injuriously if it lowers the bases of the lung further than to admit from ten to twenty cubic inches of air to the lungs. Deep, diaphragmatic inhaling equals if it does not surpass the inefficiency of the isolated abdominal expiration of Leo Kofler, whose advice, if unfortunately adopted, would lead the singer to support his tones solely by the gentle upward pressure of the diaphragm against the lungs, a force too feeble for the faintest musical utterance.

Again must pardon be begged for obtruding upon notice so much of a personal nature. It might have been avoided had any impersonal way occurred of freeing the reader's mind from suspicion of insincerity, trickery and subterfuge in the present writings of

JOHN HOWARD.

Musical Items.

Incorporated.—The certificate of incorporation of the New York Symphony Orchestra will be filed this week. It is, as has been already announced, organized on a co-operative basis.

Hirschberg Sails.—H. M. Hirschberg, the musical manager, sailed to-day for Europe on the steamer Britannic. He will be in London for a week, and will go from there to Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other European music centres. He will book a number of artists for next season.

Funeral of Mme. Schumann.—Frankfort, May 28—The funeral services over the body of Clara Schumann, the pianist, who died here on Thursday, were held to-day. The services were very impressive, and were attended by musical celebrities from all the European capitals. The body will be taken to Bonn for interment.

A Successful Concert.—A meritorious concert was given in Odd Fellows' Hall, New Orleans, recently by the pupils of Mark Kaiser, the violin tutor. Mr. Kaiser is one of the best known violinists of that section, and the concert was welcomed. Nearly twenty of his pupils took part in the program. An intelligent reading of works by Mascagni, Raff, Sarasate, Gounod, Carl Bohm, Wagner, Musin and others was given.

Preston Ware Orem's Ballet Suite.—In speaking of the last public orchestral and choral concert of the Philadelphia Manuscript Music Society, which took place last Wednesday evening, May 20, a prominent morning newspaper says: "Decidedly the most striking of the novelties was a ballet suite by Preston Ware Orem, Mus. Bac., of the Broad Street Conservatory, which in grace and melodiousness of its themes, the richness of its instrumental coloring, the originality of its development, and the charming spontaneity of its spirit, proved to be a composition of singular vitality and power. It is likely to become a great concert room favorite." Another Philadelphia paper says: "Preston Ware Orem's ballet music suite included a very pretty gavot and a spirited finale. Four movements of the suite were given. They convinced me that Mr. Orem is one of our most talented young composers. He has a bright future. His ballet music suite ought to be played by our Philadelphia Symphony Society at its next concert."

Mr. Orem, who is a native of Philadelphia (being descended from Revolutionary ancestry) and a thorough American in spirit and ideas, received his musical education entirely in this country, not having thought it necessary to avail himself of the so-called European "advantages." He is a favorite pupil of Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, America's foremost theorist. His mastery of form and instrumentation is most thorough and convincing and his experience as performer and conductor has given him that practical knowledge of orchestral resources without which theory alone is of little value. The ballet music in question was especially composed for the annual commencement exercises of the Broad Street Conservatory, with which both he and Dr. Clarke are prominently connected, on which occasion it will be performed by the excellent pupils' symphony orchestra of the school under Director Gilbert R. Combs.



This Paper has the Largest Guaranteed Circulation of any Journal in the Music Trade.

No. 847.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1896.

56 PAGES.

SCANLAN.

Great Move in Boston.

THE NEW ENGLAND PIANO CO.

On Washington Street.

EVER since the New England Piano Company, of Boston, of which Mr. Thomas F. Scanlan is proprietor, sold its lease of the building No. 200 Tremont street, in the summer of 1895, there have been rumors of various kinds percolating through the trade regarding the future plans of the company and the astute gentleman at the head of it. By some it was said that he proposed to dispose of his whole plant and retire from the piano trade and, investing his large resources, travel the globe over. Others again attributed to him an ambition to enter banking and gradually wind up the piano business. By others again it was suggested that as the real estate ring in Boston knew that Scanlan needed a large building in the business section of the city it had driven prices up into fancy figures, and that he, knowing this, would retire to the factory and utilize those large warerooms for the retail with aid of extensive local advertising; and others again said a whole lot of other things not necessary to print.

In the meantime Mr. Scanlan said nothing, in accordance with the well-known principle of reticence that controls him, and quietly examined into all feasible locations and buildings, and as he is himself an expert in Boston real estate he gradually found a few select locations, any of which would suit his future plans.

A Resume.

Mr. Scanlan's evolution in the piano trade, after retiring from the New England Organ Company in 1882, has been one of the emphatic phenomena in its history. The small shop on Harrison avenue, followed by the small factory in the Highlands; the enlargement of this factory to double its capacity a few years later; the opening of a New York branch house after that; the quadrupling of the large factory, and making it one of the greatest industrial establishments, a few years later again; the building of an action factory opposite to the factory itself a year later; the opening of downtown warerooms on Tremont street after that, following thereupon with the opening of a Chicago branch house, and then the occupancy of the present premises on Tremont street, and constituting it a great piano

warehouse—all these steps indicate the gradual, phenomenal rise of Thomas F. Scanlan as a wonderful factor in the piano trade of the Union.

These graduated steps all show him to be a man of careful judgment, of a well balanced mental organization, that enables him to adapt himself to the conditions of times and affairs. They also prove that he is gifted with the power of anticipation; that he has the inspiration that formulates approaching events into business problems, which he then proceeds to solve properly.

To Washington Street.

His leasing, therefore, of the large four story stone front building at 601 Washington street, opposite Hayward place, with the Adams House and Clark's Hotel on one side of him and Hotel Reynolds on the other; a stone's throw from the popular establishment of R. H. White & Co.; a half block from Boylston street; in the very centre of the whole theatrical life of the city, and at a point where the whole city street car service virtually focuses from all directions, and where it is deflected to all sections—this leasing of this building represents the climax of his achievements in the piano line, for it will necessarily have a tremendous effect upon the whole local trade, as Mr. Scanlan is the greatest retail piano man of Boston, and as his moves must necessarily be looked upon with more than usual attention.

The whole drift of the retail piano business toward the direction of Park square and beyond that point on Boylston street is now suddenly arrested, and Washington street, the greatest retail thoroughfare in Boston, can no longer be ignored by the piano trade as it has been since the invasion of Tremont and Boylston streets.

It is extremely doubtful if this action of Mr. Scanlan will not prove a serious blow to the whole Boylston street piano scheme. For years to come that street will not be in condition on account of the city improvements now in progress and all traffic is impeded, while the street is at times a most disagreeable thoroughfare. With a great retail piano business drawing its trade in another direction, diametrically opposite, and in a position not only accessible, but the most accessible that can possibly be found, it will be a difficult task for the piano houses on Boylston street to get on a basis of competition with Mr. Scanlan. He will be followed by other piano firms. They must follow him to do business, and as he always and inevitably does business all the time himself it would be fatal to his competitors to ignore him.

The New Warerooms.

The New England Piano Company's warerooms will be one of the largest and most complete in Boston. Situated as described above and on an angle of the street, it can be seen from both arms of Washington street by the army of daily and nightly passers-by. It has a handsome architectural front and a capacity of over 500 pianos with ease, not counting grands.

In addition to the light on Washington street it has the light of a small street, and an L on the back gives it more light in other directions. Besides this it has ample space for a force of about 50 office employes necessary in Mr. Scanlan's extensive business, and everybody may rest assured that all the modern con-

veniences will be found in this new home of the New England Piano Company, a place which is destined to become the very centre of the Boston piano trade.

SMITH & NIXON.

THERE is as yet no authentic news concerning the affairs of Smith & Nixon, of Cincinnati. Up to the time of closing the last form of this issue there was nothing settled definitely as to the Steinway representation in Cincinnati.

Later.

[By Wire.]

CINCINNATI, May 26, 1896.

Editors The Musical Courier:

Steinway & Sons and some of the banks have made demand to ascertain what has become of the assets of Smith & Nixon.

CRAWFORD & COX AND STEINWAY & SONS.

MR. NAHUN STETSON, of Steinway & Sons, who was in Cincinnati last week, made a flying trip to Pittsburgh and purchased the entire assets of the firm of Crawford & Cox. This includes the Erie, Pa., branch.

No definite story of the transaction can be learned at Steinway Hall. It is stated that the firm of Crawford & Cox will go out of existence and that its affairs, so far as the selling of pianos is concerned, will be, at least for the time being, conducted under the name of Steinway & Sons.

Mr. I. S. Crawford, a brother of Mr. Henry W. Crawford, of Smith & Nixon, who has been in charge of the affairs of Crawford & Cox, will be retained. It is also said that the same line will be run.

GILDEMEESTER & KROEGER.

MANY rumors concerning a projected readjustment of the affairs of Gildemeester & Kroeger were circulated last week.

Mr. Gildemeester when interviewed on the subject authorized the statement that while Gildemeester & Kroeger had been severely affected by some of the recent failures, he nevertheless hoped to pull through without asking for a receiver, though the matter could not be definitely decided until late on Tuesday afternoon.

At the time of going to press Mr. Gildemeester asked that we say the prospects of the readjustment were favorable.

EVERYONE interested in the Mason & Hamlin piano should be made to understand that he gives evidence of ignorance on the subject if he does not classify that piano among the very finest made in this country now. Some editors of small trade papers have recently stated opinions to the contrary, but the very fact that these little sheets are the same little sheets they were a dozen years ago is sufficient to prove how insignificant the trade must have all along considered them. As a fact, the editors cannot even tell when a piano is out of tune or not, and everybody in the trade knows that. Their opinion of the Mason & Hamlin is worthless, just as worthless as their opinion of any other piano may be.

CAMP & AVISZUS.

THE following letter recently to hand is of considerable interest and the writer needs righting:

WHEELING, W. Va., May 23, 1896.

Editors The Musical Courier:

As a practical Western piano man of experience in factories I was somewhat astonished at your statement in THE MUSICAL COURIER of May 20, wherein you say that the Camp & Co. piano is now made by Camp & Co., of New York, or by the Estey Piano Company. It may be made there, but it is also made right in the city of Chicago by a very competent piano maker named Aviszus, whose name I have seen in your paper. That Camp & Co. piano is better than any ever made; but is it proper for a firm as this new Camp & Co. to advertise a piano made in New York as its catalogue advertises it, and then have pianos made any and everywhere? Yours truly,

C. C. P.

The whole ethics of the piano trade have been changed by the fact that many of the Western piano dealers have become piano manufacturers, and the Eastern houses, therefore, finding their former outlets curtailed, becoming makers of all kinds and grades of pianos. There is virtually no end now to the number of names any piano factory can legitimately adopt to put on pianos of any grades they may decide to adopt.

On top of this great geographical change in the piano producing centre comes the crisis and its effects upon the trade. Among these are the production of the rottenest boxes ever known to man, pianos which will shame every decent dealer who is handling them—sooner or later.

These various pianos, many of which are sold under a variety of names, will make the question of legitimacy very complex, and no paper with standing or character can therefore definitely give any arbitrary decision on the point of legitimacy or stencil humbug, as this paper has been able to do in years past.

It is for this reason that THE MUSICAL COURIER proposes to permit the stencil mess and the low grade mess and the cheap box mess all to become one general mess of distortion and dispute, and then, when the trade evinces a desire to get straightened out again, to go into the field and separate the wheat from the chaff.

At the same time we reserve the privilege of at any time thoroughly exposing any rank, illegitimate instance of arbitrary stenciling.

Mr. Camp's case comes in under the present suspension, for there now is, thanks to this paper, a Camp & Co. firm—an acknowledgment on the part of Mr. Camp that we were always in the right when we said that his former pianos were disgraceful stencils, because there was not even such a firm as Camp & Co. And queer to relate as actually occurring in civilized, business-like America, we lost a great deal of advertising patronage from Mr. Camp's friends because of our candor and the frankness and honesty of our principles. Thousands of dollars were lost to us and by us directly from his friends and indirectly from concerns that made the stencil pianos for Camp. For instance, that awful piano Bush & Gerts or Bush & Co. made for Camp—that most unyielding piano touch and no tone at all—known as the Camp & Co. could not be considered by us in silence; it had to come under the stencil ban. The result was that instead of admiring a paper that fought for a principle the Bush house considered itself personally assailed and the results were the usual denunciation.

The more particular friends of Mr. Camp also failed to appreciate that the only paper that even in its young days had the courage to expose Daniel F. Beatty for stenciling could in its mature years not permit Camp to escape because he was a friend, and that such a paper necessarily demanded great recognition simply as a protection to legitimate trade methods, just as it is necessary to-day for the legitimate trade.

But, as we said, the firm of Camp & Co. and the Camp & Co. piano are now in the list we at present dignify as legitimate. If a Mr. Aviszus is also making Camp & Co. pianos that does not change matters much, for Mr. Camp can have pianos made in a dozen different factories.

Any dealer can go ahead and do the same. This paper will, in fact, protect any and every dealer who wishes to use his own name for commercial purposes on a piano. If Mr. Camp can make pianos and have pianos made, and do business as a manufacturer of pianos and sell 20,000, as his catalogue says, and sell them as made by him when they were not made by him, why should he have the monopoly? Why should

other dealers be called stencilers and Mr. Camp not, now that various concerns are making his pianos?

Such is the desire of the trade. It wants rotten boxes at any price. Let the trade have them. It wants all kinds of grades and names. Let the trade have them. It wants the stencil as a legitimate trade feature. Let the trade have it.

But the day of reckoning will come; must come. The piano output may be increased; the total amount of business will be reduced. Profits will be reduced. The number of firms and manufacturers will be reduced and we shall finally get back to a legitimate basis; but as we go along the path we shall find it covered with piano wrecks bearing all kinds of names, some of which never had been heard of and many of which never will be heard of again.

DECENT ADVERTISING.

THE Philadelphia Press of last Sunday published in its display advertising pages the subjoined card:

CONTINUATION OF THE
BIG REDUCTION SALE
OF
FINE PIANOS.

Comprising all the celebrated makes:

HARDMANS,
FISCHERS,
FRANKLINS,
WESERS,
DUTTONS,
BACHMANN'S
and OTHERS.

PRICES SLASHED

To Move them
Quickly.

\$100 and Upwards.

We had a number of Fine Pianos returned to us which have been rented for the Winter. Coming to us just when our stock is large necessitates our reducing them in price. They have all been returned and repolished, and are absolutely as good as new. Nothing the matter except the price, that's about

One-Half to One-Third Their Real Value.

Don't delay. This is an exceptional opportunity.

DUTTON'S,

Established 1891.

1115 CHESTNUT ST.

The proprietor of Dutton's is Mr. Henry L. Steinert, and the legitimacy of the advertisement, as well as its distinction in contrast with the usual method of piano advertising on the part of dealers, consists of the fact that Mr. Steinert advertises only the pianos he controls; he does not name any instruments handled by any of his competitors, nor does he make any reference, direct or indirect, to any pianos except those represented by him.

This is what we call decent advertising, free from any false claim or pretense, and we believe with Steinert this is traditional. His father, Morris Steinert, of New Haven, always conducted the advertising of that local house on a dignified basis, and much of his success in that community may be attributed to the character in which he presented his claims to the people through the instrumentality of his advertising. His son, Henry L. Steinert, certainly seems imbued with such a spirit, as is evinced in the above thorough, businesslike public appeal. It is also modern and in conformity with the present ideas of advertising.

VOSE & SONS PIANO COMPANY
AND FURBUSH.

THE Vose & Sons Piano Company has re-engaged Mr. E. W. Furbush, who was formerly the representative of the company, and he is again installed in his old place.

The Vose house long since attained an enviable position in the trade, and the piano itself has always been a rapid selling instrument. The house understood its special trade and the dealers with whom it came into contact.

Mr. Furbush was in the confidence of his firm for nine consecutive years, and the short hiatus between the Vose engagement and his recent affairs probably made it apparent that his many years of service in the interests of the Vose were after all the best indications that this instrument was the one he would naturally gravitate to.

Congratulations are in order in all directions.

WEGMAN PIANOS.

ALL through the present spring the factory of the Wegman Piano Company, at Auburn, N. Y., has been running in good shape and with a full complement of hands. The meeting of the last annual period showed a larger production and a larger profit than any previous year, a fact that again proves that certain firms are not included in the wave of depression of which others say they are the victims. We know of a number of piano manufacturers who are just as satisfied with the past twelve months as with any twelve months in their history.

Wegman pianos have a reputation in certain sections that insure a definite output, unless indeed the earth collapses or all industry comes to a dead standstill. The pianos sell in these sections on the strength of name and reputation, which, besides the qualities, is due to the wonderful durability of the instruments.

The company has also kept in the front in the way of new styles of cases. We have recently seen an extensive assortment of these new Wegman styles, and they are not only new, original and attractive, but fashionable to a degree. They show excellent judgment and a knowledge of the demands of the time in the piano trade.

The Wegman Piano Company is preparing for the usual trade after the hot season, and will keep the factory going at full speed for that purpose.

NOTICE TO BICYCLISTS.

THE invigorating exercise on the bicycle has one defect, and that is its tension on the muscles of the lower arm and wrist and the stiffening of the hand and fingers, particularly with females.

To offset this it is only necessary to practice on the piano for one-half to one hour after using the bicycle. This will not only relieve the tension of the arm and wrist, but will restore flexibility to the hands and fingers, and prepare them for more usefulness in bicycling, for piano practice not only gives flexibility but strength and power to the hands and fingers. Always practice on the piano after using the bicycle. This will prevent your hands and fingers from becoming rigid, callous, ungainly and stiff.

NORRIS & HYDE are constantly in receipt of letters from leading musicians in all parts of the country commending in the warmest terms their transposing keyboard piano. Dealers should not fail to note the appreciation of this meritorious piano so generously accorded by the musical world.

THE more closely we examine the situation the more profoundly are we impressed that after the period of depression it will be found that about 25 piano manufacturers of the Union will supply the bulk of pianos needed for consumption. It would be manifestly unjust to publish what we believe to be the proper list of these 25 houses, but the Smith & Barnes Piano Company, of Chicago, will be in it.

THERE is a section of the piano trade engaged in the laudable work of producing fine specimens of high grade pianos and paying no particular attention to the craze for cheapness. When all this pessimism shall have found its day, and the normal, healthy condition of commerce again asserts itself, as it inevitably must, the reaction that will set in will create a larger demand for high grade pianos than we have ever had, and then such firms as Story & Clark, making such pianos, intended for musical and artistic purposes, will find that their calculations were correct, except that their factories will be found too small to accommodate the demand for the instruments.

ON Tuesday of last week, too late for publication, the receivers of the Weber, Wheelock and Stuyvesant Piano companies went into court and were granted an adjournment until June 2. Grounds for the request given were that a committee appointed at a meeting of the creditors, and which was to recommend plans for either carrying on the business or to report on a basis of settlement, had not reported. It is quite likely that the court on June 2 will be asked to appoint a permanent receiver for the Weber Piano Company. Nothing is known what will be done with the Stuyvesant or the Wheelock Piano companies.

INSTALMENTS

Life of the Trade.

A BATCH OF OVER \$1,000,000.

THE rise of the instalment method of purchasing pianos and organs is not the result of any conceived plan, nor was the system itself an original one due to an inventor or creator. The system of disposing of manufactured articles of usefulness on small monthly or weekly or other periodical payments is the logical outgrowth of the modern social system of savings put aside in small sums, either in banks, in building associations, for the purpose of acquiring real estate, or in loan companies to secure the benefits of mortgage interest on secure investment. The acquisition of necessary household articles was the first motive that started the sale of furniture on small periodical payments, and this was followed by the sewing machine, and as the organ and the piano became domestic articles necessary for culture, for practice, for teaching and study and for certain religious functions at home, these instruments fell into line and became absorbed in the instalment plan. In a general way that is a concise sketch of the rise and adoption of the same.

Particular Application.

Gradually the method of selling organs (first) and pianos on instalments became recognized as a legitimate pursuit, although the old line of houses that before the war and during the prosperous years following the same sold pianos and organs in their relatively small way as compared to the modern extent of the transactions were exceedingly diffident in accepting the instalment system. Instruments were then sold for cash or on commercial time and the old men called those the glorious days of the trade, but the facts show that the business was very limited then, the production of pianos and organs very small as compared with our normal years; very few great fortunes were made, although the foundations of some modern fortunes were laid, and the general transactions were unpretentious.

We are therefore prepared to say that it will be found that the great production of organs (about as high as 125,000 in one year) and pianos (high water mark about 100,000 in one year) was only reached after the plan of selling these instruments became particularly applied to this industry, and consequently generally disseminated in it. It was only then and then only that large quantities of organs and of pianos could be manufactured, because it was only then that the method of distributing them had been discovered.

The organ and piano factories of the United States have been kept open and running only because there existed a method of giving to purchasers a chance to acquire these instruments on periodical payments running parallel with the instalment method of wages—either weekly or monthly. If organs and pianos had remained in the category of merchandise that must be disposed of either for cash, on short time, or on commercial paper negotiable, then not one-half of either of the two instruments would have been made during the past quarter of a century—no, not over one-third, for fully two-thirds have been and are now sold on instalments. These are tangible facts; we all know them.

An Example.

To illustrate: In 1881 a firm of organ manufacturers was established out West with a capital of \$30,000. Within one year the factory was destroyed by fire, and all the work had to be started afresh, the year being lost and some of the capital infringed upon by the fire. And yet this firm—the Chicago Cottage Organ Company—in active consecutive business about 14 years only, having had millions of dollars worth of transactions, based chiefly on the oppor-

tunity it gave to buyers to purchase on instalment payments, has passed in influence, in wealth and in standing nearly all the piano and organ firms in this country.

In a new, recently constructed vault in its Wabash avenue building can be seen instalment leases, sent by agents and representatives from the Atlantic to the Pacific, amounting to over \$1,000,000 (one million dollars) in present face value, each and every single paper ready for redemption in case the individual purchaser, be he from Maine or New Hampshire, Michigan, Texas or California, desires to acquire his title by redeeming the instalment lease.

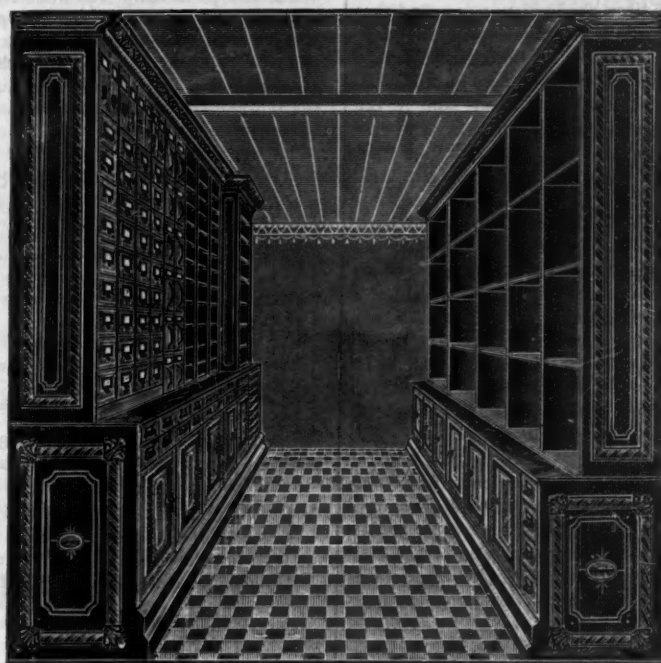
The whole basis of the growth, the development and the greatness of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company rests upon a proper method of conducting the instalment plan of business as applied to organs and pianos. And Mr. H. D. Cable, the president of the company, modestly states that this is merely the beginning and that the future of the business can hardly be grasped by anyone who has not made a special study of the subject.

Organization.

Yet during the past three years of business depression the instalment method has, in cases that now

of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, its allied firms and other successful houses utilizing it on a commercial basis. The fact that it fails to succeed in some cases does not argue or augur the failure of the general plan, but is due to causes that can only be understood after individual examination. One of the fundamental laws to be observed is that it should not be made a means to an end, but the end itself. If this law is not understood or followed out it is doomed to failure in most cases, but that it has kept the great piano and organ producing institutions alive for a quarter of a century is an undeniable fact, and that it will be the only method to keep production up to its normal standard cannot be denied. There is no substitute as yet in sight. Pianos and organs cannot be sold in quantities for cash; cannot be sold on short time; cannot be sold on negotiable paper on short time or commercial time if they are to be sold in quantities, and cannot be sold in quantities unless the ultimate individual buyer gets the opportunity to pay as he receives his pay or income.

The one plan to pursue, then, is the instalment plan, and it can be made successful only provided it is on a basis of organization, and the Chicago Cottage Organ Company has the distinction of demonstration of the successful organization in its favor in



NEW STEEL VAULT FOR INSTALMENT AND OTHER PAPERS ON PREMISES OF CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

can be brought in point, been found defective. Certainly, no one has ever declared it to be infallible. Mr. Cable, the greatest representative of its commercial adaptation, has never yet claimed that, but it is no more defective than any other legitimate method of doing business, besides which it has become an essential element of the trade, actually necessary to keep factories alive and the workmen employed.

But every man engaged in it must have organization back of himself to conduct it successfully and with the vitality and stability required to make it permanently successful. The defects of the instalment plan will be found where the ordinary mercantile law is either transgressed or evaded.

When firms sell instruments without considering the necessary profits; when they give credits where credits are not worthy; when they operate without capital; when they are inordinately and successfully urged by creditors to force the plan to unnatural limits in order to provide large outlets; when they are devoid of principle or lax in method; when they have no plan or method—then the defects of the instalment system, and in fact any other so-called system, become apparent. Direct criticism applies only to direct cases where all the impinging circumstances are taken into account. It is easy enough to criticize at any time, but the question is to find a remedy and not to disseminate unrestrained criticism or condemnation irrespective of individual exception.

We can all see the great merits of the instalment system where it successfully prevails, as in the case

the broadest scope yet known. That it is considered by Mr. Cable himself in its infancy is the most vital argument that has as yet been adduced to prove its future universal adaptability.

Letters that Need No Comment.

THE two following letters from one of the best known houses in the West so thoroughly explain each other that comment is unnecessary. Simply note the dates, read the letters, and reflect on the strength of the commendation:

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 14, 1896.

Behr Brothers & Co., New York, N. Y.:

DEAR SIRS—Style O mahogany came to-day. The other Style O mahogany we ordered, please send the light same as before. This is very dark and will be hard for us to sell.

Yours respectfully, POSTER & WALDO.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 15, 1896.

Behr Brothers & Co., New York, N. Y.:

DEAR SIRS—At the time of our writing you yesterday we had only noticed the case of the piano and had not tried the tone. After doing so we cannot refrain from commenting on its beautiful quality. We are not quite sure but what this is the finest toned Behr we have ever tested. More delicacy and finish are noticeable. Its beautiful tone makes the case once more acceptable to us to-day. We should not object to a pine case if it were the abiding place of a tone like this one possesses.

Trusting that you may be able to turn others out equally as good, we remain,

Yours truly, POSTER & WALDO.

—A judgment for \$121 has been secured against Isaac Doles, a dealer in sheet music in Indianapolis.

—In Philadelphia last week: General Estey, H. Gray Estey, Robert B. Proddow, S. A. Gould, John Ludwig, Winthrop Harvey, Sterling Brooks and Thomas P. Scanlan.

A CANADIAN VIEW.

ONE of the leading Canadian dealers, a man whose house has sold a large number of the highest class American pianos in the Dominion, who has been spending a few days in New York and Boston, has advanced an idea that has not as yet been received with any great amount of enthusiasm by the manufacturers whom it would affect. It was this: He contends that his firm and other Canadian firms handling American pianos should buy them at a less wholesale price than American dealers, as the advertising done by the manufacturers is of practically no value in Canada, and the dealers there are proportionately put to as much expense for advertising as the manufacturers themselves, this being particularly true of dealers covering any considerable portion of territory.

At first blush this proposition seems fair enough, until it is considered that advertising should be considered as one of the elements of cost of production. So considered, it would be impossible to discriminate across the line, for it would mean a considerable lessening in profit, advertising with progressive houses being one of the largest of variable expenses.

Then, too, the comparatively small number of pianos sold in Canada would scarcely make a reduction in the wholesale price worth considering. The manufacturers of medium grade pianos can find that but a restricted market, the home product being quite sufficient for the demand. In the higher priced and highest grade instruments the field is also limited, the Chickering and Steinway being sold in the largest quantities. The demand for these instruments will scarcely grow less and may increase, but their prices preclude great yearly sales among the Canadians.

There is force in what the Canadian dealer says, however, for he undoubtedly had to do his own advertising to cover his field. American papers are not in demand in Canada, magazines have but a limited sale there, the territory is wide and the people are few. The fact that a good Canadian dealer (and there are very few of them) who represents an American piano successfully is not liable to have the agency taken away from him (as it would be difficult to place it advantageously elsewhere) is also an argument in favor of a reduction.

Whether the proposition is being considered seriously or not we do not know. The manufacturers, if they feel so disposed, can well stand their ground in the matter, for there is a certain portion of the Canadian public that will not have the home product at any price, demanding the best of the American market. The dealers are forced to recognize and cater to this demand. Whether a reduction in wholesale price would spur the dealers to greater efforts to increase this demand is another question.

MR. HENRY LOWELL MASON left this city last Wednesday on board the St. Paul to attend to the business interests of the Mason & Hamlin Company in Europe. Mr. Edward P. Mason usually has gone to the other side, but this year press of business matters prevented; hence Mr. Henry Lowell Mason's presence in Europe.

NO trade association combining conflicting elements can ever rise above a mere sociable gathering. Mr. Chickering, of Boston, cannot afford to lend his name as a great piano manufacturer, one of the greatest on the globe, to the elevation of a little dealer, whose whole life has been spent in trying to effect the sale of pianos other than Chickering pianos.

Besides, there are certain dealers in Boston who sell New York pianos only and never handle a Boston piano. Boston piano manufacturers who sell no

pianos in New York cannot have any interest in assisting such dealers in Boston. Why, the whole Boston Association scheme works only into the pockets of a few dealers at the expense of all the Boston manufacturers. Can you not see it, gentlemen? If you consider who engineered it you will get right down to the motive. It is a scheme against the Boston piano manufacturer.

OBITUARY.

J. Howard Foote.

JOHN HOWARD FOOTE, one of the old time dealers in and importers of small musical instruments, died at his residence in Brooklyn last week of paralysis of the brain and lungs.

He was born in Connecticut in 1833, and after receiving a good education began business as a clockmaker in Bristol. Later he went to Hartford, where he learned the machinist's trade, later coming to New York, where he secured employment in a hardware store. His next engagement was with the old firm of Rohé & Leavitt, importers of musical instruments, with whom he continued until their retirement in 1863, when he and Mr. John F. Stratton purchased the business and began the manufacture of brass band instruments as well.

When the partnership was dissolved Mr. Foote continued under his own name, establishing a branch house in Chicago as well. The Chicago branch was lately turned into a stock company, of which his nephew is the head.

Mr. Foote was a well-known man in the small goods trade and in his time exercised a considerable influence in its development.

Flechter Sentenced.

VICTOR S. FLECHTER, the violin dealer, whose trial on an indictment for being in possession of property not his own occupied considerable attention in Recorder Goff's court recently, and who was found guilty by a jury, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment on Blackwell's Island.

As all the proceedings in this case were simply the logical and inevitable results of certain methods, there is no necessity to discuss the subject.

An Emphatic Denial.

PHILADELPHIA, May 26, 1896.

Editors The Musical Courier:

"THERE is no truth in the report that the house of Wm. G. Fischer has entered into any combination with any other Eastern or Western house. The business will continue on the present cash basis.

"CHARLES H. FISCHER."

Utility.

UTILITY is observed before anything else in the recently issued catalogue of "piano, organ and violin tools" sold by the great house of Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co. This house is noted for its brevity, and the catalogue just issued shows it.

The "notice" used in lieu of the usual introduction is particularly terse. Within the compass of a page Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co. tell of the superior quality of their goods, speak of the careful inspection before placing each individual tool in stock, and warrant them, besides giving a comprehensive idea of just how you can buy and how you can not buy goods. It is worthy of reproduction and is here subjoined:

We would call particular attention to the superior quality of the tools offered in this catalogue. Every tool is carefully examined before being placed in stock, and is warranted to be perfect in material and temper and free from flaws.

We will replace any tool that is defective in either of these particulars, but cannot undertake to replace tools that break through misuse or carelessness where the steel is sound.

Cutting nippers are not included in this guaranty.

Our terms are net cash 30 days, except where parties are unknown to us, or are not rated in the commercial agencies, in which case they are positively C. O. D. When goods are sent by express C. O. D.,

collection charges will be added to bill, an expense which can readily be avoided by sending money with order. C. O. D. orders must be confined to territory within a limited radius of New York, and under no consideration will goods be sent C. O. D. to Canada. Express companies will not accept C. O. D. packages on which the amount to be collected is less than \$1.

For 1 cent per ounce or fraction thereof parcels can be sent by mail to any part of the United States, but the weight of such packages must not exceed 4 pounds. Goods so sent are invariably at consignee's risk and his expense for postage.

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO.

NEW YORK, April, 1896.

Within the compass of 46 pages 152 different varieties of tools are shown. The descriptions are short, pointed, and the intelligence of users of these tools is depended upon for further elaboration. It is essentially a marvel of utility.

Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co. have now "a complete catalogue of tools for all trades." It will be sent when issued to anyone having use for it. Judging from the catalogue under discussion it will be a marvel.

Another Western Wonder.

CHICAGO, May 30, 1896.

Editors The Musical Courier, New York City:

WE herewith inclose copy of letter we have just received, which is somewhat of a curiosity, and which may be of interest to you and the trade. We do not happen to be the owners of a \$25,000 German patent for repairing pianos, and it is needless to say that Mr. Story, of our house, is not traveling about the country repairing pianos. The party referred to in the letter seems to be rather an original sort of a fraud. We are curious to know who he is.

Yours truly,

STORY & CLARK PIANO COMPANY.

(Copy.)

METROPOLIS CITY, Mass c Co., Ill.,
May 18, 1896.

Story & Clark Piano Company, Chicago, Ill.:

GENTLEMEN—Last Tuesday (May 12, 1896) a man came to my house. He claimed to be the "Story" of the firm of Story & Clark, piano manufacturers, of Chicago. He said his firm was one of the strongest and thoroughly responsible. He said: "We have bought the exclusive right to use a German patent (for repairing pianos) in the United States, and that it cost \$25,000, and that we guarantee the piano that we repair to be better than it was when new, and to last five years; could guarantee for 17 years, but we belong to the Manufacturers' Union, and they won't let us guarantee for longer time than five years." Those were his exact words. Please let me know right soon if he is the genuine Story or an imposter. He referred me to R. G. Dun & Co.'s book. I consulted it and find Story & Clark a very strong firm, ranking \$300,000 to \$500,000. Now I want to know if this man is the Story he claims to be. I am, very respectfully, &c.,

MRS. LEE A. EISON.

In Town.

AMONG the trade visitors to New York the past week and callers at the offices of THE MUSICAL COURIER were:

- A. C. Smith, San Antonio, Tex.
- W. D. Brown, Lynn, Mass.
- J. W. Chamberlain, Waterloo Organ Company, Waterloo, N. Y.
- E. V. Church, the John Church Company, Chicago.
- James J. Geary, Geary Brothers, New Haven, Conn.
- Mr. Gallup, Gallup & Metzger, Hartford, Conn.
- Wm. Bourne, Wm. Bourne & Son, Boston.
- E. B. Wood, Boston.
- Geo. A. Cassidy, Cassidy Brothers, Schenectady, N. Y.
- F. Hoerr, Hoerr Brothers, Toronto.
- W. W. Kraus, Johnstown, N. Y.
- Malcolm Love, Waterloo Organ Company, Waterloo, N. Y.
- P. H. Powers, Emerson Piano Company, Boston, Mass.
- John L. Davenport, Davenport & Treacy, Stamford, Conn.
- Chas. H. Becht, Brambach Piano Company, Dolgeville, N. Y.
- Geo. H. Zinke, Boardman & Gray, Albany, N. Y.
- Gen. Julius J. Estey, Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.
- Aug. G. Lindemuth, Shattinger Piano and Music Company, St. Louis, Mo.
- N. A. Hulbert, Scranton, Pa.
- Charles Bobzin, Lyon & Healy, Chicago.
- Frank A. Lee, John Church Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- J. B. Cornwall, Cornwall & Patterson, Bridgeport, Conn.

P. J. Gildemeester, for Many Years Managing Partner of Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

Gildemeester & Kroeger

Henry Kroeger, for Twenty Years Superintendent of Factories of Messrs. Steinway & Sons.

Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street, New York.

More Praise for the Fischer Grand.

AS we have pointed out again and again the Fischer grand pianos are attracting the attention of the best class of musicians, who are coming to appreciate to the full their fine musical qualities and their particularly fine tone. This paper has urged upon musicians an examination of these excellent grand pianos, and judging by the letters Messrs. J. & C. Fischer are receiving from well-known musicians the country over, the Fischer grand is exciting more than an ordinary amount of interest in the best musical circles.

The Fischer grand is, as it should be, one of the most attractive grands on the market. It is in every respect worthy the consideration of the most discriminating musicians.

The following letter, recently received by the house from Sig. Pietro Minetti, one of the leading teachers in the Peabody School of Music, Baltimore, is of the tenor of many others commending the Fischer grand:

BALTIMORE, April 28, 1896.

GENTLEMEN—My attention was called to a "Fischer" grand piano in your warerooms, and upon examination I am free to say that I was delighted with it in every respect. Its tone is noble, rich and full, and there is a sonority rarely found in pianos. The touch is elastic and even, and taking it all in all the instrument is worthy of the highest place in the piano world.

Yours truly,

PIETRO MINETTI.

The Rohlfsing Sons Music Company.

A New Corporation.

THE sheet music and publishing department of the firm of Wm. Rohlfsing & Sons has been incorporated under the name of Rohlfsing Sons Music Company, with a capital stock of \$100,000. Chas. Rohlfsing, president; Geo. Rohlfsing, vice-president, and Arthur Munkwitz, secretary and treasurer.

The name of Rohlfsing is familiar to the entire trade. It is associated with the growth of a large and successful music publishing business. The Rohlfsing catalogue has an international reputation, containing a wide variety of only the better class of music. Their publications find a sale in all parts of the world, the foreign representatives being F. Schubert, Leipzig, Germany, and Cranz & Co., London, England.

All the members of the corporation are well-known and enterprising young men. Charles and George Rohlfsing have since its establishment in Milwaukee been continuously connected with the business and A. R. Munkwitz, the new member, having been with the same firm in former years, is also experienced in this line. The latter has been until now connected with the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company Bank, but realized that an opportunity like this one to associate himself with a firm of such excellent standing as the Rohlfsing house was one that not often presented itself to a young, energetic man of his ability, who has an ambition to make a successful business career.

The business of Wm. Rohlfsing & Sons and Rohlfsing Sons Music Company will remain together as heretofore, only that the sheet music and publishing department is to be kept separate from the piano department, and the location of the sheet music as well as the piano business remains the same, corner Broadway and Mason street. The senior member of the firm, Mr. Wm. Rohlfsing, can well feel proud that he has succeeded in systemizing his business

affairs so that in his advancing years he can take it somewhat easier, while still keeping a watchful eye on all the departments.

The Bradbury Catalogue.

ONE of the most effective catalogues ever issued in the piano trade is the one of the Bradbury piano now being sent to the trade by Mr. Freeborn G. Smith. This catalogue reflects credit upon its compiler and is a beautiful piece of presswork and designing. It is from the press of the Ketterlinus Lithographic Manufacturing Company, which succeeds the Ketterlinus Printing House, and whose work is so much admired and used in the music trade.

One reason for the effectiveness of this catalogue is the plainness of the front cover, on which the words The Bradbury Piano stand out embossed in red with only a tint of blue beneath. Again, the back is effective, containing the addresses of the stores of Mr. Freeborn G. Smith, together with some scrollwork embossed and the signature of Mr. Smith, expressing his compliments.

The front page inside shows the best portraits ever published of Mr. Freeborn G. Smith and Mr. Freeborn G. Smith, Jr.

On turning the page two pages confront you containing illustrations of the numerous factories owned by Mr. Freeborn G. Smith, as well as pictures of some of his numerous stores in Chicago, Kansas City, New York, Brooklyn, Paterson, Washington, Newark and Saratoga. These pages are bare of reading matter, excepting addresses, and are therefore highly effective.

The introduction is terse, and is given up largely to what Mr. Smith might say, but does not. Following this is a vignette of William B. Bradbury and a reproduction of his autographic letter dated July 17, 1867, telling the trade of his retirement and the turning over of the business to Mr. Freeborn G. Smith, something remembered by the older piano manufacturers. The next page of interest to the casual turner of catalogue leaves contains pictures, and splendid ones at that, of Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison and Cleveland, patrons of the Bradbury piano.

Perhaps some democratic persons would find fault with the term used for these personages by Mr. Smith, "Our American Royalty;" but in a sense Mr. Smith is justified in using it, and at the same time the use of the Bradbury piano in the White House since the time of Grant reflects much credit on Mr. Smith and his Bradbury piano.

The list of Government celebrities who have used and are now using the Bradbury is very large and exhaustive.

Mr. Smith evidently believes that his piano and illustrations of it will stand alone, hence his printing of each style alone on one page. The effect is great, each cut standing out with an emphasis otherwise unobtainable. This is a point to be observed.

There is no part of the catalogue—paper, letterpress, engraving or designing—that does not show the effect of thorough workmanship.

—A. G. Wigand, who represents the Starr Piano Company, of Richmond, Ind., is in the city for a few days.

—Mrs. Norris, wife of John A. Norris, of the Mason & Hamlin Company, will sail for Europe either Friday or Saturday of this week. Mrs. Norris goes to recover her lost health.

An Agreement Reached.

THE disputes and litigation which have been pending between the Æolian Company and the concerns in which Mr. Emile Klaber is interested, regarding rights to manufacture perforated sheets for mechanical musical instruments, have been settled by an agreement in which Mr. Klaber acknowledges the rights of the Æolian Company in all respects and takes from that company a license to cut music for the instruments he sells.

The Æolian Company has proved beyond all question the validity of its patents on its cutting machines. Mr. Klaber's machines were shown to be in every respect an infringement on the Æolian Company's patents and the demonstration of this made the settlement comparatively easy.

The Æolian Company has gained a complete victory on all points, a victory without litigation, and therefore the more satisfactory. It now controls the production of perforated music paper, has the rights to every improved machine now used in the process, and covers to the present by patents all the improvements relating to such machines. The agreement is likewise a vindication of this paper's position on this much discussed question, as we have all along warned the trade of the possibilities of expensive litigation on this matter of mechanical attachments for the piano and the perforated paper used by them.

Friedrich Violins.

JOHN FRIEDRICH & BROTHER, the violin manufacturers and dealers in Cooper Institute, shipped a valuable instrument of their make to Prof. Charles Oberacker, instructor of music at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

About six months ago Professor Oberacker purchased one of the Friedrich violins, a Guarnerius model. This last one is a Strad. model.

Keller Brothers & Blight Assign.

ON Thursday last, May 21, Keller Brothers & Blight, of Bridgeport, Conn., applied to the courts for a receiver, and Mr. John L. Davenport, of Davenport & Treacy, was appointed. It is reported that the liabilities are about \$50,000, but no definite statement has been made. There has been an internecine fight in the concern, and it was this trouble, as well as the general business depression, that caused the final move. A statement will be given in the next issue of this paper.

Mr. Sondheim Buried.

THE body of Mr. Henry Sondheim, the well-known cotton broker and special partner in Hardman, Peck & Co., who died in Dresden, Germany, recently, reached this country on Thursday last, the funeral being held from his late residence on Sunday last.

There was a large attendance of business associates and personal friends of the deceased, and everywhere were heard expressions of regret for the untimely decease of an upright and successful business man.

There is nothing further to be said regarding his connection with Hardman, Peck & Co., it being understood, as has been stated by members of the firm, that his death will make no change in the conduct of the business.

"CROWN."



PIANOS.

The Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier are found only in the "Crown" Pianos.



MADE AND SOLD TO THE TRADE ONLY BY



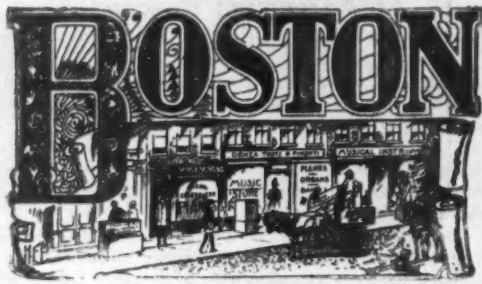
ORGANS.

The Most Modern and Salable Reed Organs now on the market.

GEO. P. BENT.

COR. WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
AND SANGAMON STREET,

CHICAGO.



BOSTON OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
17 Beacon Street, May 23, 1896.

THE summer dullness seems to have begun rather in advance of the season this year, for this month of May promises to make a particularly small showing on the order books of the great majority of the piano manufacturers and dealers.

Exceptions always prove a rule. The Vose & Sons Piano Company has had a fine week's business, both wholesale and retail. The house has nothing to complain of.

The representation of the Chickering piano has been taken from Mr. M. P. Conway, Springfield, and at present the firm of Chickering & Sons has no representative in that city.

The Merrill Piano Company reports a much better business than had been anticipated for this time of the year; much of it is cash, and the firm thinks it is getting a good proportion of what trade there is going.

Mr. P. H. Powers and his son, Mr. J. Fred. Powers, were in the procession on Wednesday afternoon that celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the English High School, of this city.

Mr. P. H. Powers entered the school in 1841, graduating in 1844, 52 years ago. At the banquet in the evening there were ten of the members of his class present, several of whom he had not seen since the day of graduation.

Mr. J. Fred Powers was a member of the school from 1868 to 1871.

The A. M. McPhail Piano Company has found its new location on Washington street, where it has both factory and retail salesrooms, most successful from a business point of view. The retail sales are large, the wholesale orders have come in with pleasing promptness, and the general outlook is excellent.

The retail wareroom is a large bright room well lighted from the front and side, so that the pianos show up well. The firm has some very handsome light cases that sell remarkably well.

Answers to the circular letter of the committee appointed to report on the Briggs Piano Company matters have been received from quite a large number of the creditors, who appear pleased with the proposed settlement.

Norris & Hyde sent a lot of their pianos down to Washington for the Sanders & Stayman opening.

Owing to business in the West, Mr. C. A. Hyde, of this firm, was unable to be present at the opening.

A Change in Behr Brothers & Co.

MR. HENRY BEHR WILL WITHDRAW AND BEGIN MANUFACTURING ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT—THE POLICY OF THE FIRM.

THE announcement is made hereby that in the early fall Mr. Henry Behr will retire from the firm of Behr Brothers & Co. and will begin, with his son, the manufacture of a commercial piano. This step has just been decided upon by him, the question of the manufacture of a second grade piano by the house, which the other members of the firm oppose, being the cause.

There has been no disagreement other than the policy of the house on this question and Mr. Henry Behr is also anxious to establish a business in which his son shall have an active part.

We have known for some time past that Behr Brothers & Co. were considering the question of making two grades of pianos, as many other prominent houses in the trade are doing, and that Messrs. Herman and Edward Behr and Mr. Charles L. Burchard were opposed to it. Mr. Henry Behr, who recently made an extended trip in the interests of the house, was strongly in favor of making more than one grade of piano, believing that there would be a market for another produced from the Behr Brothers' factory.

The disagreement on this question of policy alone and the determination of the company to manufacture only one grade of piano, and that high grade, are the causes of Mr. Henry Behr's withdrawal from the house to establish a business of his own. The change will be made with the best of feeling on all sides. Behr Brothers & Co. wish it distinctly and most emphatically stated that the new enterprise will be in no way connected with that house, and that Mr. Behr's step is not in any way a pretext for them in any way to make a second grade piano outside of their own factory.

The house is now irrevocably committed to the policy of "one grade only," a policy determined upon only after the most searching examination of the entire question of making two grades of pianos in one and the same factory, or anywhere else, a due consideration of present trade conditions, and the prospects for still further changes, and an equally careful consideration of all that has been achieved by the Behr Brothers piano, a high grade instrument.

It has been the unwavering policy of the house to continually improve their instruments. No cheapening has been allowed. On the contrary, the improvement has been so marked both in the musical qualities and in the other points of excellence that the Behr Brothers pianos of to day are far in advance of those of a few years ago. The trade knows this and has taken advantage of it. An excellent business has been built up under adverse trade conditions, the remarkable excellence of the pianos commanding attention everywhere. A majority of the directors did not think it wise to imperil in the slightest degree the reputation the pianos have secured by manufacturing a cheaper grade. They cannot believe it good policy for any house manufacturing a high grade piano to do it. They recognize the importance in the trade of the strictly commercial piano, but they cannot see that a piano of artistic qualities, an art product and a purely commercial piano, can emanate from the same factory without the latter injuring the former.

So as heretofore—only now their position is more clearly defined and they take a position among the leaders of those who will not manufacture two grades—they will continue to turn out a strictly high grade, artistic instrument, believing there is a field and sufficient business for such an instrument as the Behr Brothers.

There is very little to be said in comment on their determined stand on this matter. The question of manufacturing two or more grades of pianos has not as yet been before the trade long enough to show whether such action is wise or not. There is, however, no question that the Behr Brothers piano has a wide following and a high reputation that might and probably would be injured by the manufacture of a cheaper grade. It is a distinctly high grade instrument and as such can command its position in the trade.

The retirement of Mr. Henry Behr will not affect Behr Brothers & Co. in the slightest degree financially. Mr. Herman Behr's interest in the company not only continues, but will be greater than heretofore. Mr. Burchard and Mr. Edward Behr will of course continue their active connection with the house, and will—after Mr. Henry Behr's retirement—be still more active in directing affairs.

Mr. Henry Behr's plans are being matured, it being his intention to manufacture a good commercial piano. He will have his son with him, and will go into the business with his characteristic energy and a wealth of experience.

Scarfs, Covers and Stools.

F. B. BURNS, who recently started in business at 28 Union square, this city, as a manufacturer of piano scarfs and covers, is experiencing a most satisfactory recognition from the trade. A trip to Boston last week secured several substantial orders. Philadelphia has recently contributed to Mr. Burns' business enterprise, and taking it all around he is feeling encouraged with his prospects and is well satisfied that he is in business for himself.

Mr. Burns is a man of original ideas and departs from the beaten tracks to his advantage. For instance, he has just placed on the market a square piano cover of damask which is well thought of by dealers. Heretofore, in square covers, felt has invariably been the material used. The damask cover is something new, novel and handsome, and in price about the same as charged for the felt, and so far there has been a pretty lively trade in them.

Mr. Burns is offering a line of silk velour scarfs which in beauty of pattern excel almost anything in the market, also a line of plain velour with heavy silk embroidery, which promises to become a staple article; they are entirely new in design, and unique.

As piano stools are so closely associated with scarfs and covers Mr. Burns has effected arrangements with both an Eastern and a Western manufacturer, and has a full line from which to supply his trade.

Haynes Affairs.

THE judgment entered against the Muehlfeld & Haynes Piano Company in favor of Davenport & Treacy last week has been settled. Mr. Jack Haynes in referring to it stated that it was a disputed matter. He deplored the judgment, but promptly satisfied it. In regard to the frequently reported move of the factory to numerous towns he said nothing had been decided upon.

—Robert M. Webb last week secured judgments against Napoleon J. Haines, Sr., one for \$1,425 and the other for \$1,375, an aggregate of \$2,800.

—The appraisement of the real estate and chattels of the C. J. Cobleigh Piano Case Company, of Terre Haute, Ind., which recently made an assignment, shows an aggregate of \$22,323.71. Could this amount be converted into cash it would be sufficient to meet all liabilities.

THE Merrill Piano

HAS COME TO STAY.

118 Boylston Street,

BOSTON.

FELTEN & GUILLEAUME, Mülheim-on-Rhine.



Sole Agents U. S. A.:
HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO., New York.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash Avenue, May 23, 1896.
From Atlanta.

MR. W. W. CROCKER, of the Freyer & Bradley Music Company, of Atlanta, Ga., is making a short visit to the city, and, in reply to inquiries, says business is moderate and the surrounding country suffering from drought.

The New Emerson Store.

The Emerson Piano Company was fortunate in securing such a handsome location, and such a beautiful store as the new one at 215 and 217 Wabash avenue. Other concerns would have been glad to have got possession of the same premises, notably one of our rich local concerns on the West Side, and the Emerson Company, as was formerly stated, was offered a bonus the same day that possession was secured. Mr. O. A. Kimball is still in town busily engaged in seeing that the new store is put in the finest condition, which is being done at so rapid a rate that the removal will occur next week. There will be no trouble in getting a tenant for the old location, several good parties applying for it, and it may be disposed of before this letter reaches New York.

Mr. Scanlan Visits Chicago.

The proprietor of the great plant known as the New England Piano Company made his appearance in this city this week, and remained here at least twenty-four hours, which is greatly in excess of the time he usually allows himself on his angel's visits here. Mr. Scanlan has some very progressive ideas as to the piano business in the future, and evidently believes that there is still room for improvement not only in the production of pianos, but in the method of conducting the commercial side of the trade.

He does not think that production has reached its limit, but looks forward to a largely increased demand for the ever popular (though ungrateful and arbitrary) piano. The words in parentheses are not his, because Mr. Scanlan, as he acknowledges himself, takes only a commercial view of the business and does not even think there is any sentiment other than that which may be derived from an old and well-known name, and with the death of the originals does not even think that that cuts much of a figure.

From his conversation one can easily gather that he has made a close study of trusts and organizations of that nature, perhaps with a view of eventually enlarging his own close corporation with others into one vast corporate body, to produce the major portion of the pianos required for the whole United States. We do not accuse him of such an ambition, but we firmly believe he would make a good president of such an organization.

Personally Mr. Scanlan seems in better physical condition than ever, and seems to be taking life with the greatest tranquillity.

Piano Catalogues.

Our friend, the Hon. M. T. Pocet, has offered his services to manufacturers in getting up catalogues. There is one concern, a new one, in this city, which could possi-

tively improve theirs by copying the model which Mr. Pocet has given in his last communication. It would be less of a farce because it would not be taken seriously, and the one spoken of is really intended to make a serious impression. There is only one other catalogue that was ever published that is funnier than this one and unfortunately it has apparently disappeared. We refer to the great literary effusion, profusion and confusion indulged in by Platt P. Gibbs in describing the wonders of the Gibbs piano. It is a pity this should have passed out of existence; it should have been embalmed and preserved for the sake of future generations; it was truly a catalogue of the future. Mr. Pocet, with all his ambition, could never improve on it.

Summer Closing.

The early closing movement has taken definite shape. All the dealers have signed an agreement to close their stores at 1 o'clock on Saturday from and including May 30 to the last Saturday in August. There was one large concern which considered the matter well before agreeing, but the idea has become such a custom with all the large stores in other lines of trade that the people have become accustomed to it, and there is really no business worth speaking of that could be done in the downtown district on Saturday afternoons, and it does not pay to keep open. On this condition the concern in question based its action.

The Anderson & Newton Piano Company.

Mr. Gustav. Ad. Anderson, of the above named concern, of Van Wert, Ohio, was in the city on Monday of this week on a flying trip. He is ordering keys and strings, a few machines which they need, &c., and reports decided progress in the business and orders for pianos already secured which will keep them busy for at least four months. We have faith in any instrument produced by Mr. Anderson, and, we might add, faith in Mr. Newton's ability to dispose of them.

Rintelman-Doll.

Mr. A. H. Rintelman, it is said, has gone into the bicycle business, and is trying to do something in pianos at the same time, though what instrument he is handling we have not learned. Mr. Reimann has not decided as to his future.

Mr. Hulett is still here doing his best to dispose of the old stock of pianos, and as he has only engaged the store by the month it is more than likely to be only a short time when the store will be a thing of the past.

It's only 10 per Cent.

The typographical error in last week's MUSICAL COURIER made the proposed dividend to be paid by the Manufacturers Piano Company in June 10 per cent. less than it is

intended it shall be. The facts are that the receiver, Mr. Louis Dederick, could just as well make it 40 per cent. instead of 30, but 30 was the figure set.

Mr. Gibbs To Be Rewarded.

Platt Gibbs is a lucky man. His philanthropic instincts are again to be acknowledged by the clerks in the music houses, who are now endeavoring to raise money for the purchase of a diamond pin to be presented to Mr. Gibbs for his efforts in securing the weekly summer half holiday. If Mr. Gibbs keeps on he will have to get a burglar proof safe. Let's see, watch and chain, diamond pin—anything else?

One Exception.

When there is an exception to the general state of trade it is well enough to mention the fact. It is encouraging to know that there is any show at all for business, but maybe you will not believe the Conover Piano Company are doing right now the largest retail business since they began, but they are, and your not believing will not change the fact, nor prevent the concern from keeping right on.

Utterly Reckless.

A man walked into the Shoninger wareroom about noon to-day and in less than five minutes had paid cash for a piano. If we had not seen the transaction we would not have believed it. Can it be possible that people are spending their money again without waiting for the politicians to say they may?

Personals.

Mr. Frank Clark is at work in his new position with the Summy Company, and for the times is doing well.

Mr. E. S. Conway is in Ohio taking one of his famous vacations.

Mr. I. N. Camp has just returned from St. Louis, where he says business is better than here.

Mr. D. Roy Bowlby, of Rock Island, Ill., is in town; but Mr. Bowlby is here almost often enough to be called a Chicagoan.

Mr. Calvin Whitney, of the A. B. Chase Company, of Norwalk, Ohio, was here on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Certainly Mr. Whitney has cause to be pleased with business, providing other of their agents are equally as successful as Lyon, Potter & Co. It is a fact that the A. B. Chase piano goes as fast as it comes in and can be shown in this city.

—General Julius J. Estey and Mrs. Estey attended the Baptist meeting at Asbury Park last week.

—Charles S. Rupp has begun business at 167 South street, Newburgh, N. Y.

The ... Celebrated Gordon Mandolin.

TONE UNEXCELLED.
FINISH PERFECT.

Send for
Illustrated
Catalogue.



From
\$5.00
to
\$75.00

Used by the Best Teachers and Artists.

HAMILTON S. GORDON, 139 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUR NEW PIANO CASE ORGANS.

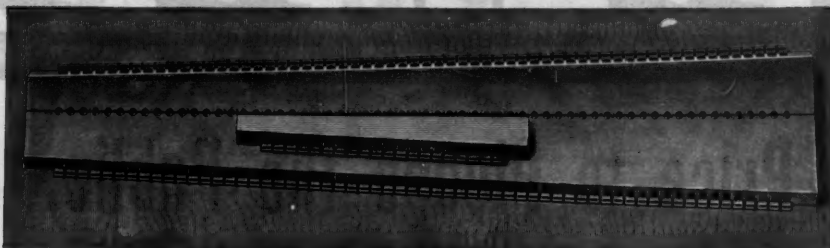


Styles A and B made in 7½ Octaves.
Styles C and D made in 6 Octaves.

THE MOST HIGHLY
IMPROVED.

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT IN REED ORGANS.

OUR NEW ACTION, No. 168.



Our Organs have more
patents and improvements
than any other.

Take them for your leader
if you wish to lead in
competition.

Send for Latest Catalogue
of New Styles.

NEWMAN BROS. CO.,

Manufacturers of HIGHEST GRADE of Parlor and Chapel Organs.

Factory and Warerooms: COR. W. CHICAGO AVENUE AND DIX STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

To Open in San Antonio.

MR. A. C. SMITH, who has been for a number of years past general Texas agent for the Estey pianos and organs, will next month go into business for himself in San Antonio, handling the Estey lines and probably some others.

Mr. Smith has done good work in that territory for the Estey houses, and will control the wholesale territory of a great portion of that State.

He is an uncompromising opponent of the stencil, and will let his light shine in this respect by having printed on his cards in black type "No Stencil," "No Painted Cases." Mr. Smith, accompanied by his wife, has been in New York for the past ten days.

The Sanders & Stayman Opening.

THE formal opening of the new Washington ware-rooms of Sanders & Stayman, which was celebrated last week, reflected credit upon those who had the matter in charge. The ware-rooms were very handsomely decorated. The musicale was enjoyable, as were the refreshments, and the presence of many of Washington's prominent people, as well as trade visitors from other cities, made the occasion one long to be remembered.

The musical program offered on Tuesday night included the overture to Rosamunde, Schubert, played on two pianos by Mr. Krutsch, Mrs. Bittinger, Miss Bartlett and Mrs. Cross; violin solos by Mr. Levy, accompanied on the Æolian by Mr. Foster; the first movement of the Chopin E minor concerto by Miss Blanche Sanders, and Mr. John Porter Lawrence; the Tannhauser overture, conducted on the Æolian by Mr. G. Wright Nichols, of Baltimore, and the first movement from Rubinstein's D minor concerto by Miss Grace Jones and Mr. Lawrence.

A reception followed the musicale.

Among the trade visitors were: Mr. Geo. Nembach, of Geo. Steck & Co.; Mr. H. B. Fischer, of J. & C. Fischer; Gen. Julius J. Estey and wife, Mr. Robert B. Proddow and Mr. H. Gray Estey and wife, of the Estey companies; Mr. Handel Pond and Mr. DeVolney Everett, of Ivers & Pond; Mr. J. A. Norris, of the Mason & Hamlin Company; Mr. Hemingway, of the Wilcox & White Organ Company; Messrs. Walter D. Moses and Robert Glaser, of Otto Sutro & Co., and Mr. M. D. Swisher, of Philadelphia.

Violin Parlors.

AUGUST GEMÜNDER & SONS, the violin makers, moved from East Sixteenth street to the handsome new building, No. 43 East Twenty-third street, the latter part of April. Their object in moving was principally to secure more commodious quarters. At a very considerable expense they have fitted their salesroom proper and adjoining parlor in a manner not surpassed in elegance by any suite of rooms used for a similar purpose in the country. As a violin emporium it is thoroughly unique.

The main room contains the stock of violins, both of their own make and works of the old masters, strings, bows and merchandise generally connected with their line of trade. Handsomely finished showcases line the walls and the counters and counter showcases are after the most modern ideas.

A partition of grille work and satin portière divides this main room from the parlor. This parlor serves a double purpose. It is furnished with paintings, rugs, easy chairs, tables, a piano and a well filled bookcase of violin literature, and

makes a retired and comfortable place for a tête-à-tête, to write a letter, run over a new piece of music or any convenience of that nature desired by musicians, and Gemünder & Sons earnestly request that it be made use of at any time during business hours. The other object for which this parlor has been devised is to demonstrate to a customer the exact tone of the violin as it will sound in a furnished room.

Much annoyance has been experienced in the past and many sales lost (so the Gemünders say) by allowing violins to be taken out on approval, that they might be tried in a parlor. It gives a teacher an opportunity to adversely criticize the instrument if so inclined, and unless there is some money in the sale the inclination to an unfavorable opinion is quite apt to be exhibited. Now, if a customer wants to get the quality of tone for parlor use, the parlor is right there with the piano for accompaniment, and the matter can be settled at once. This arrangement does away with much trouble and saves much time.

August Gemünder & Son have been in business for many years, and stand very high as expert violin makers and repairers.

A Lock Music Desk.

MR. FREEBORN G. SMITH is placing on the Bradbury pianos a patented lock desk. When the fallboard is opened the desk, which is of the full swing variety, is swung open and locked. No pressure can close the desk while the fall remains open. On shutting the fall the desk goes back in place. The "lock open" of the desk is a feature, inasmuch as no accident can happen to the music desk when in use. Pianists will appreciate this.

The desk will be put on all styles of Bradbury pianos having full swing desks.

Mr. Demaraist for Europe.

MR. GEORGE DEMARAIST, the American manager for Jerome Thibouville-Lamy & Co., the French manufacturers of band instruments and small musical goods, will leave for his annual visit to Paris and the house he represents about the 20th of next month. These European visits are undertaken both for business and pleasure, as he has an opportunity to get closely in touch with the firm's plans and have an enjoyable time in gay Paris as well.

Since Mr. Demaraist established the Thibouville-Lamy branch in this city in 1886, he has built up an excellent business, aided thereto of course by the fine quality and variety of the Thibouville Lamy goods, and has likewise made a reputation for himself as a clear-headed and progressive business man.

It was in 1884 that Mr. Demaraist became the general American traveling agent for Jerome Thibouville-Lamy & Co., and in 1886 he started the branch here. Until 1892, when he practically retired from the road to take charge of the increasing business here, he traveled all over the United States, Mexico and Central America, and can claim a wider acquaintance among the small goods men than that possessed by any other traveler.

Twice have the American offices of Jerome Thibouville-Lamy & Co. been moved, each removal being necessary because of increased business. Now spacious quarters are occupied at 35 Great Jones street, where full lines of the products of the house are carried. He has done fine work for Jerome Thibouville-Lamy & Co. in the United States,

which the firm appreciates to the fullest extent. He has shown how energy, modern business methods and integrity, backing fine goods, can make a conspicuous success in the music trade. He will remain abroad about two months and will, when he returns, introduce some notable novelties to the trade.

Strich & Zeidler.

THE firm of Strich & Zeidler, New York, is exceedingly gratified at receiving the following testimonial from so prominent a musician as Mr. Geo. Essigke:

WEST POINT, N. Y., May 1, 1896.

Messrs. Strich & Zeidler:

GENTLEMEN—I take great pleasure in certifying that the pianos I have sold from your firm have given unqualified satisfaction.

Your pianos have wonderful tonal qualities, a light and responsive touch and remain in tune. The beautiful finish makes it a splendid piece of furniture. I shall continue to recommend them to all who desire a perfect instrument.

Yours very truly,

Geo. ESSIGKE,

Leader of the U. S. M. A. Band, West Point, N. Y.

Current Chat and Changes.

IT is announced that Mr. Philip Werlein, the New Orleans dealer, has taken his son into partnership.

Mr. Frank Scribner, the musical instrument importer and jobber, has returned from his European trip.

William A. Kirkpatrick, a dealer in sheet music and small musical instruments at Montgomery, Ala., has made an assignment.

The employés of Steinway & Sons will hold their annual picnic at Silver Spring, North Beach, on July 15.

S. F. Watson will again do business in Richmond, Ind.

E. B. Sanderson & Co. is the name of a new firm in Covington, Ky.

Fire did about \$3,000 damage to the store of Levering & Brother, Dubuque, Ia., last week.

Cressey, Jones & Allen, of Portland, Me., have discontinued their branch store in Rockland.

The Copper Music Company is a recent addition to Sacramento's (Cal.) dealers.

HARD TIMES.

Yes, times are hard and pianos hard for dealers to sell. But the difficulty is lessened if a customer is offered an instrument handsomer in appearance and more superior in improvements than a competitor can do. We have the instrument and can prove it—only give us a chance to try.

BRAUMULLER COMPANY,

402-410 West 14th Street,
New York City.

THE JEWETT.

A Piano at a Price to Please the Public.

■■■■■■■■

Factories: LEOMINSTER, MASS.

WEST AND EAST.

CHICAGO, May 23, 1906.

Dear Musical Courier:

WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud? Why should one piano manufacturer who happens to live in the East be proud because he can make less pianos for more money than any other, and why should one piano manufacturer in the West be prouder because he can make more pianos for less money than any other maker? I cannot see why. There are so many conundrums in the piano business that it will take a professional guesser two centuries to find them out before he gets through.

I have made lots of money in the last three years by not being in the piano business, but I shall not give my snap away. I propose to make more money by staying out of it in the future, and I am not going to make it by turning my piano rooms into a bicycle store or a pawnbroker's shop, either. The bicycle business is stretching things too far, anyhow. Rubber, you know, is flexible, and in that respect does not compare with credit. Now, when you have a fine piano business, selling nice \$72 pianos for \$418 on instalments at a dollar a week, why should you go into bicycles, which offer you no such profit and sell only during four months, and you cannot follow your collections unless you do so on a wheel?

I was up at Ishpeming last week selling mandolins without strings to miners, who did not care to make any noise while playing them in the copper mines; they were afraid coppers would get after them. I found the neighborhood full of Autoharps and everybody interested in studying the darned things. I feel very much like opening an Autoharp school or conservatory here in Chicago.

The miners up here are enthusiastic musicians; but, strange to say, they all love to play in the major chord.

In parts of Michigan where I stopped over I found many Kimball pianos. The pianos of the Kimball Company have now developed into a character and grade far above the average type. In the construction the greatest care is evinced, and from the outside finish into the very deepest and obscure inside portions the best technical skill is applied. The result is a splendid tone and a most sympathetic touch, and I do like to spend time playing them—for, as you probably do not know, I play the piano with more than suspected skill. I studied with great masters, but that in itself would not have helped me if I had not practiced for years on stencil pianos. I remember, as the girl says, their various names—there were so many.

Here in Chicago things are very dull with the firms that are not busy. I had an interview to-day with a man who has had many long and bitter years of experience in the piano trade and settled three times on an average of 27 cents on a dollar. He is, of

course, authority now, and what he says has at least 27 cents value on every dollar's worth of expression. He told me positively that the many pianos of so many different names now gradually coming on the market will bring about a great change. The dealer will henceforth not advertise any piano names at all, but merely the fact that he sells pianos. Every dealer will become a piano man, and not a Fischer, or an Emerson, or an Ivers & Pond, or a Hazelton, or a Baldwin or a Chase dealer, but a piano dealer.

Besides this, it strikes me that piano manufacturers conducting affairs on the new method will be able to do business with more than one firm in any given territory, the plan hitherto pursued. A piano manufacturer makes the A piano and the B piano and the C piano and the D piano. In the territory of St. Louis he can give the various pianos to four different firms unless he wants to sell two kinds to one firm. At least the territory is no longer locked up. Some firms are already doing this. Look out, you manufacturers of the East!

By the way, I notice on the back page of THE MUSICAL COURIER there are five large piano firms, and all are Western houses except Steinway. Isn't that rather significant? Has it not struck you yet? Does it not show a handwriting on the wall?

By the way, I was very much interested in your article on the Boston Trade Association. I was present at the last dinner of the Chicago Association, and I think in place of 100 to 120 members of the trade usually present 39 showed up and made it rather dismal. The trade in Boston is much smaller in numbers and does not include the supply houses, which are admitted to membership here. Of course the Chicago Association is merely a sociable gathering and proposes nothing serious; but I hear that the Boston Association has a few members who desire to use their positions to influence banks and bankers on the question of discounts by showing that they are members and officers of the Association. I do not see how any piano manufacturer can permit his name to be used as a member of the same association to which a dealer belongs who sells all kinds of other pianos against those of the manufacturer. That dealer will certainly use his position to neutralize anything the manufacturer may have to say in favor of his own pianos.

The New York Association has at least the one great feature of being a manufacturers' body only. There is method in that, even if the principle itself is questionable from a practical point of view.

I understand that a new piano is to be made East by an enterprising concern and the whole box will be made of *papier maché*, otherwise known as pasteboard. This will reduce the weight and freight. To insure resonance, which is required even in a \$60 box, the makers are going to suspend a washboard in the back, which will be portable, so that the woman

of the house can use it, although practicing on Mondays will then be stopped by fixed rule.

The keys will be celluloid ivory and the black ones painted wood. Barbed wire will be used in the place of piano wire, and the iron plate will also be reduced in weight by punching big holes into it. Dan Treacy is deadly opposed to it, because he does not believe in holes in plates.

On my way back here I stopped at Occonomowoc, Wis., to listen to a piano with a self-playing attachment patented by a man named O'Connor. It operates very simply by a back-action movement. Each sheet of printed music is shoved in a slot in the rear, and as it is being played by the piano little black and white paper punchings drop to the floor under the key bottom and a paper full of holes slides out on the side. The little paper punchings are the white and black notes punched out by the machine while and as it plays the piece, and the paper full of holes is the former piece of sheet music. I told Mr. O'Connor that the one objection to it was the fact that each performance consumes two copies of each and every composition, as the patent only punches the holes out of one side of the sheet, and that hence very few people could afford to buy his automatic self-player.

"Well," says O'Connor, "sheet music is soon going to be given away. You can buy all you want in the department stores in Chicago at 5 cents a piece, and that very fact will make my piano a necessity, for at that rate some place must be found to destroy it. Most of it isn't worth printing any way."

"Then it isn't worth playing, Mr. O'Connor, is it?" But Mr. O'Connor, of Occonomowoc, did not answer that question. He said it was a very important thing to remember that his piano could be made by any piano manufacturer, except the attachment, but that the latter was a secret which he would not disclose until he could get some piano house to put money in it first. I told him to go to a sheet music foundry.

People Who Know

The difference won't buy just any organ. If you have a real, particular class of customers better handle the Weaver Organ, then you will be sure to please them.

Weaver Organ and Piano Co.,
YORK, PA.

Strings of only perfectly pure quality from the Factory of
HEROLD IM. HEBERLEIN, MARKNEUKIRCHEN,
Saxony,
Catalogue in all languages gratis, postpaid.

PERFECTION REALIZED.....



The Dealer who wants a Piano that he can place alongside of any piano made and show it to have more points to recommend it in Tone, Action and Design of Case, and can find such a piano, should have that instrument for his "LEADER." Such a Piano is the

BLASIUS PIANO



The most perfectly constructed Piano now before the Trade. The BLASIUS Piano embodies the good points of the world's greatest makes, together with inventions and improvements found only in the BLASIUS.

WHOLESALE:

BLASIUS PIANO CO.

WOODBURY, N. J.

Eight miles from Philadelphia.

THE WONDERFUL HUPFELD ATTACHMENT. . .

The most perfect self playing device in the market. BLASIUS & SONS sole agents for the United States. This device can be placed in any upright piano.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.
AGENTS WANTED IN ALL UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

RETAIL:

BLASIUS & SONS,

1101, 1103 & 1119 Chestnut St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The latter certainly have more interest in the machine than piano manufacturers.

A voting contest took place in this town some time ago on the dead quiet, twenty piano men being in it. It was on the basis of the following questions:

Who was the handsomest piano man?

" " " most liberal " "
 " " " most cheerful " "
 " " " best posted " "
 " " " best dressed " "

The poll was 20, all voting, and every man voted for the same man on each question. When the votes were opened it was found that all had voted for the same man. Who was that man? You all know him. Let us see how many of you can guess who the unanimous choice was. Send names in to my address, care of this paper.

In Milwaukee times are rather quiet. There is one dealer who cut a wide swath some time ago, but he is a dead a pickled oyster. When he came to Milwaukee he started in as if the earth and adjoining counties were too small for him. Now the counties are too big for him, and I don't think he will remain much longer in Milwaukee. There's no use for him there.

A piano man got shaved in the barber shop of the West Hotel, Minneapolis, the other day and the barker asked:

"Which Hazel?"

"Hazelton," said the piano man.

I am having the best of reasons for being proud. I learn that several bright piano men are being accused of writing these letters. One is Charles Becht, the next is Ernest Urchs; then I also heard that Charles H. Parsons was guilty of them. While I have an extensive and extended acquaintance in the trade, I could never claim so wide a circle of trade friends as either of these three gentlemen, and anything they might have to say would have a positive value, whereas this is only intended to convey passing impressions. It sometimes strikes me that the

trade is entirely too serious, and that while great devotion is paid to the shady sides of life, the sunshine is not appreciated and its blessings are obscured.

There is no reason why a man should get angry with himself because he happens to be a piano man, or why another should curse his fate because he is not a piano man. To study the varying hues and colors of character and to take a lesson where a lesson can be learned; to observe contradictions and to strive to avoid them; to meet disappointments with courage and an intrepid desire to belittle instead of magnifying them, and to get a little seasoning out of life—these are all better for the liver, at least, than the view that this life is a vale of tears and sorrows and is a preparatory sojourn that eventually leads to hotter climes.

Is the Needham piano intended for members of the Jewish persuasion?

A Boston dealer is going to bring out a stencil piano and call it the "Pollack" in honor of his father-in-law, whose name is not Pollack. There are some funny people in this piano world.

Yours respectfully, M. T. POCSET.

To George Steck & Co.

GEORGE STECK & CO. have lately received many valuable testimonials from artists regarding the excellency of their celebrated pianos. The following from John Francis Gilder, of New York, is the latest:

NEW YORK, May 20, 1896.

Messrs. George Steck & Co.:

DEAR SIRS—I have given several recitals in Philadelphia and on each occasion have used a Steck Baby Grand piano furnished by your enterprising Philadelphia agents, Messrs. C. J. Hepp & Son.

It is perhaps superfluous at this late day to add to the many flattering testimonials as to the excellence of your admirable instruments, but I take pleasure in stating that I always find them in every respect equal to their established reputation as first-class pianos of superior excellence.

Yours very truly, JOHN FRANCIS GILDER.

C. H. Lichty Opening.

A T Reading, Pa., a new and extensive piano and organ wareroom was opened last Thursday by C. H. Lichty, an old dealer of that city. The building of three stories and basement is arranged on a thoroughly

modern basis, with electric lights, electric elevator and all the appurtenances of a first-class musical establishment. Mr. Lichty purchased the building himself and fitted it up on his own theories, which are thoroughly practical.

His business has been reorganized in all directions, and his standing in his community and among the banks and fiscal bodies is excellent.

He carries large stocks of Wegman pianos and Brambach pianos, besides a full assortment of small musical merchandise and brass band instruments, as well as sheet music. It looks as if he will do a very large and lucrative business.

Progress and Prosperity.

AMONG the old-time houses in the trade that are making a strong showing in the merit of their goods and therefore have a double claim for the consideration of the dealers, is the well-known Albany house of Boardman & Gray. A long record of high achievements in piano making, combined with a satisfactory measure of commercial success and esteem, is being supplemented by fresh progress both in manufacture and distribution. The Boardman & Gray piano's dignified position in the trade will be strengthened in the future, as the present Boardman & Gray pianos are better than ever. The Boardman & Gray offers many points for the consideration of high grade dealers. It has fine qualities and a fine reputation, two things not to be overlooked in these days of the ebbing of the tide of extreme cheapness.

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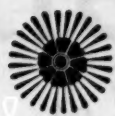
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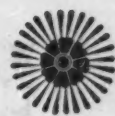
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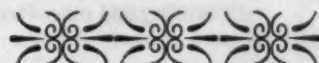
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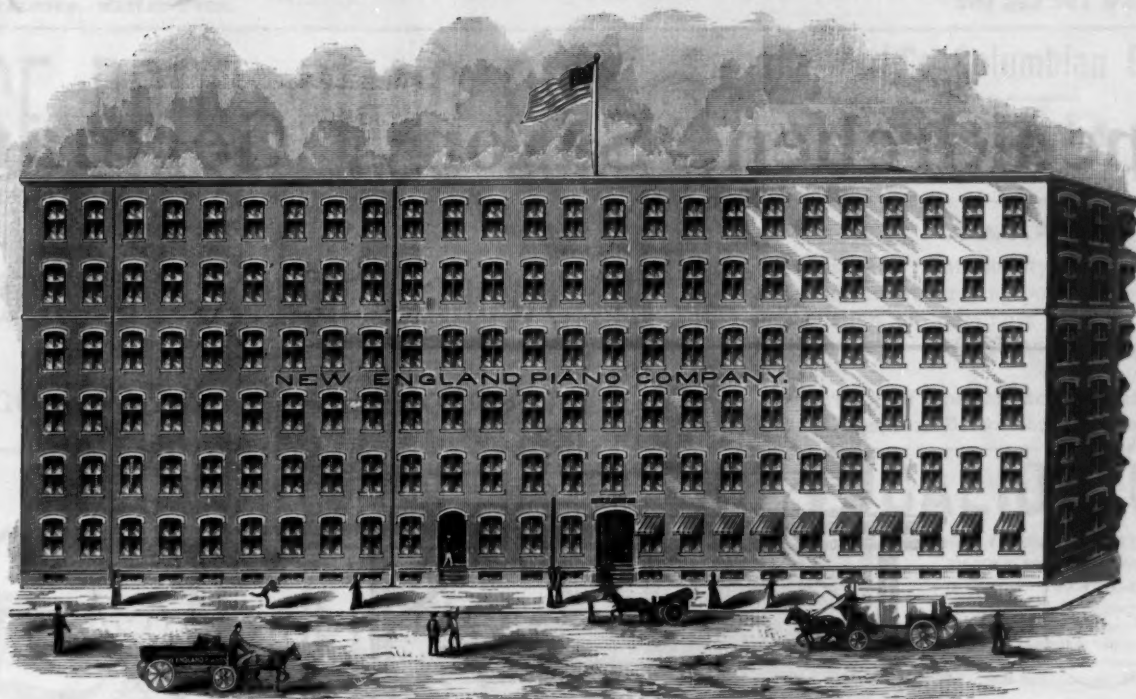
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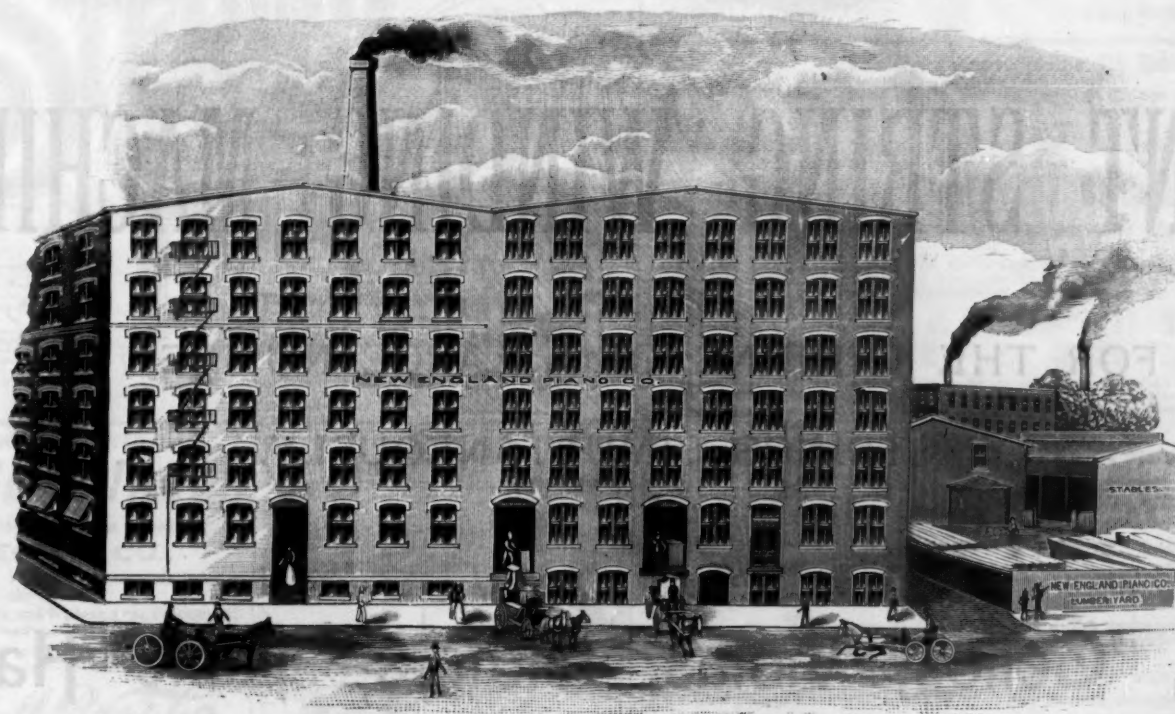
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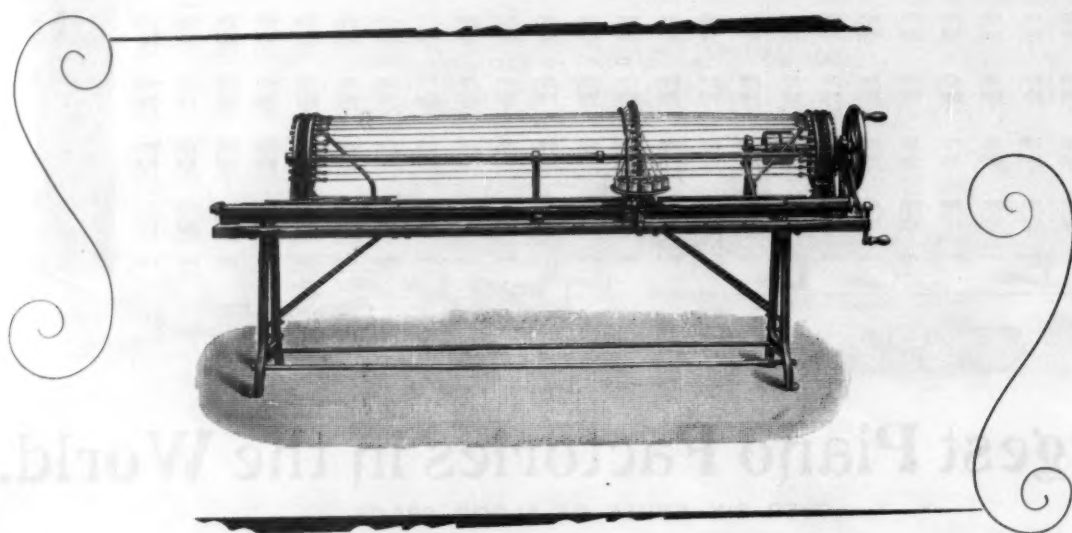
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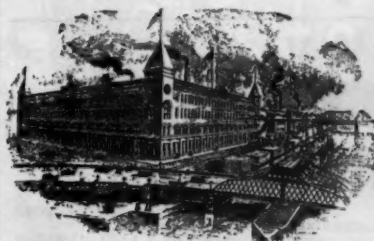
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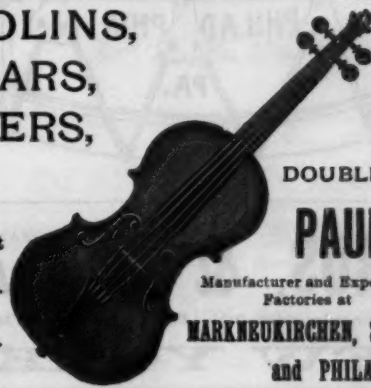
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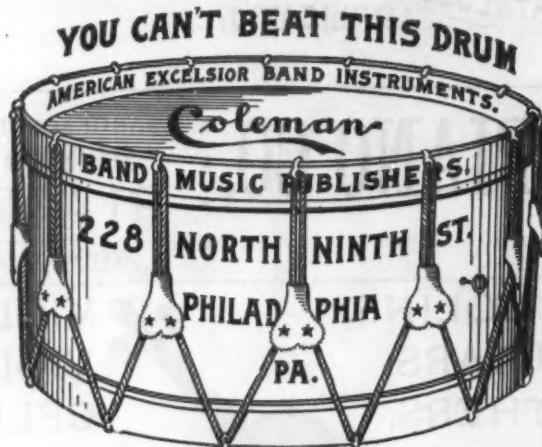
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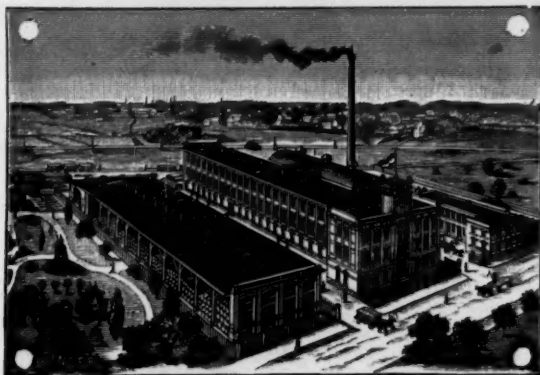
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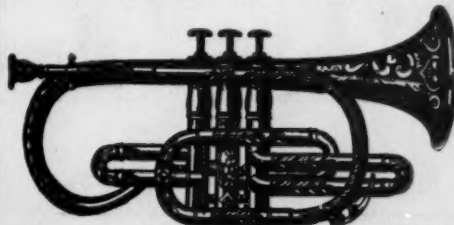
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